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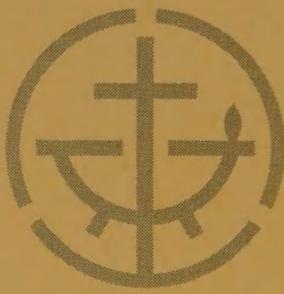


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# BISHOP WILSON SEELEY LEWIS

IDA BELLE LEWIS





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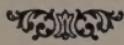
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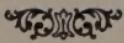
IDA BELLE LEWIS, Ph. D.

President of Hwa Nan College

Author of

“Education of Girls in China”

“Grains of Rice from a Chinese Bowl”



1929

Morningside College

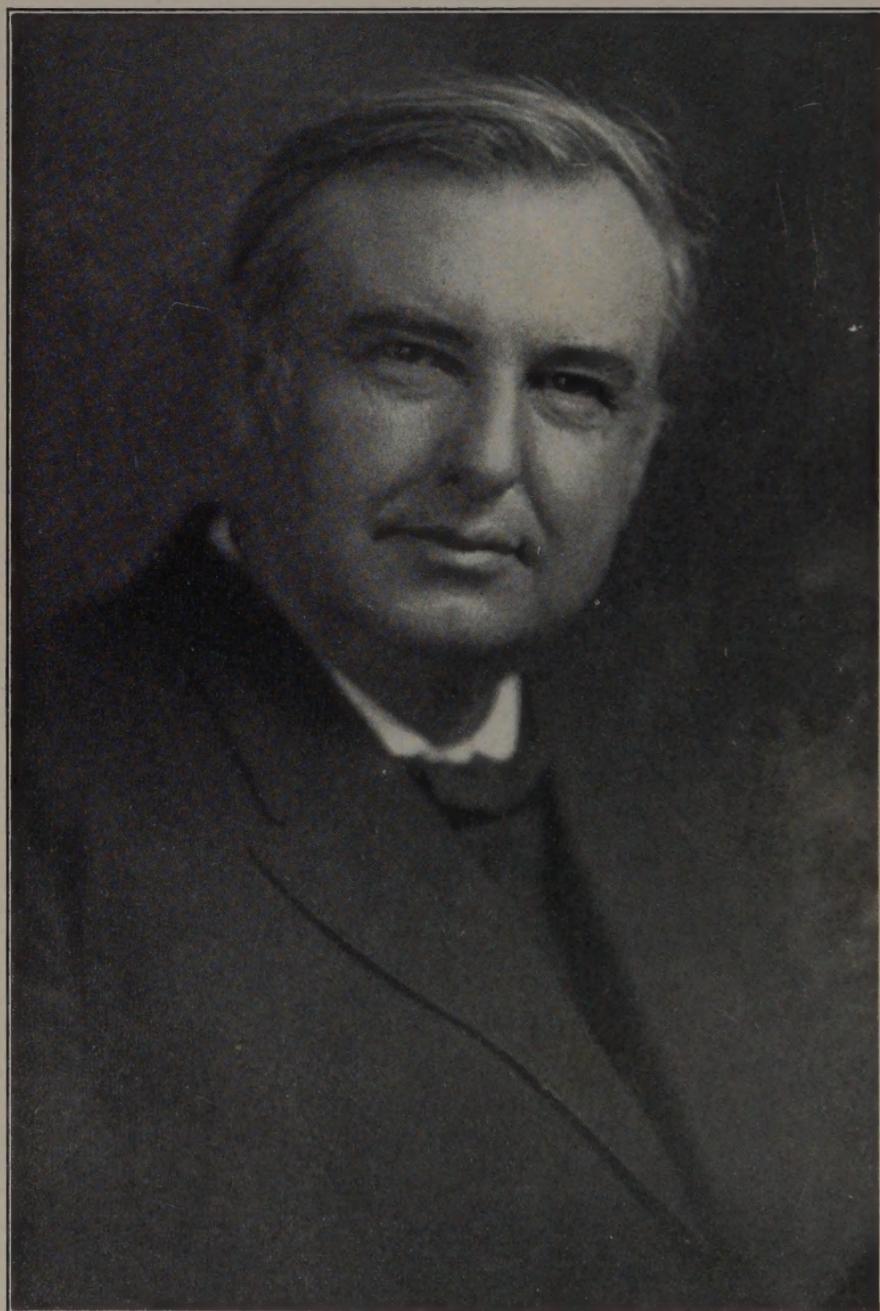
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BISHOP WILSON SEELEY LEWIS

To  
THE GRAND OLD GUARD  
OF  
MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE  
THE FACULTY MEMBERS WHO HAVE FOSTERED THE GROWTH  
OF THIS INSTITUTION THROUGH TWO DECADES  
AND MORE OF HIGH SERVICE,  
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

## FOREWORD

**S**EVERAL years have passed since this study was made. Life and death have brought changes. At one time the publication of the book was felt to be impossible.

When, however, friends asked for the manuscript, it was brought out and read again. With some trepidation we approached the China section. Revolution after revolution has swept that country since 1921. The entire movement of Christianity and the Churches has come before the tribunal of new thought.

Except for the recent failure to reverence life and property of missionaries in the face of banditry and civil war, the work stands as true now as it was when Bishop Lewis was in China. The pictures of China's great people, of their life and needs, of the chaos wrought by bandits, of the little impress of modern conveniences and ways of travel, of the handful of earnest, progressive political leaders, of the steadfast group of Chinese Christians, these are practically unchanged through the turmoil. His vision of the Chinese Church is that which is being advocated today by progressive Christians in China.

Dr. W. D. Lewis and the immediate family have given careful criticism. Many friends have recounted the incidents told in the book. President Mossman and a group of Morningside College trustees are making possible the publication of this work. To these, to Miss Bertha C. Price who gave careful criticism, and to all others who have helped, we record our deep gratitude.

The work is not worthy the man whom it attempts to reveal. If it gives but a glimpse of his consecrated life, the effort will not have been in vain.

IDA BELLE LEWIS

Morningside  
Sioux City, Iowa  
June 18, 1928

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## INTRODUCTION

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### ANTECEDENTS AND CONSEQUENCES

"The reason for calling our stopping places in China 'inns,'" said Bishop Lewis, "is that everything you can think of is in them. I stretch out my canvas cot into an excellent bed; the pigs and chickens run under me, and the mice and rats run over me as I sleep the sleep of the just. If the smells and the unspeakables are too annoying, I take the cot out into 'heaven's well' (the open court) and sleep under the stars."

In his many journeys, covering thousands of miles under the privations of Chinese life, Bishop Lewis ignored the physical hardships with unbelievable serenity. This may have been partly due to the living conditions of his early years. A distinguished educator said recently that it is next to impossible to develop a real man out of a boy brought up in the debilitating comfort of a steam-heated and electrically lighted apartment. Certain it is that Bishop Lewis suffered no handicap from early luxuries, for his life began in a log house in the foothills of the Adirondacks. While he breathed the sweet, pine-scented air of northern New York and drank from the old spring that was always one of his haunting memories, he had hardships and privations enough to make him habitually ignore the absence of those comforts and luxuries that are so likely to unfit our modern youth for strenuous, worth-while living. The smells of China, the infested earth, the boiled water, the beggars, the stony roads, the teeming millions of curious intruders, the unspeakable lodgings—all were a part of the day's work, mere incidents too trifling to be seriously considered.

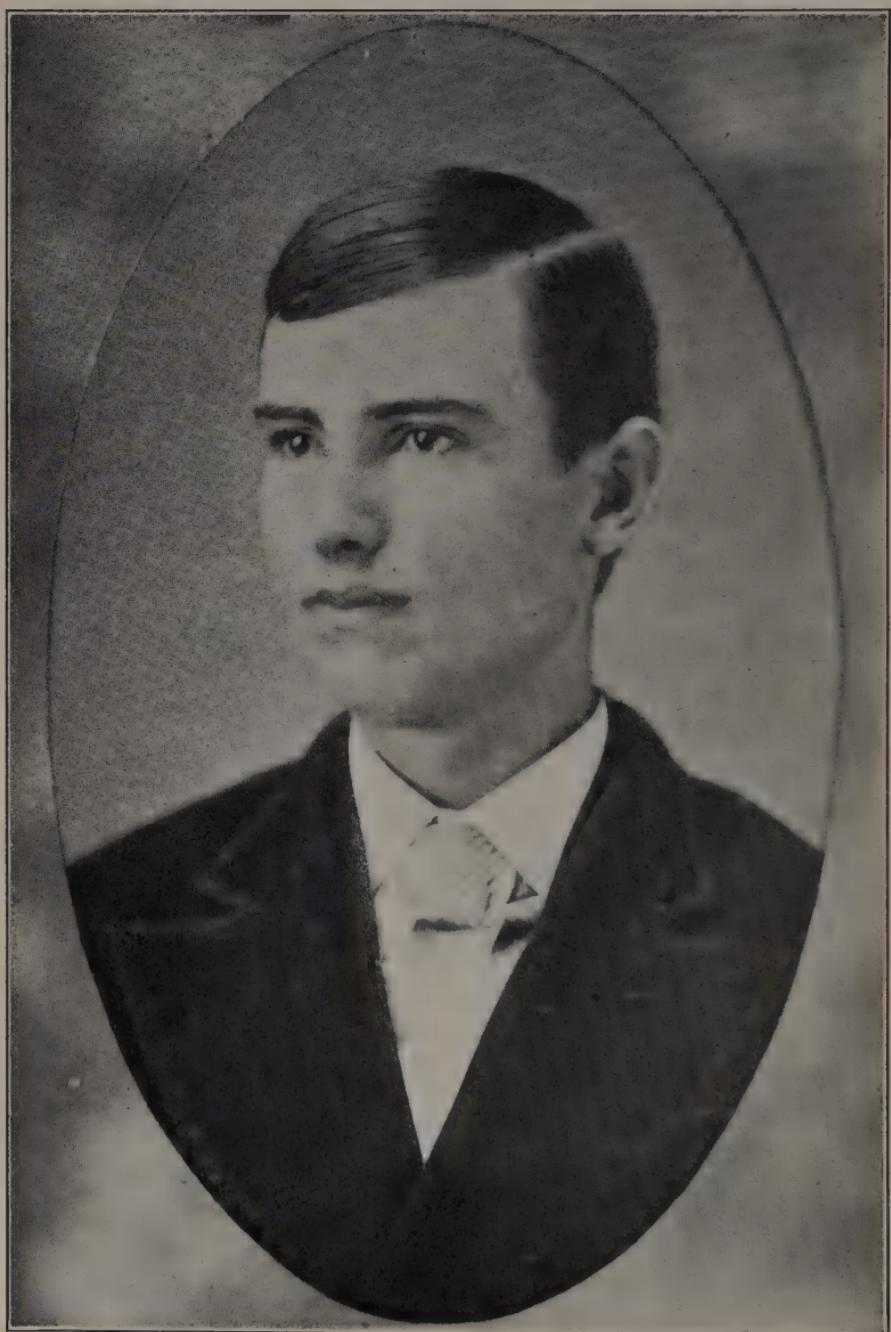
His father, William Hawley Lewis, was one of those unfortunate men whose lives seem to be chapters of unvarying

failure. He was vigorous, industrious, and determined; yet withal given to unpractical schemes for doing things in a large way. Somehow the big mechanism always developed a loose screw or a misplaced monkey-wrench, and the brood of little Lewises wore patches or appealing vacancies and overworked hand-me-downs, until at the age of ten or eleven years they began a precarious industrial life undisturbed by a compulsory school law. There were in the family five brothers and one sister older than Wilson. The assistance of these older children rendered the family lot somewhat less severe for the future bishop and his one younger brother, but life at best in those semipioneer days was vigorous and exacting. Only an economy that would seem heartbreaking to a modern laborer kept food in the mouths and clothing on the bodies of the children.

Yet the give-and-take of the large family, which to the very end preserved an unusually strong family affection, was a discipline making for helpful social qualities. Wilson, one of the "little boys," was often the butt of the jokes and the target for the teasing of the older brothers. Nevertheless it is to the credit of the family that he was marked as the one destined for a career quite different from that of his brothers, and the family took a keen and helpful interest in his ambitions. He was excused from the exactions of the rural custom of that day which required a young man to pay to his father all his wages up to the age of twenty-one. Moreover, parents, brothers, and sister all agreed that "Wilson should get an education," and all cooperated to the best of their meager ability.

Certainly he was "different," as all the family early saw. As a young child he was of an intensely imaginative nature, which often prompted tales of weird impossibility such as are now easily attributed to childish failure to discriminate





WILSON SEELEY LEWIS

At the Age of Seventeen

between fact and fancy. A surviving older brother tells of one occasion when the family was seriously concerned for his sanity. The boy told with much detail and evident sincerity of a huge eagle that had come down and talked with him; another time he was frightened almost into hysterics by the bird's imagined pursuit. The tens of thousands in many lands who were lifted on the wings of the Bishop's prayers, needed not to be told that this early imagination flowered richly in visions of the unseen things of the man's spiritual life. While he never wrote a line of verse, he had a poet's imagination and a poet's power to body forth the forms of things unseen. This flowed forth spontaneously and habitually in his prayers—his daily, hourly talks with God. To miss the prayer note in his life would mean complete failure to understand the man and his work. He was essentially a mystic with the rare accomplishment of an intense practicality that saw little value in any mysticism that did not—to use a favorite phrase of his—"bring things to pass."

The roots of this mysticism were unquestionably found in the deep religious atmosphere of the humble home of his childhood. No crisis was so imminent, no visionary project so promising as to appropriate the time devoted to daily prayer. The parents looked with thankful confidence to a personal God who watched over their every path with solicitous guidance. The Lewis children often played at prayer-meeting, and the future bishop lisped, "Oh, Lawd, pash y," in imitation of a favorite expression of his father's, long before he knew humanity's deep need of divine compassion. It was in effect a Puritan home, somewhat softened perhaps in its detailed exactions by the Methodist rejection of the dogmas of infant damnation and foreordination.

When he was seven years old, little Wilson was "soundly converted" in the good old Methodist way. Only a year be-

fore his death he told of the genuineness of this experience, saying that never, even through some rather vigorous post-adolescent doubtings, did he get away from the conviction of this childhood experience. The humble little Methodist church at Russell, New York, was the center of the social and community life of the family. Its place in the bishop's affections was an inspiration to him in planting new churches in non-Christian lands. He tells, for example, of a lecture on Palestine that he heard in the little Russel church when he was ten years old. In his concentration on the long-looked-for lecture he found himself at the church door before he realized that he was barefooted and clad in his every-day clothes. So intent was he on the lecture that he slipped into a rear seat and drank in every word of the address. Proud might have been that nameless lecturer, for one little barefooted boy ran home with streaming eyes, repeating all the way, "I'm going to college; I'm going to college."

When he was about ten years old he went to live with his brother John, who had married and rented a farm. An influence second only to his conversion was wielded by John's bride. With only a meager "common school education," this woman carried to her four-score years an undying thirst for learning. A little more than a month before his death, Bishop Lewis visited "John and Ann," the brother and his wife who meant so much to his early years, and for three days lived over his youth. The old blackberry patch, immortalized by one glorious day when Ann inspired him with a life's ambition to be a teacher, was dear to his memory. Throughout his struggle for an education, "John and Ann" furnished him a home; John occasionally lent him money; Ann made, washed, and mended his clothes, including his "boiled shirts," cuffs, and collars; and both inspired him with a sympathy founded in a deep faith in his future achievements.

He learned easily, and at the age of sixteen years became a teacher in a country school. It was one of those immortalized "little red schoolhouses" with a group of from forty to fifty children ranging from the "A-B-C class" to that in higher arithmetic. One of the diversions of this school, as of many others, was to carry the teacher out and dump him into a snow-bank, upon which the ethics of the countryside demanded that the teacher vanish. Then the big boys rested from the rigors of the rule-of-three until another candidate could be induced to brave the possibilities of an ignominious snow-bath. Young Lewis succeeded to just such a prospect under the allurement of five dollars a week and board around. He never left the schoolhouse except under his own motive power, and he took his baths in the time-honored wash-tub by the kitchen stove after the rest of the family had gone to bed.

His preparation for college was made mostly by himself. It comprised no sacred sixteen units, nor would it have withstood the scrutiny of the revered College Entrance Examination Board which recently tested the historic philosophy of Young America with the howler, "What made the five good emperors good?" He frankly could not have told then, if ever, nor could he have bridged the Rhine with Cæsar's engineering, to say nothing of reading in the original about the iniquities of Catiline or the allusions of the Aeneid. Saint Lawrence University, at Canton, New York, in those days gave its freshmen their first initiation into the mysteries of both algebra and Latin and conducted classes in "advanced" arithmetic for those who were deficient in the subject that then constituted seventy-five per cent of the curriculum of the country school.

One thing, however, Saint Lawrence did: It held aloft the ideals of learning and character, and a few of the best youths of that rugged pioneer folk came to drink at its Pierian

spring. Many a youth from the "North Country" prepared for a life of service at this simple but genuine school. Bishop Lewis and Irving Bacheller were representatives of the earlier as is Owen D. Young of the later sons of Saint Lawrence. They were nearly all poor, though few were as poor as the future Bishop of China. The college "arranged" for the absence of any reputable student for from ten to fourteen weeks during the winter so that he could earn money by teaching a winter term of school. This opportunity was used by Lewis each of the winters of his college career. His success at the ill-reputed "Star schoolhouse" had given him high standing among the school-teachers of the countryside, and he commanded the best wages of his poorly-paid profession. In the summer he, like many others, took to the field, not like Horace to meditate and versify, but like Cincinnatus often to both hold and drive.

The college sports centered around a field day held in the spring, where free-for-all contests were held among the students. Lewis was the champion in a sport long since abandoned but not unlike a kind of individual football-wrestling, catch-as-catch-can. One familiar with the conversation of the modern campus cannot but wonder what in the world those college students of the 80's found to talk about without a cam or a crew. The craze for athletics which seems to be about the most genuine interest of the modern collegian had not been born. On the other hand the physical vigor of these young men was nourished by long hours of hard work on the farm during vacation time and not infrequently by many hours a week working for board and room as did the champion wrestler. This vigor was an endowment on which Bishop Lewis drew unsparingly throughout his life. Indeed, there is good reason to fear that his reckless overdrafts greatly shortened a valuable career. During his presidency at Morn-

ingside and his episcopacy in China, he frequently kept a killing pace until nature revolted. Then he would sleep for twenty-four hours or more and again "hit the line hard."

The financing of his college career, too, may have helped in later days. In striking contrast with the modern custom with its "Call On Dad" so familiar to the fathers of the present generation, Lewis, '80, was able to keep going by teaching a winter term of school, working in the hayfield in the summer, and doing odd jobs part of the time for board or room or both. The occasional loans from brother John were paid off, so that when he left for his career in Iowa, he was financially square with the world. The habit of economical living, however, never left him. He always seemed as impervious to the appeals of personal luxury as he was to the discomforts of Chinese life. Throughout his presidency at Morningside his family expenses never exceeded \$1200 a year. This achievement was, of course, largely due to the skilful and sympathetic cooperation of Mrs. Lewis, who was as wholly devoted as he to the cause of Christian education.

The financial success of Morningside College was doubtless largely due to the personal example as well as to the financial administration of its president. When he became bishop, he was speedily recognized as a financial leader as well as one of the educational leaders of that distinguished body, the College of Bishops. The most striking example of his leadership came in the campaign for the Centenary Fund, perhaps the most conspicuous campaign of its kind in the annals of Protestantism. Long was the struggle in the councils of the bishops as to the regional apportionment of the projected fund. Gradually, one by one, Bishop Lewis persuaded his confreres that only by personally assuming leadership in their respective fields could success be assured.

During the year of the campaign Bishop Lewis traveled in America almost incessantly. Most of his nights were spent on the sleeping-cars, and his days were given to preaching and to conferences with individuals and groups. He had come to have a wide acquaintance with wealthy laymen of the church, and his large vision of business matters, together with his peculiarly appealing personality, made him a most effective representative of the great cause to which the church was committed. On one occasion during this campaign a three-day respite had been planned by a nephew with whom he occasionally went for a brief automobile trip. A change of date was made necessary by the nephew's plans. When the trip did come off, the uncle remarked, "Well, William, I guess it was well you could not go Monday. I got \$500,000 for the Centenary that day."

The early experience in the Star schoolhouse and in other country districts confirmed his early choice of an educational career. Through life he was an educator. He saw that the problems of pioneer Iowa would have to be solved in its educational institutions. Again in China, a land where education is revered as perhaps nowhere else on earth, he saw that the uplift of a race must come through education. His own schooling had been completely dominated by the classical traditions founded on the theory of general discipline. In his later days at Morningside, however, he was in complete sympathy with the findings of modern psychological science, and so became a thorough modernist in educational philosophy. He believed in the value of the content as well as in the mental habits inherent in the natural and physical sciences. He saw education as a process of adaptation to social needs rather than of perpetuation of academic traditions. Thus he became a follower of John Dewey and the educational pragmatists.

Two unfinished projects for Morningside, one for a department devoted to the peculiar needs of women while preserving the social advantages of coeducation, and the other for a building devoted to the study of the Scriptures alongside of laboratories in geology and biology, are described in a later chapter.

As educator, as financier, as administrator, as preacher, his life was dominated by a passion of love for humanity. He loved people as races, as communities, and as individuals. He said once, "I never saw a man so dirty, so ragged, so degraded that I did not love him." Again, when asked why he had never joined the Masonic fraternity, he said: "So far as I know, I am in complete sympathy with the ideals of the Masonic order. But I never wanted to belong to any organization that would separate me from any man." To this love great financiers, like A. Barton Hepburn, bishops and pastors of the church, faculty and students in college, humble villagers of his old home community, and the masses of dark China who could understand his spirit if not his language, alike responded. So when the last call came to the loving leader, the press of the great denomination that knew him best lamented, "Greatheart has gone."

This love gave him a power that smoothed many a rough administrative road. A group of his adolescent students at Epworth once explained the absence of disciplinary problems in the institution by saying, "We don't want to do anything that Mr. Lewis does not want us to do." But it did more than diminish administrative friction; it gave a power that brought nearly all of the young people to the service of the Master. While he was so broad in his theology as to be playfully called "a Universalist" by his coworker, Bishop Bashford, and while he was so thoroughly in sympathy with modern science, including the much discussed theory of evolution, as

to be pronounced modernist, he was at the same time an enthusiastic and successful evangelist. He would travel across the state to lead the weekly prayer meeting of his students at Epworth and Morningside. He always led these meetings himself, and they were usually genuine Methodist evangelistic meetings, with the "mourner's bench" in front—usually occupied by those seeking to "get right" or to "go right again" with God. A companion on a railroad journey tells of an occasion when he met a former student on the train. After a kindly chat, the educator said, "Harry, aren't you sorry you did not settle the great question when you were at Morningside?"

"Well," replied Harry, "my wife is sorry, and I am, too, sometimes."

After an earnest talk, the two bowed their heads and talked with God while the train rumbled on. And Harry joined the church the next Sabbath.

While traveling in China he met a young man who had been brought up by a Catholic priest. The young man had become dissipated, and for years had not written his early benefactor. Stressing only the common grounds of the two divergent faiths, the Methodist bishop reached the young man's heart with a message of regeneration. A most appreciative letter from the priest was among the bishop's prized possessions.

On top of a hill at Russell, New York, where Lewis, '80, once taught school, stands a public school building far finer than the community itself could afford. It was built and endowed by Seymour Knox, a boyhood friend of Bishop Lewis. The millionaire had asked the bishop what he could do for the old home town, and millionaire and bishop enjoyed a delightful homecoming when the school was dedicated. From those steep hills and rocky farms, productive of little except

a rugged, sturdy people, came a leader of mankind whose surrendered life blessed many thousands of souls by its personal touch, and ministered to millions more by its far-visioned plans for applying the life and message of Jesus to what he called "the power-points" of modern society.

Such, in brief, was Bishop Lewis. The detailed story of his struggles at Epworth and Morningside and of his far-visioned leadership in China and in the great church of America is a romance of selfless Christian heroism. Not only the diminishing host who knew and loved the man, but also the myriad soldiers of Christ who must give and follow leadership in similar struggles will find heartening and inspiration in the story of his life.

Chapter written by W. D. Lewis, editor-in-chief, the John C. Winston Co.

## CHAPTER I

### PREPARATION

#### *The Iowa Schoolmaster*

The urge of the pioneer was in the soul of young Wilson Seeley Lewis. He wanted to go West. He was a teacher and had heard that at Independence, Iowa, a superintendent of schools was needed. So, armed with testimonials from the county superintendent of St. Lawrence County, New York State, a tall silk hat which his older brother gave him as a parting gift, and courage abundant, he made the long journey to Iowa. He wrote of this experience:

"In March, 1880, I arrived at Independence, Iowa, fresh from northern New York. It was about eleven-thirty o'clock at night, cold and blustering. I took the bus to a little wooden hotel across the river and slept in a cold room. The next morning it was stormy, but I looked up the school board. They seemed not very cordial to my proposal to become superintendent of their schools. The next day one of their number told me plainly that I was too young for the position . . . Alas, then, for poor me. . . . Sitting in that little Raymond Hotel the third morning after my arrival, I saw a world that looked black to me. I had less than twenty dollars in my pocket, was among total strangers, and in a strange land with nothing to do."\*

He counted his scanty money—a short job—and then asked the school board for information regarding possibilities for positions in neighboring towns. One man remarked that he was not sure whether Cedar Rapids had secured all its teachers. So young Lewis bought a railroad ticket for that town.

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\*From a letter to Mrs. W. S. Lewis, Feb. 28, 1919, from Independence, Ia.

In the train his seatmate proved to be a friendly man who knew something about the school situation. "Say," said he, "You're in a fix, ain't you? Now, why don't you drop off at Center Point, here? They've had a hard time getting a superintendent, and maybe they'd take you." Forfeiting the unused portion of his ticket, Mr. Lewis "dropped off" the train at Center Point, rounded up the school board, and secured the position. He remained twelve months.

The next year he changed to Belle Plaine, Iowa. He poured his heart into the work with the young people of this town. Keenly he watched their activities in the school and out of it. One day as he attended study hall he noticed a lad who seemed to be much interested in the geography lesson. Quietly the teacher walked to the back of the room. The lad noticed nothing until a hand swooped down from behind and grasped the yellow book that was hidden within the covers of the geography. Not a word was said. None of the other pupils knew what had happened. The next day Principal Lewis gave the assembly of students a scorching talk on thought life and reading. Said the boy, "I never even asked him to return that book. And from that day to this I have read good books."\*

He was a Christian, and influenced his students to become Christians. In the winter special revival meetings were held in the Methodist church of the town under the leadership of the pastor, the Reverend Mr. Milner, and the Reverend Homer C. Stuntz,† the young pastor of a neighboring village. One evening several students came forward to the altar. Principal Lewis was deeply moved and came forward to help. Mr. Milner called on Mr. Lewis to pray. As Mr. Milner walked home that night he said to Stuntz, "Did that prayer move you

---

\*Incident told by F. H. Henry, Belle Plaine, Iowa.

†Later Bishop Homer C. Stuntz.

as it did me? I did not dream that Lewis had it in him to offer such a prayer. I wonder if he isn't good material for the ministry?"

They reached home in quiet, and then again, speaking from the depths of his thought, Milner said, "Yes, if I were the Lord, I would certainly call that boy to preach."\*

Later that winter the Lutheran pastor invited the young principal to occupy his pulpit. The house was packed, and the young man lectured for twenty minutes on citizenship. Suddenly his eyes caught fire while he preached for thirty minutes on Paul. His words were red hot. The people liked it. After the service Mr. Lewis went home to Mr. and Mrs. Blue.

Said Mr. Lewis: "That was a good audience."

Said Mrs. Blue: "That was a good talk."

Said Mr. Blue: "That was a good gospel sermon."

Again, the young man was asked to preach at the Methodist church. He talked twenty minutes and a cloud passed over his face. He stopped short and closed the service. He came home and went upstairs. At dinner no one spoke of the service. In the evening he said to Mr. Blue, "I want to talk with you." They walked together in silence down toward the river. As they reached the trees by the river, Mr. Lewis said, "I'm not called to preach."

"No one said you were called to preach," answered Mr. Blue.

"I lost the end of my speech. I could think of nothing else. That is proof that I am not called to preach."

The old friend returned, "Do you know why you stopped short? You lost sight of the Lord and began thinking of Lewis, who is rebellious. The Lord knows what he is about.

---

\*Incidents told by Bishop Stuntz.

If he calls a person to preach, he is responsible. The Lord doesn't make a mistake.”\*

### *The Pastor.*

In June, Lewis was offered \$1700 to remain in Belle Plaine as schoolmaster the next year. But he joined the Methodist Conference instead and was appointed pastor at Blairstown, Iowa, at an annual salary of \$600.

“I wonder whether my wife and I can live on it,” he whimsically remarked to Mrs. Blue. And the staunch little lady repeated from the Psalm, “I have been young and now I am old. Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.”\*

In later years Mr. Lewis said, “I have tried all my life to sacrifice for the Lord and never succeeded. He always turned the sacrifice into blessing. At Blairstown, although I did not receive much salary, I was never so well clothed, so well fed, nor had so much money in the bank.” His parishioners would say, “Brother Lewis, we want you to have a bag of the flour we have recently received.” Or it would be, “Brother Lewis, we have killed a calf and want you to have a quarter.” Or the tailor would say, “You need a new suit. Wait a moment and I will take your measure.” Even Bob, the horse, was cared for. At the donation parties, where chickens, turkeys, jelly and preserves, cakes, cookies, and pies were offered, there was always corn for Bob. And the pastor would smile and say, “Won’t Bob be happy!”

One day he left Bob at a hitching-post on the main street. When he came back he couldn’t find the horse. As the street was empty there was no one to ask. But on closer inspection he found that Bob was there, but he was all dressed up.

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\*Incidents told by Mr. J. D. Blue, Belle Plaine, Iowa.

The good townspeople had given him a new harness.

In this town was a group of professed infidels, a somewhat national popular fad stimulated by the silver-tongued Robert Ingersoll. The leader was an old man who refused to see a minister. The road upon which Pastor Lewis travelled led past the house of this unbeliever, and day after day, the pastor prayed as he went by. Finally he drove into the yard. No one saw him. The old man lay dozing on a couch near the door. It was a warm day. The door was open. The sun shone brilliantly. Lewis stepped into the doorway and stood in the sunlight until the shadow startled his host.

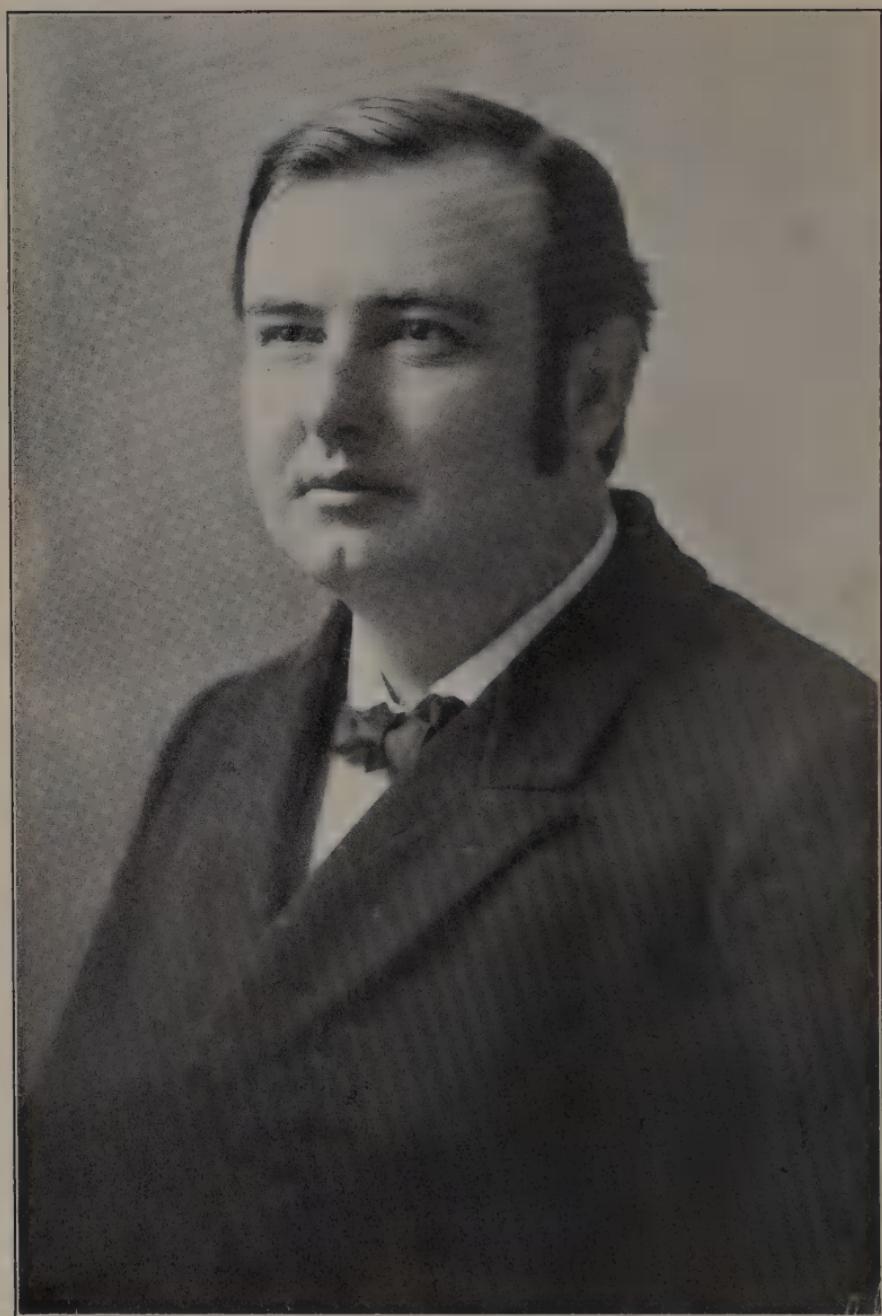
“Brother Terry,” he said, “the Lord has sent me to tell you that unless you repent of your sins you will die! It is now or never for you!” The old man jumped almost off his couch. No preacher had dared such boldness before. But this one stood in the shimmering sunlight and pointed a finger at him like a reckoning angel.

Mr. Terry fell back on his couch. Then he began to groan. Lewis began to pray aloud. The wife and daughters came into the room. Lewis kept on telling the Lord about the wickedness of the man, until suddenly the wife shook Lewis’ shoulder. “Stop praying!” she shouted. “You will kill my husband!” But he kept on praying.

Suddenly old Terry began to shout, “Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!” and he made more noise than Lewis. “Glory! Glory!” he shouted, “I’m saved! I’m saved!” And within two weeks his whole family were baptized and taken into the church.

Pastor Lewis filled his afternoons with house-to-house visits, talks with young people, and other ministrations. One evening Mrs. Lewis had asked him to buy household provisions because there had been no donation party for some time. So he went to the store and purchased all that their money





WILSON SEELEY LEWIS  
President of Morningside College

in hand would buy. He climbed into his buggy for the drive home. The basket was at his feet, and as he rode through the edge of the town he sang:

*“Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.”*

“Hello! Hello! Mr. Lewis, is that you?” called a voice from across the street.

“Yes,” came the answer in the strong, genial voice. “Why, hello, Brother Brown!”

“Mr. Lewis, we’ve discovered that a family down near the railroad tracks is having some pretty hard luck. The man is sick, and the wife and children are up against it. They haven’t a thing to eat in the house.”

Mr. Lewis reached down and brought up the basket of provisions he had just bought. “Give them this,” said he, “give them this, now. And we’ll see about the other things later.”

The people of Blairstown kept him three years.

#### *Epworth*

The Methodist Conference wished to appoint Pastor Lewis principal of the Conference Seminary, at Epworth, Iowa. These were the days before modern high schools, and in the early days on the plains such schools were greatly needed. To many the Seminary provided the only means of a higher education.

Lewis consulted with his wife and with many friends. They all urged him to undertake the work. Epworth was sadly in need of help. There were three small buildings, in poor repair. The wooded campus had grown to weeds. The friends of the institution were losing hope. Mr. Lewis consented to take up the burden.

First of all, he declared a campus clean-up holiday. The students were ordered to appear in their work togs, and come to school with rakes, hoes, and axes. Jubilantly they re-

sponded, and to the tunes of school songs and friendly banter, the campus was delightfully transformed. This was but a start, but it went in the right direction. The faculty and students began to take heart. Soon the enrollment increased. It was decided to make this increase more rapid. Principal Lewis and the head of the music department took a quartet of students and "barn stormed" the people of the region round about in every available schoolhouse and church. The musicians played and sang. Lewis talked to the people about education and Epworth. Automobiles were unknown, railroads few, and trains uncertain. Most of the trips were made with a two-seated carriage and a team of horses. Friends provided shelter and food, free of charge.

At Colesburg entertainment had been provided for the young men, but the principal had been omitted. The only place open was the saloonkeeper's home above the saloon. Lewis went there. After a pleasant supper everybody went over to the church, where the music and speech made a great occasion. Quite a company of young people were present and, with the permission of his host, Lewis announced that he would remain in town another day to consult with any young man or woman who wished to consider going to Epworth. So Preacher-Principal Lewis sat in the rear of the saloon the next day and helped several young people decide to go to school.

The next afternoon the Epworth representatives drove on to a town where a deserted church was standing. The people treated the principal with deference, for they took him to the largest house in town for his entertainment. It was the home of Judge Corwin, a rich man.

During the supper the judge said, "You won't have anybody there. That church has been shut for many months, and nobody is interested in such things."

But Professor Lewis was undiscouraged. "Let's just wait and see," said he.

When they pushed their chairs back from the table the judge said to his wife, "Are you going over, Mary?"

"No, I don't think so," she answered. "I've worked hard today and am tired."

A few minutes later the judge went to the window. "Look at the buggies going by! Why, they're stopping at the church! Why, the church is all lighted up! And here come Art Stone and his wife! He must have closed his store! And Harry Watkins and Alice! Guess you'd better go along with us, Mary."

So Mrs. Corwin put on her wraps and went along with the judge and the professor. All three were surprised to find the house packed with people. The saloonkeeper from Colesburg and everybody who had been at the entertainment the night before had driven over. The Colesburg young folk had taken branches from the trees and flowers from the fields and had decorated the deserted church.

The principal spoke, and the quartet sang and sang. On the way home the judge remarked, "You didn't say anything about money, but I guess you'll be needing some for that school before long. Here is a check, and by and by I'll give you some more." Thus the territory slowly rallied to the support of the school.

But there was a group of town boys in Epworth who resented the presence of the students. The students retaliated, and there arose a bitter feud between the town boys and the seminary boys. One winter day when Principal Lewis was supposed to be out of Epworth, the town boys sent word that they expected to drive the students out of the Seminary Hall. The students received the challenge and barricaded their doors and windows. As the smallest Seminary boy was com-

ing from his last recitation, a swift, icy snowball caught him off guard and knocked him over. The students had planned to withstand a siege. But now they were angered. Rushing out from the building, they clinched with their town tormentors. Eyes, noses, lips, cheeks, and all other portions of physiognomy were beaten and blackened. Blood flowed freely. Gradually the town boys retreated, and finally were driven off. The Seminary boys had settled many old scores by the victory and were supremely happy.

The supper bell sounded soon after the wounds were dressed. As the students strode boldly into the dining-room they stopped, then almost tiptoed to their places, for there stood their principal as smiling and pleasant as though he were "out of town." The rules of the school were very strict, and fighting was well-nigh unpardonable. The students were dumb with fear, for the evidences of conflict were not to be concealed. To add to the misery, Principal Lewis cordially invited all the students who roomed at Seminary Hall to meet him at seven o'clock in the reception room.

Lewis greeted each student with a warm hand-clasp. When they were all seated, he said he wished to know the students better, and so had called this meeting. He then asked about the fight. But nobody knew there had been one! Presently, with a little smile, he asked a boy with a blackened eye to open the door of a cupboard along the wall. There stood a bushel basket full of red apples. "Well, boys," said the principal, "I was in my window when the fight was on. If I had been ten years younger I should have come out and helped you, though I was not needed. They got only what they deserved. I do hope that from now on they will behave." Then those tongues were loosened; all the boys were heroes, and they talked of the fight and told how the battle was won.

But their teacher had one more thing to do before they left. He suggested that it would be well to talk with the Lord a few minutes. They knelt and prayed first about Epworth Seminary, then about the student body as a whole, and then prayed for each boy by name. He told the Heavenly Father about the possibilities in each life present, and poured out his soul in petition that each one might attain and hold to his best. At the close, all joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer, and went out to study with a will.\*

The school was always in financial difficulty. At one critical period, ten thousand dollars were necessary if the Seminary was to continue its work. That was an almost impossible sum for the village people of eastern Iowa in 1892 or 1893. But the principal gathered the people of the community together for a great day. The affair had been given wide publicity, and the townspeople and farmers of the countryside were there. Under the trees they spread a feast, brought from the kitchens of worthy women. Dr. Berry, of Chicago, was there to give the oration. Everything went well for a time. The dinner was good, the oration was eloquent; the first part of the subscriptions were taken rapidly. Then there was a full stop, with almost half of the sum left to be subscribed. Everybody had helped and had given all he could. Dr. Berry exhorted, the principal pleaded with the people. Mrs. Lewis slipped out and went home to pray. Principal Lewis mounted a platform and started a song:

*"There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar . . . "*

He was at the end of his plans. "Then," he said in telling of the incident later, "I happened to think of the money we had in the bank. I had forgotten it, and cannot recall how it got there. It was fifteen hundred dollars. Immediately I

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\*Incident told by Dr. McMillan, Iowa Anti-Saloon League.

knew what to do. I pledged that money and the stream broke again."

A Mr. Schmidt sat near the front, so that he could hear well. He had subscribed liberally and was feeling happy about the entire situation. Mrs. Schmidt sat a few seats farther back. She was glad Fritz had subscribed so generously, but was troubled because the total amount for the Seminary did not seem to be reaching the desired goal. Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt were well off, very well off. They had saved and slowly added to their income and land until they had nothing to fear. And they had given, too. All these years they had been glad to give to the church and to the school. But the school seemed to be in real danger.

Finally Mrs. Schmidt could endure it no longer, and with clumsy carefulness she tiptoed up the aisle and slipped into the seat beside her husband. "Fritz," she whispered loudly into his good ear, "Oughtn't we to give something more? He's having a hard time, our Professor Lewis. He looks worried. Oughtn't we to give something more? Think what he's done for the boy!"\*

There was a pause, and then the usher announced, "Mr. Schmidt, five hundred dollars more!"

The subscriptions mounted high, and the evening count showed that the people had given far more than ten thousand dollars. The Seminary was saved.

For nine years Principal Lewis toiled for this school. He asked no reward except the joy of service. But many lives were touched into new breadth and understanding. College professors, business men, ministers, men who helped to make Iowa, trace their first impulse to Epworth.

Long years afterward, a visiting preacher was being shaved

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\*Incident told by Prof. H. G. Campbell, Morningside College.

in a barber shop in the state of Mexico. In the course of the conversation the barber asked, "Where are you from?"

"Iowa," replied the preacher.

"Iowa!" ejaculated the barber, holding the razor aloft. "Did you know Mr. Lewis?"

"Mr. Lewis? Which Mr. Lewis?" smiled the preacher through his lather.

"Mr. Lewis, Professor Lewis, Dr. Lewis who used to be at Epworth."

"Why, man," responded the preacher, "I graduated under Dr. Lewis at Morningside!"

"Well, sir," continued the barber, "Lewis was the greatest man I ever knew. I -- I," and his face reddened, "I was converted under him at Epworth. I came out here as a teacher, and then decided to go into the barber business. I began to gamble. This is an awful country to be good in! And now I'm one of the best prize fighters in the state. I know I ought to be different, but I guess it's all over."

But the barber was out at the meeting that night, seated on the front seat. When the invitation was given, the Reverend Mr. Mossman went to the man personally and began to talk with him. The audience stopped to listen. The man was a bit embarrassed. Finally, however, he knelt at the altar and renewed his old decision.

The memory of the life at Epworth had brought him back.\*

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\*Incident told by President F. E. Mossman.

## CHAPTER II

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### THE EARLY STRUGGLE

In the late eighties a group of men had seen the possibilities in the territory about Sioux City, and had decided to make this place, with all Northwest Iowa, a center of prosperity and renown. At first their plans were well carried out. The population increased, business and farming were successful, and homes were rapidly built. The suburb of Morningside was established, three and one-half miles from Sioux City. One car, pulled by one puffing, miniature engine, carried the Morningside traffic back and forth every hour. Later the track was fitted for electric cars. Magnificent houses were erected at heavy costs. Suburban lots were sold at fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars each.

With the increasing population came the necessity for educational privileges. Therefore some men of Sioux City, among them several Methodist ministers, determined to establish a university. They selected one of the most beautiful sites in the country round about, a hilltop at Morningside. It was easy of access, and the view was magnificent. Far across the ravines and rolling hills flowed the Missouri River, silvered in the distance. The original campus covered sixteen and one-half acres of land. A building of rich stone was erected at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars. As the building was thought too small, a second larger building was begun. Its foundation alone cost thirty thousand dollars. The institution was organized on the regular university plan, with fourteen colleges. Only a few students came, but the dream was there.

Soon those responsible realized that the university must have more support than that given by the group of business

men who had started the task. The Methodist Episcopal Church was strong throughout the territory, and the chancellor of the institution was a Methodist preacher. In 1890 the University of the Northwest came before the Northwest Iowa Conference of the Methodist Church seeking recognition. The Conference resolved,

“WHEREAS, We have heard the statements of the work already done with a view to founding a Methodist University at Sioux City; therefore,

*Resolved*, That a commission be appointed by the Bishop with the advice of the cabinet, consisting of the presiding elder and two ministers and two laymen from each district, and that when the University of the Northwest shall have complied with the conditions this Conference has already named, viz., guaranteeing a suitable campus, and five hundred thousand dollars in accredited securities to accompany this offer, then this commission under the presidency of Bishop Fowler or his successor shall meet and examine the charter and financial condition of this institution, and report thereon to this Conference for action at its next session.”

In 1891 the Conference was again approached by the University. Says Dr. Mitchell:

“Like the camel of the fable, it got its nose into our tent last year, and this year it sought to come in bodily, loaded down with a debt of over one hundred thousand dollars, while all the real estate to which it had any title was loaded down with first and second mortgages calling for amounts far exceeding any reasonable valuation. Besides this it had some equities that depended for their value on the sale of lots and other property at fabulous prices. But its name, ‘The University of the Northwest,’ was high sounding and its pretensions were great. It was to have (1) a classical department;

(2) a scientific department; (3) a normal department; (4) a preparatory department; (5) an agricultural department; (6) a conservatory of music; (7) a department of higher literature; (8) a department of technology; (9) a department of domestic science; (10) a commercial department; (11) a department of home education; (12) a department of theology; (13) a department of medicine; (14) a department of law. On paper it was inspiring. Why, it looked as if it were soon to rival Yale. The conference was captured, and we said:

*'WHEREAS, This conference has given its endorsement to establishment of the University of the Northwest, therefore,*

*'Resolved, first, That we will give it our earnest support and will endeavor to secure for it the highest success and efficiency.*

*'Resolved, second, That we will encourage the attendance upon this school of such of our young people as are more convenient thereto than to other schools.*

*'Resolved, further, That we welcome to our respective charges the representatives of Cornell College, and the University of the Northwest in presentation of their work.'"*

The conference then appointed certain members of its body as chancellor, dean, financial agent, and the conference visitors of the University. However, the conference had in no way made itself responsible for the institution, nor was it claimed for the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The years 1893-4 brought panic. The people had lived in their dream too long. Land values suddenly dropped, bringing poverty to the city, for the wealth of many was wrapped in land. The farmers, too, suffered from crop failure. The little they succeeded in raising was sold with difficulty. As corn was eight cents a bushel, they burned it in their stoves. Houses were sold at tax sales, six and eight-room houses at

five and six hundred dollars. City lots were sold at one-tenth the prices paid for them. Everything stopped. The University of the Northwest borrowed as long as it could, until credit was gone. Nothing could be done. In the foundation of the new building, grass, with weeds, began to grow. The campus, with buildings, was placed in the sheriff's hands.

The entire community was sick at heart, and did not want to be reminded of dreams. Rich men were poor. Farmers and business men decided that if their sons and daughters were to have education at all, it would be from institutions already founded. In those days strong men bowed themselves and desire failed, and those that looked out of the windows were darkened.

On June 11, 1894, the board of trustees held its first meeting. There, with nothing in hand, but with faith, the substance of things hoped for, the assurance of things not seen, these men of moderate poverty took their first step into the future. The minutes of the meeting included this item:

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to purchase the University property on the following terms:

“Cash, \$1000. September first, \$4000 to be paid. The balance to be paid in one, two, and three years. Deferred payments are to draw 6 per cent interest from date of purchase. . . .”

The next motion is, “The motion to strike at once to raise \$25,000 was unanimously approved.”

Subscriptions did not come easily. The trustees were ministers. Not one had any money. Dr. J. B. Trimble owned a farm, and came forward offering this farm as security. The minutes naively say, “It was found needful to borrow \$2500 of Dr. J. B. Trimble to make the first payment.”

In September, the college was started with a handful of students. Bravely the little faculty carried on.

On September 26, 1894, the conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met again. The cabinet brought before that intrepid body this paper:

“WHEREAS, It is important that an educational institution be maintained at Morningside, Sioux City, Iowa, under the control and management of the conference, and

“WHEREAS, There seems to be serious danger that this cannot be done through the agency of the University of the Northwest; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That the committee on education be requested to take into consideration the feasibility of the appointment by the conference of a commission with full power and authority to establish a college. . .”

On December 4, 1894, the commission of pastors met and duly organized a school to be known as Morningside College. Under the direction of the conference they named themselves with thirteen laymen of the church as a board of trustees. By June, 1896, the entire group felt that a young man, one who had experience in school work, must be secured for the office of president.

Dr. Robert B. Smylie had a suggestion to make. He said:

“I know the man we seek. He is Dr. Wilson Seeley Lewis, of Epworth. I met him first at the Field home, near Odebolt, Iowa, some years ago. Dr. Bashford, president of Ohio Wesleyan University, was spending a month in the home of his father-in-law, the Hon. J. J. Field. Mrs. Field invited Dr. Trimble, the pastor of Odebolt, Dr. Lewis, his guest, and myself, to spend the day in their beautiful home. We spent five or six hours together under the trees on the lawn. Since the Omaha General Conference, where I heard him speak, my appraisement of Dr. Bashford had been very high. I be-

lied that he was surely one of the coming men of the church. He did most of the talking. Lewis was a close second. Dr. Trimble and myself were intensely interested listeners. It was a splendid opportunity to take accurate measurements of the men, for the conversation covered a wide range of subjects. When that day closed, I was sure I had discovered two great men. They had much in common, and yet differed in so many particulars that I was not able to make up my mind which was the greater. Dr. Trimble and I afterward compared notes, and found that our estimates agreed. We were both of the opinion that if Dr. Lewis was available, we had found the president for our new college. However, we thought it best to keep our conclusion to ourselves, and let the feeling in favor of him develop naturally. Events have justified our anticipations. His name is being mentioned in several independent quarters. From many comes the claim of having discovered Dr. Lewis."

The next step was to appoint the committee of college trustees "to consult with Professor Wilson S. Lewis, principal of Epworth Seminary, with a view to securing him as president of the college at such a time as possible." In due time the committee went to the Principal of Epworth Seminary, who desired time to consider the matter.

Out of the five Methodist colleges in Iowa, three had approached Dr. Lewis with offers. He had heard about Morningside only vaguely, and decided to go out and investigate. As was his custom, he made the trip sitting up in the red plush seat of the day coach to save the price of a Pullman ticket. The train rattled along through the night, stopping at every town. Peanut shells, oil lamps, fretful children, and the stench of stale air made sleep possible only in snatches. He reached Sioux City the next morning about ten o'clock, and registered in a hotel. He inquired the way to Morning-

side College. Nobody knew what he meant. He explained that Morningside College was the new name for the University of the Northwest. Laughter greeted his request. With a loud guffaw directions were given.

He reached the suburb of Morningside and walked to the college. He found it set in a cornfield, for the campus was planted to corn. "A college!" he ejaculated to himself. "A college in a cornfield!"

The situation was clear enough, and his soul revolted from the irony of it all. Then the thought came, "What if God should call you to this college? Would you be willing to come and build a college here?"

He knelt down there in the cornfield and asked to be forgiven for his false pride. He promised the Lord that he would respond to the call of building a college even here, should that call come.

He consulted his friends who had urged him to go into college work. They were not certain that this was his special task, but assured him of their support if he decided to go.

On September 19, 1897, Dr. Lewis met the committee.

"What is there to build on?" he queried.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing but opportunity," Dr. Smylie honestly answered. "We believe that Northwest Iowa holds a great future. But today there is no support for the college. Indeed, except for the trustees, and perhaps one or two other men, everybody is hostile who is not indifferent."

"Nothing is there except a hole in the ground," remarked another committee member.

"Do you want a college or an academy?"

"A college," was the unanimous decision.

"Are you ready to pay for a college? Failure cannot be endured again."

"We will pay for a college. The people are poor, but the acres are broad."

The trustees met the issue. They built upon the wide territory of which Sioux City was the center, which had no college. They believed in their own young people, who could go long distances to college, but who would respond eagerly to a college in their midst. They did not fear the struggle; it was for God and man.

Dr. Lewis remembered his hour in the campus cornfield. He knew that God's hand had been in the work of these men.

He promised to come.

The record says:

"After free consultation with Dr. Lewis, the committee agreed to recommend to the trustees, and support his election to the presidency of Morningside College, his term to begin at the close of the present year on the following terms:

"That no teacher be employed who is not, in the judgment of the trustees, a practical Christian.

"That no person be employed in any department of the institution as teacher unless approved by the president.

"That daily class recitations in the study of the English Bible and sacred music shall be conducted throughout the school year, and Professor Barbour shall have charge of the musical department.

"That the salary of Dr. Lewis be \$2000 per annum, and in addition, one scholarship."

But where was this salary to come from? Dr. Lewis refused to have any part in raising his own salary. The salaries of the pastors came from their immediate flocks. The district superintendents and the bishops had their places. But the college was in debt, and continuing to plunge farther into debt.

The committee was made up entirely of Methodist preach-

ers, and from years of experience they saw the way out—a collection!

Therefore came the following provision:

*“Resolved*, That we ask the conference to apportion the sum of at least \$2000 for the educational collections, and that the president have first claim on the collections; and that this be understood as part of the agreement with Dr. Lewis.”\*

He requested a year in which to finish the necessary tasks at Epworth and to visit Europe.

This was granted.

The year in Europe gave him a broader experience for his gigantic task. He learned to appreciate England, Scotland, France. He talked with George Matheson, who helped him reconcile religious experience with wider knowledge. But the undertone of all his thinking was his future burden at Morningside. As he was returning, on shipboard, from Southampton to New York, he received an inner assurance that God had called him to leave Epworth and take up Morningside. He witnesses to this surety, “I knew it. It was as clear as the sun in the sky.”

Almost immediately he made his way to Morningside. It was mid-August.

Since he did not like formal welcomes, nobody had been told when the new president would arrive. He had arranged for room and board at the college hall for himself and Mrs. Lewis. It would give ample time to find a house. No one except the matron was living at the hall. She had said, “You may come at any time. There is plenty of room.”

So Dr. and Mrs. Lewis came to Sioux City one August evening in 1897. Of course no one met them. The rain was pouring heavily. Laden with their bags and umbrellas they

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\*From the minutes of the Board of Trustees of Morningside College, Jan. 19, 1897.

trudged through the streets to the elevated station, up the slippery steps to the track where the "elevated" car waited. They went in and found the best seats occupied, for the shops had just closed, and the men were going home from work. The car jerked forward in the early dusk. The rain beat in gusts on the rattling windows. Miniature streams trickled down from the loose window-sills. Occasionally a big drop of water splashed on the shoulders, head, or neck of the president or his wife. The ventilators leaked, too. As the car left the elevated road and climbed the hills of Morningside, the crowd began to thin out; carefully the president selected a dry spot in the car. A few more stops and the car was almost deserted.

"We get off here," said Dr. Lewis. "We have a little walk, with sidewalks most of the way—and then we'll be home."

Dr. Lewis led off into the dusk. The water rushed under the wooden sidewalks. In some places the walks were so low that the water rushed over them. They jumped these places, trusting vainly that the stream would not come above their rubbers. Then came the stretch of path. Neither stepping-stones nor scraps of wood were available. For five minutes they plunged in and out of the mud. At last the house was reached, the door opened; a hot supper and rest awaited them.

In September, 1897, Dr. Lewis opened the college session. The conference in October of that year heard his first educational report. There were 27 college students enrolled but preparatory and special students brought the total to 230. The faculty numbered 13. The campus, with its one building, had been cleared of rubbish, and planted with trees. Minor repairs had been made on the building. The plant had cost \$25,000. The first payment of \$2500 had been borrowed. The entire debt of \$25,000 had still to be raised.

The conference had assumed that debt. It must be lifted at once. The new president faced that group of preachers squarely. Then he proceeded to raise the money.

Quietly at first he went around to the pastors whom he knew intimately. A number of them had been his students at Epworth. All of them were poor, and all were giving to the church. But he said, "You must subscribe something and take it from your tithe. First, every preacher in Northwest Iowa must subscribe. Then we can go to the laymen."

And the preachers responded. There were one hundred and twenty-three of them.

"Fifty dollars."

"A hundred dollars."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

They looked around to see who had subscribed this large sum. They were not surprised. That minister received a salary of a thousand dollars a year, and could afford to give.

The sum mounted up. All but three thousand dollars were raised on the spot, and soon after conference the rest was pledged. The impossible had been accomplished. The college campus, at least, was free of debt.

With the conference solidly behind the college, the next step was to gain the confidence of the people, those who had been so bitterly disappointed by the failure of their dream for Morningside and Sioux City. This was a difficult thing to do. In the minds of all except those who were nearest the institution, the college was identified with the ill-starred University of the Northwest. There were multitudes of little debts and failures to keep troth that completely demoralized the confidence of the community. No business firm would give credit to the college, and even the personal groceries of the faculty had to be paid for in cash.

One of the new professors, who understood neither the depth of the distrust of the town nor the poverty of the institution, announced his need of some bookshelves. They were promised, but did not come into being. Then he asked permission to buy the lumber in the name of the college and put up the shelves himself. This permission was readily granted.

He went down town and bought the lumber for two dollars. In spite of the mild objection of the clerk, he succeeded in having the bill charged to Morningside College. With the lumber on his shoulder, he signaled a street-car, and brought the precious, potential shelves back to the college. Here he sawed, nailed, and stained them into shape. This was about October sixteenth.

On October twenty-sixth, President Lewis was coming out from town on the street-car. He passed the lumber yard unseeing, absorbed in the weight of college problems. Suddenly he became conscious of the approach of a fellow passenger. The man was the manager of the lumber yard. Smiling, President Lewis made room for the man to be seated beside him. But the man thought better of it. Leaning over, the lumber dealer inquired, with a loud voice, "Say, when are you going to pay that bill the college owes me?"

Down in his soul the president winced. All on the car had heard. The man had not waited even until the end of the month to send his bill. In a strange, tense voice Dr. Lewis asked, "How much do we owe you?"

"Two dollars," announced the man.

The president reached into his pocket and found two silver dollars.

"Here is the payment."

Hurt deeply, President Lewis vowed to himself that never again would the college be subjected to such courtesy. The respect of the people must be gained. The college must be

honored in the community which it served. So a meeting was called in little, old Grace Church, to which all interested in the college were invited. The story of raising the campus debt had been told from one to another, and the church members began to believe that a college education for their children might not be an impossibility.

The pillars of the church gathered. The district superintendent, the pastor, and then the president spoke. The friends were taken into the inner circle. They were made a part of the program, an essential part. Dr. Lewis was a neighbor and a friend. The needs of the college were not mentioned; only the program was set forth, a program to lift to a higher level of opportunity the children of Morningside. Nobody thought of money. It was just a neighborly consultation and exchange of ideas. All went home with gladdened hearts.

Gradually the new president gathered about him prominent business men who were members of the board of trustees, to whom he could trust many of the college plans. He gathered them slowly, the head of a great dry-goods company, one or two outstanding lawyers, presidents of leading banks, dealers in real estate, heads of lumber and coal companies, representatives of packing industries. One by one he met these men and showed them what a college would mean to Sioux City. Then he persuaded them that Morningside College could and would with their help become that college. Skeptical at first, they watched progress. Then one after another they enlisted in a support of the task.

A typical instance was that of a prominent man who was a controlling member of various business organizations. He owned many shares in the stock yards, in a manufacturing company, and in a brewery. If he could be won, other men would follow. His passion was making money, and although

he himself was thoroughly upright, he was careless of the outreach of some of his interests.

Dr. Lewis dropped into the office one afternoon. Flushing, Mr. W. stood to greet him. "I know you. I am all ready for you. I know what you want. I'll not give you one red cent."

Dr. Lewis smilingly seated himself, and kept his temper. He wanted this man, and intended to hold on. Mr. W.'s anger increased.

"You know I have a brewery," he stormed, "and you are trying to spoil my business with your college up there."

"That is exactly what I am doing." The president spoke for the first time, then was silent again.

"Colleges are unnecessary. They spoil most young men. Sioux City is too poor for a college anyway. One failed; why try another? It is just sinking good money into a hole." Thus the business man railed.

The president continued to smile. Finally Mr. W. tired of his role.

"Say," he said, "After all, what did you want?"

"Will you come to a meeting of the leading business men of the city in the interests of education on next Monday, at seven o'clock, in the office of Mr. M. the banker?"

The man stopped speaking. He thought a moment. A big sigh marked the end of his spasm. "I'll be there," said he.

And from that moment, President Lewis could count on him.

To bring these men into close touch with the college, methods unique, and at times almost drastic were used. The professors were acquainted with the entire situation and were drafted into service. Sometimes the solution of a relatively unimportant problem brought better understanding to influential friends. Such was the case when the professor of

Latin sought needed maps. Miss Dimmitt, who had charge of the Latin department, realized the impetus of new life in the college, and decided to be satisfied no longer with the meager equipment of her department. She sent for a Rand and McNally catalogue, and pored over it with delight. With hesitating faith, she made her list of just what she absolutely needed. Then she went to her chief.

He responded, "We're poor, Miss Dimmitt, and if you want those maps, you will have to see Mr. White, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Taylor."

The professor was somewhat worried, for she was shy, and did not enjoy the thought of entering the offices of these men with her petition. But she wanted those maps, and if this was the only way to get them, she was willing to do her part. She decided to call upon Mr. White first, and go straight through the list. So she entered Mr. White's office.

"And what service may we render you?" he inquired courteously.

She explained her errand, and felt the atmosphere change.

"Why, you don't need to spend all that money for Latin," he exclaimed. "When I studied Latin, all the texts we had were a grammar and a dictionary."

Uncomfortable and somewhat daunted, she left the place. There were no results at the second consultation, nor at the third. When she entered the fourth office, she was almost discouraged. Why were thirty-five dollars so important to these trustees?

Mr. Taylor seemed to read her distress. He learned her errand, and was glad to know that she was the professor of Latin. He had taught Greek himself, his first year out of college, and had thoroughly enjoyed it. Together they pored over the catalogue, and Miss Dimmitt eagerly explained why she wanted each map.

At the end, Mr. Taylor said, "Miss Dimmitt, the college is fortunate in having you at the head of its Latin department. The classics are most important in the education of our youth. They should be taught in a manner which will make them live. You shall have your maps."

The maps were bought, and at least one Sioux City business man was brought closer to the college and its work.

Out in the territory around Sioux City the plans were the same—to enlist the support of leading men. There had lived in Paullina for three decades a banker, a strong man, of influence and wealth. A man of unquestioned uprightness of character, he had not allied himself closely with the church. One day, while Dr. Lewis was waiting for a train, he paced up and down the main street of the town. His way led him in front of the bank several times. The banker was seated in the front room which overlooked the street. He noticed this large man, who seemed to be thinking deeply, and called out to his cashier to come and tell him who the stranger was. The cashier was a good Methodist, and he recognized Dr. Lewis as the preacher who was always welcome at his church because of the vital messages he brought; then he went out and invited Dr. Lewis into the bank, introducing him to the bank president. The two soon found themselves in a long interview. The bank president, Mr. Metcalf, was full of ideas, and enjoyed talking. Dr. Lewis listened.

"Preachers are very poor business men," the banker ventured. "They lack business ideas, and are not the proper people to manage a great enterprise such as Morningside College has become . . . "

Intent upon learning all possible from this successful man, Dr. Lewis made no argument, nor comment. He did not even interrupt. His response was a lighted face, and a nod of the head. He recognized in these frank remarks a man of

common interest and common aim with himself. As the interview drew to a close, Dr. Lewis said, "Mr. Metcalf, I have been extremely interested in what you have had to say. There is much truth in your statements. We need your help. Will you visit us at Morningside, look over our situation, and give us the benefit of your advice?"

Mr. Metcalf came to the infant college and studied it carefully. He became its staunch friend, and was one of its outstanding guides in the critical days. Moreover, he gave money liberally. It was a great day in his village of Paullina when, at a Morningside rally, he said, "I have learned that money is useful only as it is given away to a worthy cause. Henceforth, my time and my money are dedicated to the great cause of Christian education in Northwest Iowa."

Working in Sioux City to gain the respect of the immediate constituency, laboring in the conference territory for the support of the pastors and laymen, toiling to rid the college of debt, yet the chief joy of Dr. Lewis was in the school itself.

It was his delight to be in chapel every morning. There were only about two hundred students, and that service was often like family worship, with quiet talks of the deeper matters of life, and then an uplift in prayer. The faculty took turns leading this service, and soon the students learned the characteristics of the various professors. One always read the twenty-third Psalm; another always read several chapters and then closed with the Lord's Prayer. The president frequently repeated Scripture, and asked the students to join him. His prayers were an inspiration for the day.

At least once each year he told this story: "Over fifteen years ago I knew three boys. They all lived in the same town and had the same environment. Two of the names were Wesley and Eugene; the other name I shall not mention. They were seventeen years of age and were in the same class.

I could see no difference in their ability. They recited equally well. But the difference came one night. I remember going to those boys and saying, 'Will you accept Christ?' Wesley and Eugene said they would. The other boy said 'No.' Again and again he resisted.

"The years have passed. I received a letter from Eugene not long ago in which he said, 'I am worth about \$22,000. I have given one-tenth of my increase to the Lord. I have educated two brothers and three sisters. Father died. My brothers and sisters have all gone through college.'

"Wesley is a graduate of Northwestern University and is a worthy member of one of our Iowa conferences.

"The third boy is in the penitentiary. It breaks my heart to think of it.

"In the practical affairs of life it makes a difference what powers are incarnated in the human soul."

President Lewis had the students all numbered, and the chapel seats assigned. Every morning he called the roll by sections; then taking an envelope out of his pocket, he carefully recorded upon it the numbers of the absent students. The faculty never knew whether or not these students were held closely to the mark, but the students were instructed to report each absence to the president personally. Many an absentee went to the office and left with an inspiration that was far removed from the ordinary result of school discipline. The students were required to attend some church service on Sunday; then, on Monday morning the reply was, "Church," or "Absence." Here the replies were carefully recorded, and church attendance was virtually insured by the kindly insistence that the young people learn to put first things first in their lives.

Another favorite custom was that of training the students to spell. There was a grave reason for this, because Dr. Lewis

himself, during his entire life, was closely bound to a dictionary. If the dictionary were not at hand, words frequently appeared queerly askew. So he wanted the Morningside students to know how to spell. At a stated chapel exercise each week he pronounced a list of words. The students wrote them down. The papers were collected and carried to the president's office. Both students and faculty often wondered whether they were ever looked over, but nobody ever found out.

The first week of every term the schedule of classes was made out on the blackboard in the chapel. Each member of the faculty taught twenty-five hours a week, and each made out the curriculum of his department. The usual schedule was five classes a day for five days. The five classes were put under the instructor's name on the board, and then classes were shifted to avoid conflicts. It was a rare scramble, an unhappy one for the faculty, but an experience thoroughly enjoyed by the students who liked to see the wheels go around.

At the close of the chapel service the college orchestra struck up a march, and the students formed in line. They marched, single file, to the front of the room, up on the low platform in front of the faculty, across to the other side, down the steps and out. President Lewis had emphasized, "I want to see every one of those students every morning."

One morning, on the first of November, the students had been severely reprimanded in chapel. The night before, at a hallowe'en party, they had made it rather uncomfortable for the junior member of the faculty, whom they delighted to tease. Dr. Lewis was endeavoring to interest this junior professor's father in the college. The father was wealthy, and good. If things went right, several thousand dollars might come to the college from this source. Hence, when the young professor complained to the president of the behavior

of the students, the president seethed with righteous indignation. In his address to the students he said: "You can tell the caliber of any man by what he laughs at. The small man laughs at the discomfiture of others. Real wit is the fun of the man who dwells on a high plane of thought. In this institution it is our purpose to develop high-minded men and women, world leaders of thought, who cannot stoop to a low deed, nor laugh at a coarse joke."

At the close of the talk he called the students to pledge themselves in writing that never again would they indulge in unseemly behavior while they were members of the student body of Morningside College.

The students squirmed. They knew what he was talking about, but they had not thought about it in that light before. They knew that Dr. Lewis meant what he said. One by one the students signed. They wanted to stay at Morningside.

At the close of the service the orchestra struck up the march. It was a new favorite, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The student body was instantly a-grin. They controlled their faces as they marched in front of the faculty, but when they reached the corridor their glee broke out into gales of laughter. At the end, Dr. Lewis strode with flashing eyes over to the orchestra. "Let me never hear that tune in the chapel again," he decreed.

And thereafter they confined the music to Sousa, Gounod, and the great masters.

The heart of the college was in the Thursday evening prayer service. The president made it the rule of his life to be there, whether it meant freight-train rides, all-night vigils in the day coach of a small Iowa cross-country railroad, trains, or drives over the country by horse and buggy. At seven o'clock on Thursday evening the students, faculty, and friends met in the upper room of the college to pray. Dr.

Lewis led, and there was definite purpose in the service. He read a brief Scripture lesson, commented on it simply, and then gave the invitation, which was threefold, "To accept Christ and begin a Christian life, to seek and find the upper-room experience—the Spirit-filled life, and to settle the great question of life service according to the will of God." It was not unusual to see twenty, thirty, or more young people quietly, intelligently, purposefully, bow at the altar, and, helped by his prayer, find Christ in a new and larger life. The Northwest Iowa Conference minutes of 1889 report that all except sixteen students in the college had acknowledged Christ as Lord of life. Later the president told an intimate friend that all but one of the students had avowed themselves to be Christians and that there was only one student who used tobacco—and that he was ashamed of it.

All of the students knew the love of their president. Some of them had intimately known him through the years. A number had followed him from Epworth. One of these, a lad from a Catholic family, had entered Epworth about eight years previously. Entrance into the classroom, with the constant upward growth, was like coming from a gray day into a bright morning of sunlight. Steadily the lad struggled until he graduated from the Seminary, still a loyal adherent of his early faith. He secured a teaching position in Cherokee.

When the Morningside quartet sang in Cherokee, the Catholic boy attended the concert.

"Well, well, well, Arthur! How are you?" exclaimed President Lewis as he grasped the young man's hand again. Then, holding him until they could slip back of the crowd, he said, "What are you going to do? I have watched you for a long time, and I believe that you can be an honest and successful lawyer. Why not come to Morningside, get a thorough foundation, and study law?"

Mr. Hungary had only thirty-five dollars, but he went to college the next term. He occupied a room in the old building and worked for his board.

From the beginning, Dr. Lewis had seemed to understand the misgiving of the Catholic boy, and took personal care that the differences of faith should not bar the good the school might do him.

"Mr. Hungary, what do you want to study?" he asked, smiling.

"I don't know. What do you think I ought to study?"

Together they planned the course. Really, the educator planned it, and Mr. Hungary put the names of the studies on the card.

Every few weeks the young man called on the president in his study, and they talked over the problems of life. In all these talks, where every opportunity was given for criticism, not a suggestion was made to Mr. Hungary against the religion of his family. On several occasions where there seemed no way to go to school further, the fatherly advisor had a plan. "You would better do this . . ." he said, and Mr. Hungary went a while longer.

In his junior year, there was a scrap between the leaders of the college life. All the boys except Arthur Hungary were active Protestant Christians. At the evening prayer service one of the boys on the other side of the scrap came to him. "If you'll go forward," he said, "I will go with you. I'm a Christian, but the scrap has worsted me, and I've got to fix something up with the Lord, too."

So the two boys went forward. To Arthur Hungary it did not mean renouncing the faith of his childhood; it meant the riddance of the habit of profanity. "O God," he prayed,

"If you will take this sin away, I will serve you with my whole heart."

He felt no strange experience, but as he rose from his knees, his companion said, "I think you have the blessing."

"We'll see," said Arthur Hungary.

The desire for profanity left him. A deepening experience followed, and as a result he preached in the churches of Methodism for over twenty years.

The increasing confidence of the people, and the unswerving loyalty of the faculty and students resulted in a steadily advancing enrollment. The classrooms and chapel were packed until visitors could not crowd in. With the addition of classes in the curriculum, every room was used every minute of the day, and even the corridors were screened off for recitation purposes. A new building was an absolute necessity unless the college wished to stop growing. A new building had been started once. That added to the difficulty of the task. For one of the outstanding features of the campus more vivid in the thought of all the beholders than the marvelous river view, or the rich dignity of the building already used to its utmost capacity, was the foundation of the building that had failed to materialize. Three feet above the ground it stood, made of red sandstone blocks, solidly laid. Only a few stones had slipped from their places, to serve as stepping-stones up to the top of the low wall, and down into the excavation beneath. The stones and the hole had cost thirty thousand dollars. Would the struggling college ever be able to cover so great a foundation? Faith often failed.

Again and again in the evening, when sleep was impossible because of the weight of the burden, Dr. Lewis walked over the moonlit campus alone. He climbed up on the broad slabs of sandstone, and measured the foundation carefully, stepping off the length of each wall. Then he calculated in his

mind, over and over, just how much it would cost. Could it be that the Lord would turn this dream into bricks and mortar?

Then, feeling his utter inability to accomplish this impossible task, he made his way down into the basement, a shrine, open to the heavens. A tiny path through the grass and weeds was worn by his own feet over to the southeast corner of the ruin. Here a fairly good-sized sapling had grown up. Under this he used to kneel and pray. Here he called upon his Heavenly Father for guidance in the problem of building Morningside College. And here God answered him, as he did One who knelt under the trees of old.\*

After these communions he rose with the burden lifted. After such a tryst, he had courage to believe. "It cannot be a failure," he said. "The Lord cannot go back on his word. Fear has left me."

In 1898, the situation had become a crisis, for there was no room for the numbers that applied. If the college was to go on, the new building must be erected. They could no longer delay. On June 3, 1898, the board of trustees "further recommended that the new building be put up as soon as possible."

This resolution was easily passed and written out, but the real work had yet to be begun. On February 17, 1899, the trustees met again, and the president asked them, "How much can we ask the Northwest Iowa Conference to raise, and how much can we ask the city to raise?"

It would be necessary to depend upon these same people who had already given largely for much of the burden. A heavy debt was not to be thought of. It would be better to cover only part of the foundation, to provide only for the present needs of the college, than to struggle along for years

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\*From Notes on Bishop Wilson Seeley Lewis by Dr. J. B. Trimble.

under a debt that would again threaten the very life of the college.

The trustees agreed, "That there is pressing need for the erection of a suitable college building to cost not less than fifty thousand dollars. The payment for the property has been provided without asking for contributions from Sioux City. Any financial benefits to be derived from the establishment and growth of the institution will flow to the people of this city, and its people will be especially benefited from an educational point of view. It is the sense of the Board of Trustees that at least thirty thousand dollars of the cost of this building should be contributed by the people of the city. If this amount is so raised, we pledge ourselves to raise the remaining twenty thousand dollars in cash, and to begin the erection of the building as soon as such amount is assured."

On the heels of this resolution, a committee of Sioux City business men came into the meeting of the board of trustees. They were the most prominent lawyers, bankers, and leaders of the industries of the city, including the Mr. Williams who still owned a share of the brewery, and the editor of a prominent newspaper. Mayor J. H. Quick\* addressed the meeting and reported that the Sioux City business men had determined to stand by the college. They presented, as their contribution to the plans, a series of resolutions adopted the day before.

*"Resolved,* That we who are here assembled fully indorse the plans of Dr. W. S. Lewis for the enlargement of Morningside College; that we appreciate the importance of the project, and pledge ourselves to its support. We are confident that Sioux City will not fail in its duty to Morningside College."

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\*Mayor J. H. Quick has since become well known as the author of "The Hawkeye," "Vandermark's Folly," and other leading novels of the pioneer west.

Then, "after conference and deliberation, the proposition of the board was accepted by the committee of business men."

On April 20, the growth of the project had reached the place where the trustees felt able to employ the architect for the new building, and indorse the plans which he presented. However, the caution born of bitter experience forced them to add,

*"Resolved,* That it be the sense of this Board of Trustees that the contract for the erection of the proposed college building shall not be let until, in the combined judgment of the executive committee of this Board, and of the building committee this day appointed, thirty thousand dollars is assured from the citizens of Sioux City."

But the pressure of the need increased their faith, and with only twenty-four thousand dollars in sight, work was commenced on the new building.

Everybody was enlisted in the task. The women of Sioux City banded themselves together to help. After giving what they could, they decided to do something unique that would call the attention of the city people to the college, and also help financially. In some way, known only to themselves, they secured permission from the Sioux City Traction Company to collect the money on the street-cars. They planned two days, one in the spring, and one in the fall. The first day the cars were decorated to represent the nations of the earth—England, France, Germany, Japan. People took rides and learned geography. The second day, each car was decorated as a college—Harvard, Yale, Oxford, Cambridge. The fair conductors wore caps and gowns for uniforms. The two days netted the women twelve hundred dollars which they added to their college fund.

A student who was working his way through college felt sad that he could not help. He spoke of it one day to the president.

“Why, Mr. Corbett, of course we want you to help with the building,” came the quick answer.

“But,” stammered young Mr. Corbett, “I’ve nothing on earth to give except my mimeograph.”

“Have you a mimeograph you would be willing to help us with?” eagerly asked the president.

Just as eagerly the young man nodded “Yes.”

“Then we’re all fixed to go ahead,” beamed the president. “I have been looking for someone who could send out duplicate letters and announcements. That will help wonderfully.”

So, after study hours, the student gave his mimeograph and his time as his contribution to the building of the college.

Slowly the structure was erected. The sapling in the basement was chopped down, the grass and weeds cleared. The bricklayers toiled for months, and the carpenters pounded in the floors and windows. At last it was all done. It ranked well with the administration buildings of other colleges of the state. The people of Sioux City, the friends of the college, were justly proud.

The dedication was held in the college chapel. Great men were called to Sioux City for the occasion, among them Bishop Berry and Dr. W. F. McDowell,\* secretary of the Methodist Board of Education. Friends of the college crowded the building at all of the exercises. At last, their eyes filled with the vision of the new youth of Northwest Iowa, a youth with opportunity for learning, a youth inspired for service to the world, the people who were bearing the load determined that the college must not fail whatever the cost to their generation.

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\*Bishop W. F. McDowell was voted one of the twenty-five greatest American preachers in the 1924 vote of the Christian Century.

Nineteen thousand dollars were lacking. At least ten thousand had to be raised at these exercises. Dr. Lewis came forward for the struggle and called for five one-thousand-dollar subscriptions. They came slowly. Then gradually the sums were made smaller, until the hundred dollar mark was reached. Ten men on the platform stood up together. They were trustees who had already given generous gifts. But each added a hundred dollars. Others followed quickly, and when the morning closed, eleven thousand and more dollars were subscribed.

The secretary of the Board of Education came forward and announced that Morningside had been recognized as a standard college by the University Senate of the church. This was greeted with great applause. The building was dedicated to the cause of Christian education, and the benediction was pronounced.

The students knew that the school belonged to them and took an inventory of the college equipment. The best of everything was given to them. The chapel was furnished with comfortable seats, a shining brass rail with handsome green velvet curtain around the platform, a rug on the platform, and chairs for the faculty. The recitation rooms were also in good condition, with modern college seats for the lecture rooms, good laboratory equipment, and even a few fine pictures. Everybody was provided for except the president. Several students who knew him well spoke to Dr. Lewis, urging that in his office there should be more than an old table and three shabby, straight-backed chairs. But the president smiled and reminded them that the school was poor, and that furniture cost money. Furthermore, the chairs were comfortable, and the table was quite sufficient for his needs.

The students held a meeting and invited the faculty to be present. They spoke vehemently about the situation, and de-

cided that if everybody would subscribe one dollar and thirty-five cents, suitable furniture for the office of Dr. Lewis could be bought. With much enthusiasm the purchase was made. It was not to be a present to the college. It was a gift to Dr. Lewis himself. The donors determined that this should be clearly understood; so they had small brass plates put upon each piece, the swivel chair, the roll-top desk, and the sectional bookcase:

*“Presented to*  
*W. S. LEWIS, D. D.*  
*by*  
*FACULTY AND STUDENTS*  
*of*  
*MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE*  
*September, 1900*

The furniture was carried to the chapel platform. Dr. Lewis was seen, and the information, not a promise lest he should suspect something, was secured that he would surely be present that morning.

Mr. Stanley Carson of the graduating class was selected to make the speech. With tremendous dignity he began, telling the history of the college, and the wide future before it. Then he spoke of the new building, excellently furnished with one exception.

Light began to break over the face of Dr. Lewis. He had not noticed the furniture until Stanley had said most of his speech.

With masterful stride, Mr. Carson reached the front of the roll-top desk and attempted to fling up the top. It did not move. It was locked. Then he looked for the key, and could not find it.

"Fellow students," he said, "Each one of us is like this desk. There are possibilities within us, but they are locked up until someone has the key."

He reached into his vest pocket, took from it the key, and gave it to Dr. Lewis.

"As Dr. Lewis has the key to this desk," he continued, "So he has the key to the hearts of the students at Morningside."

Sunshine that came from within flooded the face of Dr. Lewis. With fitting words he thanked the students and friends. The desk, chair, and bookcase were his, but more than that, he rejoiced in the friendship of the students and faculty, and their promise of loyalty to a great cause.

## CHAPTER III

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### THE GROWING COLLEGE

#### *Finding Students*

Christian education was the dominant theme of the life of President Lewis. Wherever he went he talked the need of education whether he was on the train, in the homes of his friends, or among the children. Many of the latter understood far more of the conversation between the grown-up leaders of the church than anyone realized. Once, the president was visiting Dr. Chipperfield, a district superintendent, and trustee of the college. The four-year-old son, Paul, lost his heart to the visitor and followed him about. He took frequent "rides" on the presidential foot, and otherwise enjoyed himself. When the time came for Dr. Lewis to leave, Paul was disconsolate. He followed his friend to the gate and watched the dignified figure until it turned the corner. Then Paul came back to the kitchen where his mother was working.

"Mother!" he called, bursting into the room, "Mother, when I grow up, I'm going to Dr. Yewis' school. I am going to Dr. Yewis' school!"

During the first year in the new building the enrollment was three hundred sixty-one. The second year, four hundred and forty was reached; the third, four hundred and seventy-five. To be sure, many of these were preparatory students, boys and girls from the farm, who had been awakened by the vision of what they might become. The president was responsible for many of them and took a personal interest in "his boys and girls." They were his first responsibility; money came second. The president had this in mind as he visited

in the home of a wealthy banker in a small town. The man was not especially strong as a churchman, but he was the father of a beautiful daughter. The young woman had been sent away early to an eastern academy, and had been graduated there. When, upon her return home, she had petitioned her father for a college education, she had met with the old, old statement, "High school education is good enough for girls. In a few years you will marry, and then of what use will be your Latin and Greek? Furthermore, you have gone east to school, and not another girl in town has had that advantage. I am sorry, but I feel that a college education is not wise. As a father I have done my duty by you."

The daughter was silent, for she knew the futility of further argument.

When Dr. Lewis came, she eagerly drank in the table conversation. Over and over again, like an old refrain, the visitor repeated the necessity of college education for sons and daughters of Northwest Iowa.

"And daughters—and daughters," Margaret whispered to herself.

Little was said regarding the needs of Morningside College. The banker expected it, and was somewhat disappointed. He was sure, however, that the plea would come out soon. But all evening, and during the morning breakfast, and at the morning departure, no requests had been made regarding finances. At the final moment, the banker ventured:

"Dr. Lewis, didn't you come here for money? Don't you want some funds?"

The college president answered, "Yes, I want you to give this girl a thousand dollars and let her go to college."

"What! Margaret, would you like to go to Morningside?" the father asked.

“Would I ! O, would I !” breathed Margaret, her face aglow.

And thus it came about that the freshman class the next year numbered thirty-one.

Sometimes these touches lasted through many years, but they were influences that had power to bring results.

Out on the farm the president stood talking to a group of men. At the close of the consultation he noticed a little boy, red haired, and barefoot. But the blue eyes shone as the college president stopped on his way and held out his hand in greeting.

“Daniel Parnell Mahoney.”

Dr. Lewis took out a little red notebook from his pocket and slowly transcribed the name.

“How do you spell ‘Parnell’?” Then as he returned the book to his pocket, he studied the upturned face. “You have the map of Ireland on your face, lad,” he remarked.

The boy flushed and wriggled, but was reassured by the genuine kindness and personal interest of the visitor.

“We’ll be expecting you at Morningside before many years,” the president added.

The boy decided at once that he would go to college.

After many years the boy appeared on the campus. He had come. He did not have anything to depend upon except his two willing hands. He was lonely, for no one knew him. He almost wanted to go home. He was certainly discouraged.

Suddenly down the campus walk he spied the ample figure of President Lewis. Here was an old friend, but there was reason to fear that the lad with the map of Ireland on his face had long been forgotten. Parnell almost dreaded to meet him.

The president drew near. His face beamed as he held out his hand.





MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE BUILDINGS IN 1903

"Hello, Mahoney! I knew you would be here! Come into the office when you have time. I want to visit with you."

Warm joy filled the young man's heart, and before long he visited the president.

"Why, the president seemed interested in me personally," said Mahoney, talking about it afterward. "He made me feel that I was important. The battle was going to be hard, and he did not offer me any financial help, but he put new fight into me. Leave Morningside? No. I was going to remain."

### *Administering Discipline*

In the times of storm and stress, many young men and women were wont to miss the big lessons of the school, while they tangled themselves in the petty excitement of daily activities. Dr. Lewis tried to keep the big things before them, and pointed the way to many a student when he was in need.

The two literary societies were having their annual debate. The entire school was present. The young men worked hard. Each speaker was vociferously applauded by his own society and greeted by just a scattering appreciation from the rival society. The debate went well, and, although several of the men had never debated in public before, each thought his own team had won. The votes of the judges were taken amidst the silence of the student body. It was a tense moment. The important slips of paper were handed to the presiding officer, who opened them in the presence of representatives of both societies.

The dignitary who presided cleared his throat and announced, "The decision of the judges is unanimous in favor of the affirmative."

The north side of the hall went wild. The south side was stunned for a moment, and then came slowly forward to uphold their debaters.

"Never mind, old fellow. We won that debate, no matter what the judges said. Next year is coming. We will show them."

But the losing debaters were hardly to be comforted, even though fathers and mothers, sisters and small brothers, chums and sweethearts stoutly affirmed their pride.

The next day a member of the losing team met Dr. Lewis down town. "Well, that was a fine debate last night, wasn't it?" he greeted the student.

"The debate was all right," murmured the student with rising emotion, "but don't you think that was a rotten decision?"

Dr. Lewis looked at him quietly. "No, my boy, the decision was all right according to the argument rendered."

The boy turned and left; but the matter stayed in his mind. He came to the conclusion that to be a good loser was one of the lessons the president wished him to learn; and to be a good loser was as big a victory as to be a good winner.

Another lesson taught with unobtrusive effectiveness was when to stop.

The class of '02 and the class of '03 were having their first scrap. They were seniors and juniors, but the rivalry that had burned at fever heat through the three years was having its last flame.

The class of '02 had brought upon the campus a huge stone, a "monument for the decoration of the campus," they explained, and had the figures "1902" deeply chiseled on its side.

But the class of '03 took the whole matter as a good joke. One morning the stone was found covered with green paint. The mutilation was scrubbed and scraped off in the deep of night, and the face of the stone with its legend "1902" once again looked forth with dignity.

The next morning the stone was gone. In its place was a mound of fresh earth, with a rough board marking the place, upon which were scratched the figures "1902." The books of the seniors were gone, too. Someone suggested they rested with the stone.

In due time the monument appeared again, and the books, giving forth an earthy odor, appeared in the senior classroom.

Then the juniors found that the seniors were to dedicate their gift to the campus one May afternoon. And so, at a vacant forenoon period, the juniors gathered on the now historic spot for a sham dedication, "to get ahead of the seniors." The orator of the junior class had just climbed upon the stone, and was beginning his speech of derision, when he noticed the main door of the college building swing open. Dr. Lewis stepped up on the cement balustrade at the side of the college steps. The class orator stopped. Over the heads of the gathered students, Dr. Lewis beckoned him to come. Before the class knew what had happened, their orator had slipped down from the stone and entered the building. Inside the door, Dr. Lewis said to him, "My boy, don't you think this has gone far enough?"

"Yes, sir," the orator murmured, "I think so."

The class followed the orator into the library, where all were soon studying the problems of advanced psychology.

Rarely were the students submitted to public censure, during those first days of the college. At times they deserved severe punishment, but rarely was it meted out in impersonal rigidity. Every one was precious, not because there were so few, but because he was an individual. Neither effort nor time was spared to guide every student into the highest development of which he was capable. The faculty often did not agree with the president in his patient forbearance.

The professor of Latin was exasperated. A student had cheated openly, and then had the affrontery to hand in his paper.

"You cheated, and I saw you," she accused.

"I know it. I don't care, and I'm going to do it again," the angry student retorted.

The professor stood up, tore the paper into shreds and pointed, "There's the door. Don't cross that threshold again," she ordered. The battle was over. The teacher sat down, tears of vexation streaming over her cheeks.

The quiet, major pupil came in for senior Latin, and found his professor weeping. He came over and awkwardly patted her shoulder.

"Don't you care," he comforted. "I don't know what it is all about, but I saw the fellow come out of here, and he's not worth caring for!"

With a short gasp of laughter the professor pulled herself together and opened the senior recitation.

The following period was free, and President Lewis slipped in. Soon the professor told him of the dramatic incident of the morning.

"Well," said the president, "I wouldn't worry about that. Roy will make it all right with you. He'll be in before long . . . Why, there he is now! . . ." And Roy appeared in the hall, hanging about, ill at ease.

But the Latin teacher was in no mood to forgive lightly, and Roy was not invited in.

A week later, during a rest period Roy plucked up courage to come into the Latin room. He was beside her before the professor knew he was there. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he ventured, "What can I do to get my grade . . ?"

"Don't you mention grades to me," flashed the Latin teacher. The boy shot out of the door.





WILSON SEELEY LEWIS  
Principal of Epworth Seminary

For ten days he stayed away. Then he knocked at the open door, saying, "I've got to see you, Miss Dimmitt. I'm sorry. I've done wrong. I've lowered the standard of the class. I don't care for grades, but I want to make up to you and the class in some way."

Forgiven? Yes. And started right again.

One night several days afterward, the door-bell of the Latin professor's home rang. There stood Dr. Lewis, satchel in hand, with snow drifting over his fur coat.

"I'm going on a six o'clock train tomorrow morning, and have to stay tonight in a hotel down town. But I couldn't go away without knowing about the boy. How is Roy?"

And the victory of the student gave courage to the heart of the president as he faced the storm, the heavy travel, and the struggle to build the college.

#### *Standardization of Work*

Increase in standard of college work was made as rapidly as the growth of the college in other ways. The report of the committee on education of Northwest Iowa Conference for 1903, states:

"Morningside College has been passed upon by the university senate of our church, and has been listed among our representative universities and colleges. The Iowa State Teachers Association, after careful examination, has placed our institution in the list of accredited colleges, and it is found on examination of the various catalogues of the colleges of the state, that in point of number and equipment of our faculty, and in the number of students actually in attendance during the past year, we rank third among the denominational colleges of Iowa.

"The excellence of the work actually done in our halls has been recognized by many of the leading institutions of our land. Our students have been received and accredited as

candidates for advanced degrees in the universities on the same terms accorded to the best furnished and equipped colleges. Our own state university has given us peculiar recognition in selecting two of our graduates as fellows. When it is recalled that the state university has only ten fellowships to distribute, and that never before in her history has she distributed two in the same year to the same college, and but seldom has she recognized any college by granting a fellowship, we are better able to appreciate the esteem in which our college is held by those who are well qualified to render impartial judgment."

### *Faculty Loyalty*

Such recognition would of course have been impossible had it not been for the heroic effort of the noble band of men and women who stood steadfast, unmovable in those early days of difficulty and uncertainty. One had been in the unfortunate University of the Northwest. Others had been students or faculty members at Epworth, with Dr. Lewis. Still others had been gathered through the years at Morningside. Each was a "practical Christian" who worked for meager salary, and could not be enticed by flattering offers of higher income or wider fame.

In the faculty meetings there were times when regular business was put aside, and Dr. Lewis would tell his secrets, struggles, and hopes. They were partners with him in building the school. Often seated there, those men and women realized the reward of their sacrifice in refusing offers from larger schools. They were building a college. Their salaries were often three months late, but they did not think of that. They rejoiced in the task of pioneering in this great developing field. They were honored to have a share in the work of bringing enriched life to the youth who lived there, and, through them, to the world beyond.

The professor of German was endeavoring to build up a strong department that would give the students an appreciation of German literature and philosophy. In her endeavor she encouraged the major students to translate hitherto untranslated stories. The first of these stories, "All Five," was done with little advertisement. When it was completed and printed, a complimentary copy was sent to President Lewis.

He was delighted and surprised.

"You are going to do that next year, are you not? Put me down for fifteen copies of next year's story," said he.

Keen appreciation for scholarship was one of the ways in which he bound the faculty to the college, and held them there.

As in all faculties, there were often distinct differences of opinion. One evening the meeting was seething with heated argument. The students had been so exasperating that no virtue was left in patience. They had not broken the rule, but had nicely sidestepped the letter while shattering the spirit. Something had to be done that would hold them in bounds.

"A steel rule," said they, "one that cannot be misinterpreted or slid under."

Clause by clause they worked it out. Iron clad, with dire punishment plainly stated, it was framed to keep young collegians under its sway. The president listened without comment to the discussion, and to the framing of the law. Then he spoke quietly.

"Yes, it is best to make the rule iron clad. Make it as iron clad as you can. But don't make it so iron clad that it won't bend."

And the faculty became human again.

*Financial Crisis*

Far back in 1899, February, before the new building was a reality, Dr. Lewis seemed to feel the pressure of the race that was set before him, and did his best to avoid the heavy odds that he foreknew. Along with the resolution to build the college administration hall, was Resolution One, as vanguard, "As a fundamental proposition to all who shall aid Morningside College in any way, no indebtedness shall ever be incurred in its management for which funds are not reasonably anticipated, and no incumbrance shall ever be executed on any of its property."

Resolution Three stands as rear guard: "An endowment fund of one hundred thousand dollars is essential to insure the growth and perfect the work of the college . . . "

But these pitiful resolutions were mere dream guardians of the college. With every added student the current expense of the college had to be added to. No tuitions can cover the cost of education, especially when the students are poor and counting every penny in the struggle to obtain learning. Then, many of the subscriptions on the new building could not be paid. In 1902, the institution faced a deficit of forty thousand dollars. The president and board of trustees bore the responsibility of another crisis.

True to the history from the beginning, these loyal friends went up to the mountain of sacrifice again. The same names appear, L. J. Haskins, Craig L. Wright, the name of Lockin twice, as the brothers took their stand together, J. B. Trimble, John Metcalf, C. W. Payne, and then W. S. Lewis subscribed half of a year's salary. Others joined, glad to give again. Twenty-three thousand eight hundred dollars were pledged.

Said the president, "The task is a formidable one, and the outlook at the present time for its accomplishment is not so encouraging as we might desire. Unless we raise this in-

debtors within the next few months, we may face difficulties which may jeopardize the very life of the institution. Never in the history of the school was there greater occasion for the friends of the institution to come to its help. May I urge the board of trustees to give the consideration of this important subject a large place in your deliberations."

At the same moment came land troubles. A strip of land at the south end of the college, and in the same block was for sale. If the college did not secure this strip, it would mean limitation in campus that was not to be thought of. Ironically, the value of the land had increased because of the building of the college, and thus the college had to suffer for its own prosperity. Faced with a forty thousand dollar debt, on which little over half was subscribed, there was not a dollar to pay for this land that had to be paid for immediately. Here again, the banker, W. P. Manley, came forward and redeemed the situation by taking the land, in trust, for the college.

But the troubles were far from overcome. Hear the report of the next year:

"On the adjournment of the board one year ago (1902) we found ourselves confronting problems the real magnitude of which had not been fully estimated in our deliberations. The enthusiasm with which we had entered upon the work of raising the indebtedness against the institution was soon checked by the prospective shortage in crops, and the tightening of the money market. Early in the month of July it was found necessary to somewhat modify the plans adopted for the prosecution of this work, so that our purpose to finish the payment of the debt by the first day of the month of October, 1902, was not realized, and the time for the completion of this task was extended until January 1, 1903. . . ."

On December 10, 1902, more than forty-five thousand dollars had been subscribed, on condition that the whole indebtedness of the college be raised by the first of the year. With forty-five thousand dollars in hand, a number of gentlemen, members of the board of trustees and of the educational commission, met at the college, and with a heroism seldom equaled, and perhaps never surpassed in the history of Iowa colleges, pledged a sufficient amount to provide for all indebtedness against the institution. This indebtedness, with the deficits for the fall term, amounted to a total of fifty-six thousand nine hundred dollars. The subscriptions which were accounted by the committee as *bona fide* amounted to fifty-eight thousand five hundred dollars.

In 1903 President Lewis reported to the Board of Trustees:

"The rapidity of the development of Morningside College has not been equaled by any institution of similar grade in the West. A careful analysis of the reasons for this rapid growth will reveal the fact that high mental and moral attainments, general financial prosperity, and royal liberality of the people in our patronizing territory are factors so important that others need not be mentioned in this report. To one acquainted with the mental equipment of Northwest Iowa and the consequent high standard of excellence maintained by parents for their children, the absurdity of founding a college in their midst which should be less efficient in its courses than the best, would be most impressive. The vigorous efforts of the institution to respond to and encourage these sentiments in its patrons has necessitated very liberal offerings from its friends, and if present standards are maintained, we may not hope for release from the most pressing burdens. . . ."

Then, two heavy obligations were clearly set before this valiant body of men. The year had been one of financial stress. One bit of property had been forced upon the insti-





MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

tution, and had not yet been paid for. Another splendid estate, bordering the campus, which the college had rented for many years, was now offered for sale. Unless the college bought it at once, it would have to go. It was to be cut up into lots, cheap houses built upon it, with rear doors to the college. Garbage pails would border the walk to the main hall. But the houses would be popular, doubtless, if they were put up. This land had to be saved to the college.

The men tackled this question immediately. The banker who had saved the first property situation came to the rescue again. Two other bankers were interested. These, in turn, found other men. A syndicate was found which would advance the necessary amount, with others who pledged to pay the interest on the mortgage. Thus the campus was saved. But it meant another debt of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The second task was the constantly increasing deficit on current expense. Already it had piled up to ten thousand dollars.

After careful consideration, a plan was formulated which provided for:

“The association of a sufficient number of persons to finance fifteen thousand dollars annually for five years, no member of the association contributing less than five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars. To this amount may be added from conference collections and college day, four thousand dollars, providing for a total income from small subscriptions of nineteen thousand dollars.

“It is greatly to be desired that during these next five years at least a quarter of a million dollars of permanent endowment be secured to the college. This is the task set before us. We acknowledge that it is stupendous. At first sight it may seem to be impossible, but with the inspiration of the present great need of an institution of higher learning in Northwest

Iowa, in other words, the cry of our children for the bread of life, and the promised benediction of the Father upon those who seek to meet the problems of the age and country in which they live in a manner pleasing to him, we may pledge our own souls not to do less than our best in this heroic service.”\*

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\*From the President's address to the Board of Trustees, June, 1903.

## CHAPTER IV

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### THE FIRST ENDOWMENT

The provision for the current deficit of the college through small amounts subscribed annually was, at best, only an emergency plan. The urgent necessity for an endowment fund became increasingly evident.

#### *The Financial Situation*

The situation was analyzed in 1904. "There is not a single multimillionaire living in the boundary of Northwest Iowa; not a half dozen men reputed to be worth one million dollars. We have a multitude of people who are worth five to ten thousand; many who are worth from ten to twenty; a smaller number who are worth from twenty to forty thousand, and a still smaller number who are worth from forty to sixty thousand. A very few are worth from sixty to one hundred thousand, and those who possess one hundred and fifty thousand are rare indeed. It is noticeable in this connection that there is no sign of immediate change in these conditions. We have many splendid towns, but the occupation of our people is closely related to the soil and the products therefrom. The large industries which bring large returns to the investor are operated by foreign capital. We have, therefore, the problem of building a college by the cooperation of a rural population not possessed of unlimited fortunes, but rich in children and in intellectual and spiritual ideals. The recognition of these conditions will assist us much in formulating plans for the completion of this stupendous task. That the people of Northwest Iowa demand a first class college cannot be questioned. Moreover, the splendidly equipped high schools throughout

our territory, the large number of persons bearing college and university degrees from renowned institutions of learning, and the widespread intelligence of all our communities bear ample testimony to the truth of this statement. The problem, therefore, is to build, equip, and endow a first class institution of learning in a community in which we may not reasonably hope for large gifts from a single individual."\*

The chief factor of hope in the situation was the ability of the people of Northwest Iowa to give.

In 1897 they gave \$25,000 to purchase the original campus.

In 1900 they gave \$60,000 to complete the new building.

In 1903 they gave \$58,000 to lift the immediate debt.

This was a total of \$143,000 in six years, when money was not plentiful.

It was a hard struggle, but was beautiful in its results. The group of heroes stood together. Petty factions were impossible in the great task. Those who tried to hinder, or those who doubted could not be permitted to take up the time or energy consumed by quarreling. The interests of those who enlisted to build the college were one. Because of the reality of their common sacrifice, there was a spirit of love dominant throughout Morningside and throughout the Northwest Iowa territory.

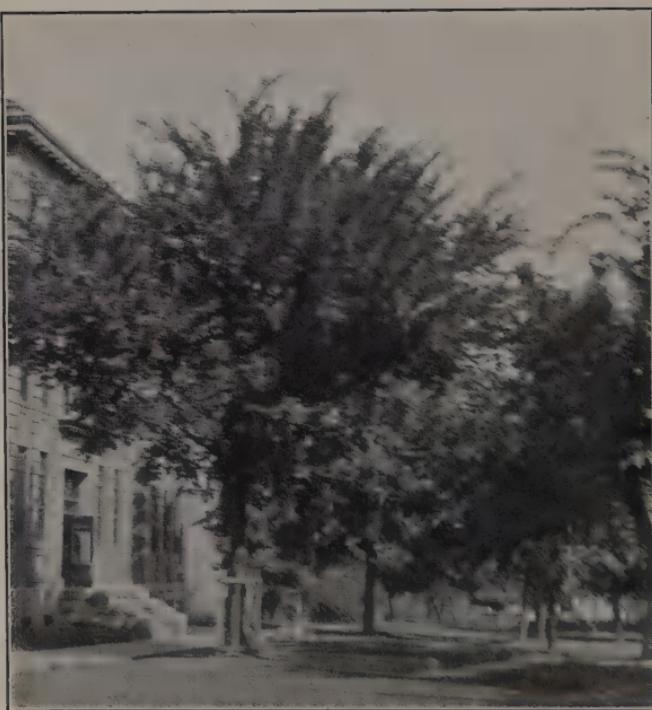
### *The Home Drive*

True to the principle of beginning at home, it was decided to start the endowment fund among neighbors at Morningside. Fifteen men volunteered to find three hundred dollars each. They carefully outlined their program, which included the visiting of every promising man in the suburb. The men went in groups of two and three.

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\*From the minutes of the Northwest Iowa Conference, 1904. The report of Morningside College. Doubtless the report of President Lewis.





THE LEWIS ELM

On one list was a man who had just purchased a fine house and planned to live there in ease for the remainder of his life. He was a church member from the country who was rich in houses and land. The group anticipated from him a cordial reception and a substantial gift.

He greeted them cordially enough, and listened to their plans with close attention. They pictured to him the college, the youth, the church, with their various claims upon every resident. They sketched what had been done in the past few years, and told of the heavy task which had been recently undertaken.

When it came to the point of subscribing, it was plain that the wealthy brother was under conviction. He tried to speak several times, and then burst out feelingly:

"I see I've moved into the wrong place. That three hundred dollar proposition is all right for you fellows who have been right in it from the beginning. But the truth of the matter is, I ain't educated up to it."

Nevertheless, the fifteen men found three hundred dollars each, because many hundreds of the Morningside community were educated in the supreme art of sacrificial giving.

The business men of Sioux City rallied for the struggle. On December 5, 1904, the friends of the college met in the commercial rooms of the city and passed the following resolutions:

*"Resolved,* That we recognize the imperative need of securing the minimum amount of one quarter of a million dollars for the endowment of this institution at the earliest possible moment. We appreciate that this sum is altogether inadequate to meet the needs of the institution so that the young people of our territory may be provided with scholastic opportunities befitting their ambitions. The consciousness that so many young people living within the patronizing territory of Sioux

City are eager for college opportunities, as indicated by the unprecedented growth of our college, is not only cause for sincere congratulation, but must inspire every lover of his kind to do all in his power to gratify those lofty ambitions in the minds of our youth.

“We would welcome with sincere gratitude the assistance of wealthy and benevolent patrons of learning in the accomplishment of this work. We are fully persuaded that this field is most promising and inspiring for this kind of activity.

“We pledge to the families of Sioux City and its patronizing territory our loyal devotion to the spirit of education. We recognize its beneficent influences in the safeguarding of property interests, the maintenance of exalted ideals of home, and the establishment and perpetuity of those principles which conserve the best interests of the republic. We invite all persons like minded to join us in the labor of maintaining a college in our midst, and assuring its permanency and increasing its usefulness and strength as a great institution of learning.

“And this meeting of citizens of Sioux City, all having deep interest in the success of said college and its permanent endowment do hereby recommend that a committee be appointed by this body, which shall have charge of the matter of securing temporary aid for the college, and perfecting plans in connection with the management of said college, in procuring a permanent endowment for the same.”

Before the next meeting of the board of trustees, the heart of the Sioux City business section was in ashes. These men and all Sioux City had been struck a crushing blow. Things looked black. Upon the heels of the fire came a furious, blinding blizzard. The trustees' meeting had been called for that morning. Curiously enough, it was not postponed. Those

living near the college pushed their way through the piling snow-drifts, not expecting to find a quorum present. To the astonishment of all, there was a good attendance. John Metcalf was there all the way from Paullina. The meeting lifted the men above discouragement, and they launched the campaign for the first installment of the endowment.\*

### *Enlistment of Great Financiers*

With the citizens of Morningside, the business men of Sioux City, and the people of Northwest Iowa strongly supporting him, Dr. Lewis went east, in an endeavor to enlist the assistance of wealthy patrons of the great centers. In Chicago, a financier, a man with large interests in Sioux City, promised, "If the farmers of Northwest Iowa care enough to give seventy-five thousand dollars out of their small allowances, surely the industry which we represent will give seventy-five thousand dollars."

At almost the same time there was an important dinner in New York. The speaker of the evening was the Honorable J. P. Dolliver, the eloquent senator from Iowa. One of the hosts was Andrew Carnegie, millionaire, who had decided to give away most of his fortune to worthy causes.

During the evening, Senator Dolliver directed the conversation to the cause of education in Iowa. Mr. Carnegie immediately responded with interest. If the senator wandered from the topic, the man of wealth brought him back to the cause of education in the western state. Soon Senator Dolliver saw an opportunity to do something for Morningside College. He laid before the philanthropist the situation of this struggling institution, and the brave work of the trustees and the president.

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\*From an incident told by Dr. Robert Smylie.

Said Mr. Carnegie, "Perhaps this is an opportunity to do something with my money that will bring actual results."

Senator Dolliver agreed with him, and promised to send President Lewis to him, if Mr. Carnegie would receive him. The promise was made.

When Dr. Lewis was in Washington soon afterward, Senator Dolliver told him of the opportunity ahead. Old Father Dolliver, one of the early circuit riders of the pioneer state, sat near, listening to the conversation. Most of his time was spent in prayer, and he knew what his part in the task would be—that of quietly waiting upon God in behalf of the college as he sat before the fireplace in the room of his son.\*

Dr. Lewis pressed on to New York to see Mr. Carnegie. He secured a hearing with Mr. Bertram, the secretary. After a few moments Mr. Bertram said, "We have a long list of important situations, each demanding attention, and worthy of Mr. Carnegie's aid. We are sailing Saturday for Europe. When we return next year we will take matters up."

The college president rose to his feet. The light from the window shone on his face. He was pale and intensely in earnest. His eyes blazed as he described Sioux City in ashes, the flames still burning in places; the water that had been used to quench the fire had frozen; and ice everywhere over the streets and around the edge of the ruins. With this disaster pressing upon their souls, the business men of Sioux City had dared to go ahead with the purpose of establishing a college. These business men had sent their college president to New York to interview Mr. Carnegie. "Haven't I a right to a hearing?" Dr. Lewis pleaded.

Almost under a spell, Mr. Bertram responded, "Yes, you have a right, and you shall be heard."

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\*From an incident told by Miss Margaret Gay Dolliver.

When the interview was ended, Dr. Lewis walked out of the house. He did not know what he had said in parting, but when he became conscious of his actions, he was pacing back and forth in the park three-fourths of a mile away, repeating over and over again the same things.

Soon after returning to Morningside, Dr. Lewis wrote to Mr. Carnegie for assistance in securing a three hundred thousand dollar endowment. The answer came:

New York, N. Y., April 3, 1905.

Dr. W. S. Lewis,  
President Morningside College,  
Sioux City, Iowa.

Dear Sir: Mr. Carnegie has read the report on the college, and your letter, and desires me to say that he thinks you are trying to make too great a stride. From no endowment to three hundred thousand dollars at one jump would be hardly a healthy growth. However, Mr. Carnegie wishes me to say that he will be pleased to add fifty thousand dollars to the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars which you say you can raise, after you have collected the same.

Respectfully yours,  
JAMES BERTRAM, *Private Secretary.*

Here was a letter that called forth the delight of everyone. It gave a goal toward which to work. After due deliberation and consultation, President Lewis answered:

Sioux City, Iowa, April 22, 1905.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie,  
2 East 91st Street,  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Carnegie: Replying to your kind letter of April 3rd. Your generous offer to add fifty thousand dollars to the endowment of our college when we have raised one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is very greatly appreciated. Our thought in suggesting to you that we would possibly be able to raise one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the territory if by so doing we might secure three hundred thousand dollars was that our people would subscribe far more liberally to furnish endowment sufficient to meet adequately the expenses of the institution. I have taken a little time

for consultation and will now say that we will undertake to raise that sum as per your liberal offer. We hope to do this with reasonable promptness.

Very sincerely yours,

W. S. LEWIS.

In season and out of season the president labored. The lists of the prominent men of the conference were carefully considered. He studied the lives of the men and the women who had spent more than a quarter of a century gaining money, but who considered giving a painful operation to be avoided if possible.

Old Uncle Henry was one of these farmers. His acres were broad, and he had lived alone for many years. He had neither child nor relative to whom to leave his wealth. Uncle Henry did not go to church. He spent his time on the farm, directing the hired men.

One day Dr. Lewis came by. Uncle Henry was out in the fields. Dr. Lewis went out and greeted him. For some time the president listened to Uncle Henry tell about the wide boundary lines of the acres he owned, of the cattle which were his, and of the hogs that brought big returns. Dr. Lewis was deeply interested. Together they slowly walked toward the house. They passed the garden. A pile of potatoes, still caked with the earth in which they had grown, lay near the walk. Dr. Lewis stooped and picked up a potato. Taking it over to the pump, he washed off the dirt that still clung. It was a beautiful tuber, and Uncle Henry was justly proud of it.

Dr. Lewis took out his knife and began to peel it.

"Uncle Henry," he said, "did you know that the best part of a potato is here, just under the skin?"

Uncle Henry knew it, and always had his potatoes boiled with the jackets on because it didn't waste anything.

"But scientists tell us that this thin layer, just under the skin, is the most valuable food in the potato. If this is lost through thick paring, half of the value of the potato is gone. Now most cooks do not know this," Dr. Lewis continued, "but we want to bring up the young girls to know it."

Uncle Henry agreed. If these young girls weren't taught how to save, the country would come to ruin.

"Now this is the kind of thing we are teaching them at Morningside. Morningside is teaching the young women of Iowa how to save and make the most of their lives."

Uncle Henry thought it over, and decided that, if this was so, maybe the college was not so worthless as he had supposed. Beginning with small gifts at first, at the end Uncle Henry became a staunch friend and giver. He helped in the endowment fund.

And other farmers, men who went to Europe every few years to import fine breeds of cattle, men who rested in California in the winter time, and men who counted carefully every penny expended, giving every tenth penny to their Lord, gathered to the help of the college.

They seemed to enjoy it. And as one by one their sons and daughters came back from the college, they saw the results of their gifts and, rejoicing, gave again.

Finally seventy-five thousand dollars were raised. Dr. Lewis was jubilant.

"We have it!" he repeated, "we have it!"

Just two steps were left. The first to go to Chicago and get the gift of seventy-five thousand dollars from the western company, and second, to write to Mr. Carnegie. He took the night train to Chicago and went directly to the office of the western donors. He pressed himself through with difficulty to the secretary of the great man. Here he was stopped. His business?

"Perhaps you don't remember me. My name is Lewis, of Morningside College. We have raised the seventy-five thousand dollars for the endowment, and have come to report."

The secretary seemed puzzled. He had heard of the college in a vague way, but did not remember the pleasure of meeting the president before. And why had he come to report the raising of the endowment? It was a worthy effort, of course, but had no immediate relation, he believed, to the business in hand.

Not believing that the matter was over, the president recalled the previous discussion in which he had been given to understand that the company had promised seventy-five thousand dollars toward the fund if the farmers of Northwest Iowa would give an equal amount.

The secretary hedged and dodged the issue. It was useless to spend further time. No, he could not see the head of the firm today; there were very many important matters on hand. Perhaps tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow at eight-thirty if he cared to wait.

The president decided to wait. He went to the Farmer Hotel, and waited through the night, until the next morning at eight-thirty.

But when he appeared at the office, the head of the firm asked him, through his secretary, to postpone his coming until the third day. The third morning the story was the same, "The head of the firm regrets that important matters make it impossible to interview President Lewis." This was the final word of the great man through his secretary.

President Lewis did not know how he left the office. He was utterly astounded. He had not dreamed that a note of any kind was necessary. He took the Illinois Central train out for Sioux City the next morning, but he felt that he could not see the college yet. When the train stopped at Aurelia,

he decided to get off and go up to Brother and Sister Lockin's until he could begin to think again.

He made his way through the quiet village street, up to the house, satchel in hand. It was late afternoon, and Brother Lockin was out near the barn. He hailed Dr. Lewis and bade him welcome. But as they grasped hands, the friend read the crushing weight of the president's burden. There was pain, anxiety, and almost fear, in the other's face.

“Why, why Dr. Lewis! what is the matter?”

And Dr. Lewis told him all.

Mr. Lockin knew what it meant. He was one of those who had been in the inner circle from the beginning.

“Come into the house,” he said, “supper is almost ready. Mrs. Lockin will be glad to see you.”

So the president went in and ate the delicious supper prepared, and enjoyed the wholesome fellowship of the family.

Immediately after supper he asked to go up stairs, and here he began to think. He did not come down for breakfast, but asked that he might remain in the quiet room. His friends understood.

Often the friends below heard his voice lifted in prayer, as he struggled with the load. And then they heard his footsteps as he paced the floor, back and forth, back and forth.

When he came down to meals the conversation was kept on the common things of life, growing things of the garden, funny things the animals had done, interesting bits from town. And then he would retire again to the upper room, to wrestle alone with God.

For two days he stayed.

At the end he came down, with quiet in his face and victory in his soul.

“Brother Lockin,” he said, “I have worked it out with my God. Morningside College must be built out of the small

contributions from the hearts of the consecrated givers of Northwest Iowa."

A second seventy-five thousand dollars had to be raised in order to save the fifty thousand that Andrew Carnegie had promised.

The president came back home. Not yet could he tell the people what had happened. They were almost ready for the jubilee they so richly deserved. He went to his home first, to the room which was always waiting for him. Here he slept for the first time in many hours. He slept through the night, through the day, and through the next night.

Then he was ready for work.

He decided to begin at Morningside again. There people knew him and they would understand. He did not dare to explain too widely about the failure of the large gift, for a wave of hatred might be kindled that would be impossible to quench; hatred which would burn out the spirit of love and sacrifice upon which all good for the youth depended. All must forgive, and then love would fulfill the law.

A great mass meeting in the interests of the college was called at the little old Grace Church. It was a stormy February night.

One by one the "great mass meeting" gathered: Brother Haskins, the well-to-do manufacturer who had stood by in many previous struggles, but who had given all that he could be expected to give; Brother Kilborne, who had stood by loyally but who had already pledged liberally; the faculty, all of whom labored for small salaries; and a few scattered students, many working their way. They all knew each other, and what each had done.

"Five thousand dollars," whispered one of little faith. "Why, there isn't five thousand dollars here!"

But President Lewis came in with face aglow.

"A beautiful night," said he as he shook the snow from his great coat, "a beautiful night, and a fine crowd. Now, let's begin."

With strong words he spoke to them of the promise of Northwest Iowa, of the privilege of educating the youth, of the needs of the college, and the present emergency. Then he brought forth the challenge, "Five thousand dollars to-night." He appointed ushers to take the pledges.

The old friends looked at each other and smiled inwardly. They had been stirred again and knew they were about to sacrifice again. The pledges began to come. Brother Haskins gave again. Brother Kilborne gave again. Miss Ferguson was in a tumult of thought. What could she do to help save the college? The thought came, "I can give myself. I can give my salary for a year, and that will be myself."

"Miss Ferguson, six hundred dollars," announced the usher.

"Thank you, Miss Ferguson," said President Lewis. Then as he marched back and forth on the platform, rubbing his hands, he said:

"This is the best meeting I was ever in. Let's sing. . . ."

And the deep voice struck up,

*"There's a land that is fairer than day,*

*And by faith we can see it afar. . . ."*

So, with joyful hearts the givers joined in, and mingled sacrifice with praise.

The students began to get excited. They could not give big gifts, but surely there would be a time when there would be opportunity to give little gifts. And soon that opportunity was before them. When the five-dollar gifts were asked for, up went the hands of the students. One junior preparatory student hastily compared notes with his older brother and decided that he could do it.

“Lawrence Wickens, five dollars,” announced the usher. And proudly the junior prep student straightened his shoulders, knowing that he, too, had a share in saving the college. The dollar gifts were taken, and the five thousand dollars were raised. The impossible had been done again. Everybody was happy.

“*Yes, we shall gather at the river,*” sang the president, and the company picked up the refrain:

*“The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.”*

The faculty went home burdened for the remainder of the endowment. Out of their meager salaries each had given more than he could. One faculty member went home to a little group of three, the mother, the brother, and the sister. The father had recently gone to the home beyond. There was poignant loneliness, but the father had left the home well provided for.

They talked of the needs of education, and the struggle Morningside was passing through. Finally, with an outburst of courage, the professor said:

“Mother, do you suppose you could give a thousand dollars from that insurance money father left?”

The mother hesitated. She went to the magazine-rack and brought out a journal showing the needs of the foreign field. Hundreds of children were starving in a famine. Her heart was deeply touched. She wanted to help those far, needy ones.

The brother listened to both pleas. He felt the call of both. But finally he felt the need of decision among these various women folk. With a bang he brought his fist down on the table.

"O mother, darn those heathen. Let's save Morningside College!"

The mother started. She was not shocked, but she saw how the children felt about it.

"I'll pray about it," she said as she left them.

A thousand dollars were given to Morningside College. Once or twice they suspected that the heathen children were saved, too, but no one ever knew.

Labor was heaped upon labor, anxiety upon anxiety.

On January 13, 1906, the faithful business men of Sioux City were called together again, and a report was given to them.

Dr. Lewis announced that eighty-seven thousand dollars of the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been raised in the Northwest Iowa territory. A committee was appointed to canvass the city. In a month the business men had raised thirty thousand dollars, and soon thereafter twenty thousand more.

### *The First Endowment Completed*

By a final heavy struggle, the funds were raised by April 2, 1906. The following letter was sent to Mr. Carnegie:

Sioux City, Iowa, April 2, 1906.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie,  
2 East 91st Street,  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I take pleasure in announcing to you that we now have on subscription and in form one hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$150,000) as per condition you named in your letter dated April 13, 1905. I send herewith the certificate of the auditors appointed to report on this matter, Messrs. W. P. Manley, A. F. Call, and C. W. Payne. Thanking you for your great liberality to our college, we remain,

Yours respectfully,

W. S. LEWIS.

A few days of anxious waiting intervened. Then the following letter was received:

New York, N. Y., April 16, 1906.

Dr. W. S. Lewis,  
President Morningside College,  
Sioux City, Iowa.

Dear Sir: Your note of April 2nd received. Mr. Carnegie congratulates you upon your success, and you will receive his \$50,000 subscription from his cashier within a few days.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES BERTRAM, *Private Secretary.*

In due season the check came. Everybody was interested, because everybody had helped. The newspapers printed facsimiles of the check, and the students had reprints made, as souvenirs of the occasion. Dr. Lewis slipped out of town on important business soon after the money arrived, but this gave the students and townspeople time to prepare for a great celebration.

The students watched for his coming and declared a vacation. About ten o'clock three hundred students marched to the home of Dr. Lewis and invited him out. They escorted him into a cab drawn by students. The three hundred marched behind, singing college songs and shouting college cheers.

At the college citizens of Morningside and business men of Sioux City greeted him.

There were joyous speeches and the presentation of a silver loving-cup. In the afternoon a reception was held, and in the evening a gigantic bonfire gave vent to the college feeling.

For the students, it meant the firm establishment of their beloved college; for the people it meant a complete task of sacrifice and victory; for Dr. Lewis it meant an urge to go forward.

## CHAPTER V

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### A FIRM FOUNDATION

#### *The Forward Look*

Scarcely had the sounds of victory died away before Dr. Lewis began to dream and work for two new developments. In his report to the board of trustees, June, 1906, he said:

“I am aware that we are entering upon a great task, but we seek a great prize, and this is not easily maintained. After having carefully gone over the work, I believe that we ought to add to our present assets at least two hundred thousand dollars before we can say that this institution is thoroughly launched. Fifty thousand dollars should be for building and equipment and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for additional endowment.”

The first of these developments had to do with the education of the women of the college. “We believe that the principle of coeducation is right and is founded upon the most excellent conception of the relations of man and woman. But we also believe that there are certain defects which ought to be remedied. The spheres of man and woman in society are not the same. This essential factor should be recognized in education. We recommend the consideration of a coordinate woman’s college upon this hill, an institution in which the relations deeply affecting the home shall be kept constantly in mind.

“A second great task which I will venture to outline is to provide for a more rational method of bringing to the minds of students those great principles which alone justify the existence of Morningside College. I can see that the instruction of the intellect apart from the moral development of the

student would scarcely justify the sacrifice which must be made to maintain the institution. . . .

“How to deepen the spiritual life and at the same time enlarge the vision is the problem most worthy our anxious consideration. Unless the vision be enlarged proportionately to a deepening of spiritual conception, the soul is narrowed, and the candidate is in danger of becoming a crank rather than a Christian. In order to meet this and other questions in education, we wish to coordinate the teaching of science with that of religion. We suggest that as a concrete purpose and would include it in the task recommended to this board of trustees. To this end, we suggest that a suitable hall be erected. On the first floor there shall be a lecture room convenient for presenting Biblical truth; on two sides of this room there shall be provided laboratories whose function shall be to represent the great needs of the world from God’s angle of vision; the entire floor shall be devoted to that important consideration. The two remaining floors above shall be devoted to the teaching of the sciences of biology and geology. These floors shall be fitted with every convenient apparatus for this service. I can see that the carrying out of this plan will probably mean the securing of at least two hundred thousand dollars, fifty thousand dollars of which shall be devoted to the building, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to adequate equipment.”

### *A New Challenge*

Neither of these plans was destined to be completed. Another opportunity was forced upon the struggling college, bringing with it the necessity for heavy burden bearing.

In his various trips east from Sioux City, Dr. Lewis had come into touch with the General Education Board. He reported:

"This board has gathered from the wealth of the great philanthropists forty-three millions of dollars. The real function of the board is to lead in the maintenance of those particular institutions of learning which give best promise for the propagation of genuine scholarship and the development of character that will render the highest moral and religious service. This organization antedates every gift by the most searching examination of the institution, its general location, and especially its particular environment, the history of its founding, the relation of the denomination pledged to its support, the strength and intelligence of its patrons, its methods of bookkeeping, both as touching finance and the records of the student body, the personnel of its board of trustees and faculty, its method of solicitation and investment of funds, its ideals and purposes; in fact everything that pertains directly or indirectly to the well-being of the institution is carefully gone over and considered. A record of all these matters is kept in the offices in New York. It is only upon absolute merit that a school is ever selected for the beneficence of this board."

The inspector of the board came to Morningside and carefully examined the school. Because of the intense interest of everyone in the matter, every detail of development was watched. The students found out which day the inspector was expected to arrive, and the word was passed around that everybody must contribute to the good impressions essential to a favorable report.

Many of the students had the bad habit of sitting on the steps about the building during the study periods. The library was crowded, more or less disturbing, and of course no one dared to organize a circle in that room and work out translations or other problems in a group. But the week the inspector was to arrive the steps were empty. The library was

orderly, so much so that it was almost funereal in its atmosphere.

He came. The president showed him around. The students in the library held their breath and did not look up from their books. They wanted to show the inspector how Morningside students studied. Dr. Lewis took him to the Latin class. Miss Dimmitt opened the door, and invited the visitors to be seated. The students were petrified for a moment, but had they not been looking forward to this moment for a week? President Lewis expected every class to do its part.

“Norman McCay,” called the professor.

Norman rose to his feet with dignity. After a gasp to gain control, the boy recited with a gusto and brilliance that impressed the class, and himself as well. He devoutly hoped that it impressed the visitors. Soon afterward the inspector went to other classes. Norman McCay tarried until the other students had left the room, for he did not wish them to know his real feeling with regard to the occasion, as they might misinterpret it.

“Say, Miss Dimmitt,” he ventured, “wasn’t that a great recitation? If we get fifty thousand dollars, I’m the one who won it.”

To the great joy of all, the president reported, “This General Education Board, after the most careful and exhaustive investigation of the denominational institutions of Iowa, has selected Morningside College, the youngest of the group, as one of those which shall share its beneficence.” We received on February 3, 1907, the following proposition: “The General Education Board will contribute from the income of the John D. Rockefeller Foundation for Higher Education to Morningside College, for the purpose of endowment of said institution, the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

Provided, that on or before September 1, 1908, a supple-

mental sum of not less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars shall be contributed to Morningside College by responsible persons;

Provided further that no money shall be payable so long as said college has any outstanding debts;

Provided further that no legacies shall be counted toward the fulfillment of this pledge;

Provided further that no part of the income so contributed shall be used for specifically theological instruction."

Great as the opportunity before them was, it meant a serious situation. The provisions required that all outstanding debts be paid. The accumulated debts amounted to seventy thousand dollars. This sum had to be paid before the new endowment fund was begun. That made the total fund to be raised two hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

### *The Campaign*

Carefully the trustees and president studied the field. Business was prospering; the farmers had good crops; the students were coming in increasing numbers.

In February, 1907, the board of trustees voted to accept the conditional pledge of the General Education Board. Said President Lewis in putting the vote, "We are face to face with our great task. Our very life as a college depends upon the most vigorous canvass that we have ever known. Your conduct hitherto has encouraged the most critical and most thoughtful lovers of learning to expect great things. Your sacrifice and devotion to this great cause will be held in lasting remembrance by the generations that are yet to be born in this most favored territory."

He could depend upon the towns. He could depend upon the pastors of the churches. He could depend upon the district

superintendents. Why? Because he had so frequently helped them in their own local difficulties. For example, everybody remembered the case of Olward, where the pastor and district superintendent had almost given up hope of dedicating their new church without a heavy mortgage. In their extremity the leaders called upon the college president. They began an every-member canvass together. So the district superintendent and the college president rode out to the home of a well-to-do member who felt that a dollar subscription would be his share. The roads were muddy, and the livery team had some trouble pulling the buggy through the mire. About a mile from the farmhouse the wheels sank deep into a mud-hole. The ponies pulled valiantly; the whiffletree broke. The ponies, loosed from their burdens, dashed out of the mud-hole and waited on the other side. The two ministers climbed out of the buggy, and the district superintendent said:

“Dr. Lewis, if you will ride one pony, I will ride the other.”

Dr. Lewis gravely regarded the pony and answered, “According to its size, it looks to me as though the pony ought to ride me. If you are willing, we will walk it in.”

They arrived at the farmhouse, muddy and hungry. After a delicious dinner, the farmer took them into the parlor for the discussion of the matter at hand. Dr. Lewis put the situation of the church before the wealthy church member, who was very plainly bored. At last he pulled out his bank book and started to make out his check for ten dollars. Since Dr. Lewis saw that there was no use of talking further, he said, “Let us pray.”

The church member wriggled and squirmed during the prayer, but when the prayer was ended, he drew the check to him and added two ciphers to the ten.

"I could stand Dr. Lewis' talk," he said, "but I couldn't stand his prayer."\*

With such experiences as a background, it was not difficult to bring the churches of Northwest Iowa into helpful sympathy with the needs of Morningside College.

Immediately the work of preparation began. Dr. Lewis made arrangements to travel each district in the company of the district superintendent. The men made out the itinerary together. Automobiles were not at all common, and the work had to be done by train with an occasional trip in a carriage. The pastors of the towns had been told of the visit ahead of time, and had prepared meetings with the leading citizens and farmers. The two leaders arrived in the first town in the early morning, before breakfast. A meeting was called at ten o'clock. The president talked for an hour. He laid the burden of the college upon them. To give their children the best possible equipment for life was their greatest responsibility as parents. If this college was not built, many of the children would have no opportunity for college training. If these fathers did not get under the load and build the college, no one else would. The men discussed the situation freely. They would think about it and talk about it with all the matters involved. Each man felt the need keenly, and each felt that if he did not help, there would be a serious loss to the cause of education. The men signed up to come to the autumn rally as a delegation. At this preliminary meeting subscriptions were rarely made, although it was noticed later that the average cost to those who invited Dr. Lewis and his fellow worker to dinner was about a thousand dollars.

The two took a noon train if possible and met the leaders of a second town in the afternoon. In the evening they covered a third town. In this way every town in the conference was

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\*Incident told by Dr. McBurney.

reached and lined up for the rally. Highly significant of the character of these pastors and of the leaders who gave themselves to this preliminary canvass was the quiet assumption that of course everyone would give until it hurt. This was a part of their job. The true man did not run away from responsibilities. Probably every one of the small colleges of Iowa has lived through just such times and has been saved by the sound devotion of those empire builders who have made American education distinctly democratic. Surely of such is the kingdom of heaven on earth.

The great rally day, upon which so much depended, came at conference time. A wide tent was spread on the campus, as it had been ten years before. Under the tent, tables were laid for thirteen hundred guests. The waving pennants proclaimed that every town in the territory was represented. The ministers and the district superintendents sat with their delegations. The feast proceeded with songs, cheers, and good will. In the afternoon Bishop Goodsell, Judge Scott M. Ladd, and United States Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver made addresses. Then President Lewis spoke, and the ministers and laymen were urged to sign pledges.

But the meeting did not catch fire. Everybody had expected a collection, but nobody wanted to start. Hands simply were not raised. Finally cards were passed, and the people were asked to write their pledges. Dr. Lewis paced the platform in deep anxiety.

Finally he spied at the side of the platform Mr. McCarthy, an old friend, the janitor of the college, who was very deaf.

“Why doesn’t somebody write his name?” Dr. Lewis shouted. Then leaning far over the edge of the steps he added, “Brother McCarthy, why don’t you write your name?”

Brother McCarthy was startled. He looked at the parched

lips and drawn face of his friend, and read his anguish. "I had not thought of writing my name," he afterward said, "when so many prominent and wealthy men were there to lead." But he rose to the occasion. Bravely he signed his card and made his pledge.

The meeting began to loosen. The cards began to come slowly. Mr. John Metcalf and Mr. C. W. Payne had each given twelve thousand dollars the year before to the Carnegie campaign. They signed for ten thousand more each, provided one hundred and twenty-five churches in the conference responded with "reasonable gifts."

The reasonable gifts, one by one, were taken. The towns brought in their quotas. Sometimes the amount was over a thousand dollars. Sometimes the highest amount a town could pledge was four or five hundred dollars.

The noted speakers came forward with impromptu speeches; the audience was often united in song, and then again, in prayer. The afternoon waned, and the delegations had to make trains. So, although the enthusiasm could not be pushed to a high and glorious wave, it was decided to count the subscriptions and announce the result. To the astonishment of all the amount had reached eighty-five thousand dollars! The load of debt for seventy-five thousand dollars could be paid and the coast was clear for the General Education Board campaign for \$150,000.

Then the crowd broke forth with song. The atmosphere had deceived them. The meeting was a success after all, and they went home happy.

With earnest determination, Dr. Lewis started out on this second endowment campaign. It seemed heavier than the one before. People wanted to help, but the sums did not pile high. Then came the financial panic of late 1907. Fear took hold of everyone. All recalled the days of 1893 and

1894. No one knew how long the hard times would last. The health of Dr. Lewis broke. The doctor told him that if he wanted to live he must go away and play. As there was nothing else to do, he stayed away two weeks and tried to play. The rest and the change did much, but with the change in the financial conditions, the change which told that the panic was only a passing flurry, Dr. Lewis came back to his old vigor. He reached Iowa in a jubilant mood. The college was all right.

This task of constantly raising money was possible for him because he believed that men and women were stewards of the wealth they piled up, and that a man was richer if he gave, the poorer when he hoarded. Often he repeated that "If a man is not a better man for having given of his wealth, the gift has failed in its mission."

One woman went automatically for her check-book when she saw him coming, for she knew that she would need it before he left. "And," she always concluded, "I always did need it! But I was always glad to see him come."

Yet, strangely enough, in all of his campaigning, he never asked for money. The way he worked was well illustrated by the case of a certain hard-handed farmer of Northwest Iowa who declared that he would not give a cent to the college. He had earned his money by his own hard labor, and why should he give it away? But he was a good church member and he even went to prayer meeting.

One afternoon Dr. Lewis was driving by, and stopped in at the farm. He walked out to the barn where the farmer and his hired men were milking, carried a bucket or two of the foaming fresh milk to the separator, helped feed the pigs, the horses, and the cows, and came in to wash at the sink with the men.

After supper they talked about the college, and then told stories. They all rocked with laughter until bedtime.

The next morning Dr. Lewis came down in time to help with the early tasks, ate his breakfast, and climbed into his buggy, ready to start home. The farmer followed him out to the road.

“Aren’t you going to say anything about it?” he asked anxiously.

“Anything about what?” inquired Dr. Lewis.

“Why, the college,” replied the farmer. “You’re trying awfully hard to raise some money for the college, ain’t you?”

“Yes,” said Dr. Lewis, “but I knew you would take care of that—you and God.”

And the farmer pledged a thousand dollars.

### *The Unexpected Command*

In the midst of this last struggle, Dr. Lewis was elected to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a delegate of Northwest Iowa. He had been a member of the Northwest Iowa Conference for ten years, and more; but he had never permitted his friends to elect him delegate to the General Conference of the church. He always said that he had too much to do for the college to be away from it for a whole month. But in the fall of 1907 the local conference insisted that he become a delegate, and he went to the General Conference at Baltimore the next May.

Soon his name became prominent among those of men who were being proposed for the office of bishop. He thought for a while that nothing would come of it. But again the number of votes for him began to rise, and there was every possibility of his election. He expressed his desire to remain at Morningside. He had many unfulfilled plans for the college. When his vote fell temporarily, he was delighted. He called Dr.

Stuntz aside and said that he was going to withdraw in his favor. Dr. Stuntz replied that this would not be possible. He prayed about the matter earnestly, but got no relief. Dr. J. B. Trimble, a close friend and fellow worker, said to him, "God has different ways of calling men. One way is to call him through his own convictions marking the path of duty plain. Another way is to call him through the voices of others. The voice of the church is insistently calling you to the office of general superintendent. Cannot you trust that this is the plan of God for you?" Dr. Lewis saw the truth in the reasoning and consented to await the will of the church. This will soon became evident, and he was elected bishop.

The next great question was his appointment. His comrades thought that he would be given an appointment in the Middle West, and that he would be able to serve the colleges of Iowa. The talk of sending him to China came like a thunderbolt to him and to his friends. In his early Christian life he had promised to become a missionary if it was the will of God. But the way had never opened. Now he felt no call, but he had placed himself in the hands of the church and would not refuse to go where he was sent. Morningside College would have to be left.

He asked for an extension of time to work for the college, and this was given. He could remain with the college until November, 1908.

The last few months were spent in rapid work. Every possible person who could help was called upon. Dr. Heilman had willed a farm of eighty acres to the college. Mr. Woodford had willed forty acres of rich land from his farm to the college. The Rockefeller Foundation refused to accept these in the quota of funds required. So Dr. Lewis saw these men and they gladly made the transfer at once. The total sum, however, was not yet in sight, and November rapidly

approached. Finally people saw that the amount could not possibly be completed by November, and worked only to get the major portion in hand, sufficient so that in due time the remainder could be secured in small amounts. When November came, five thousand dollars were still to be raised before the goal could be sure. With a sudden inspiration, Dr. Lewis went home. Mrs. Lewis owned their home. After consultation with her, the house was deeded to the college for the last five thousand dollars.

Although President Lewis wrought with tireless courage that the college might be placed on a firm foundation, yet his purpose in all this toil was to bring a more abundant life to the youth of Morningside.

“Bridges are necessary; so are husbands and wives. Gold is to be lifted from hidden depths and lured from the grip of the rocks to the pockets of merchants and bankers; so are the hidden corners of the soul to be opened and shot through with the golden beams of God’s infinite love. In these recesses of mind and heart must the principles of righteousness and truth and love be planted, that the nation’s material wealth may be conserved by prophet and poet, that this race which we love may take on itself more and more the image of the infinite.”\*

When the day of his departure came, Northwest Iowa, Sioux City, and Morningside College held a great convocation. The farmers, the merchants, the editors, the teachers, the students came together in one afternoon of deep fellowship. With receptive hearts they listened to the last message from their president, with whom they had wrought many miracles. In his address on this occasion, the new bishop said:

“Morningside College is worthy of congratulations. Start-

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\*From President Lewis’ report to the Board of Trustees, June, 1907.

ing less than a decade and a half ago, without reputation, buildings, grounds, endowments, and having only a few heroic souls as her promoters, she has risen by rapid strides to a place of first rank among colleges of the state, and is one of the very few in the nation which have received the approbation of the General Education Board. In searching for adequate cause of this unusual development, one familiar with the facts must mention the wise financial management of that strong and sturdy band of business men who have stayed close to the heart of the institution and directed her pecuniary affairs; the devoted, competent band of men and women constituting the faculty, who have given of their time, their talent, their spirit to the upbuilding of the intellectual and spiritual lives of those committed to their care, developing a strong, internal collegiate policy; the citizens of Sioux City of every creed and party who have given generously of time and money and are ever watchful of the good name of the institution in the community; the loyal band of ministers scattered over Northwest Iowa preaching the gospel of redemption and leading the way to higher altitudes and deeper consecration by a spirit of perpetual self-sacrifice; an unusually virile, devoted, and inspiring student body; and, chiefest of all, that Spirit of infinite grace and wisdom, without whose guiding, illuminating Presence the college had never been.\*

"Morningside College has only begun its work. Just a few years have told the story up to this point. What you have done is just the earnest money, just a sort of pledge of what is going to be done here tomorrow. For these trees are only half grown; there is not a full-sized tree on the campus. We

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\*From the Farewell Address of Bishop Lewis, November, 1908, Morningside College Bulletin; and Suggestions as to Principles and Policies for Morningside College, mailed from Ichang, November, 1908.

have only thirty acres of ground, while all around us there are untold buildings lying in the hearts of the people, ready to spring up, blossom into ideals of larger inspiration and beautiful character for the young people. We have a little endowment, just over two hundred thousand dollars secured, and two hundred thousand dollars within our finger tips—four hundred thousand dollars in all. But you brethren who are here will see that we have the income of another hundred thousand dollars just as you have seen the fulfillment of our desires in the past.

“But then, this country is not populated yet. Tomorrow the millions are going to occupy our soil, and five hundred thousand dollars will not be adequate to express the ideals that will break from the hearts of the people . . . and of the multitudes that shall gather from the prairies and the surrounding country. With the light of the sky in their faces they shall come here and adjust themselves to the world, from the song of the brook to the illimitable wonders from the great heart of God. As they gather through the years, you will provide for them. That is my belief. And this is the reason for my belief—the fathers who have given to the college thus far, have given of their spirit to their sons and daughters who in turn will keep the fire burning on the altar.

“The clouds hang low today, but the morning breaks. And tomorrow I ask you to remember the great plains of Asia in your prayers.”\*

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\*From the Farewell Address of Bishop Lewis, November, 1908. Morning-side Bulletin; and Suggestions as to Principles and Policies for Morning-side College, mailed from Ichang, November, 1908.

## CHAPTER VI

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### JOURNEYS IN CHINA

#### *The Coast and the Great Plain*

One morning in the late fall of 1908, Bishop and Mrs. Lewis closed the door of their home in Sioux City and set faces toward the Orient. To them China was still a "spot on the map." Across America, across the Pacific, a few days in the garden spot of Japan, and then the waters of the blue sea became mixed with the yellow silt of the Yangtze River and the captain announced, "The Yellow Sea."

The Bishop was troubled lest this new field of labor prove him powerless. Since Baltimore, he had prayed for a sure knowledge of God's will. Every day during the voyage much time had been spent in prayer. He sought to know that God had called him to this new task for which he felt utterly unfitted. At fifty-two years of age he was sent to toil in a foreign land, in the midst of unknown tongues and an alien race. Finally he said, "If God gives me a love for the people I shall know that He wants me here."

They sighted the silt plains of the lower Yangtze. The steamer halted at Whangpoo sand-bar. A puffing launch met them, and precariously they changed craft over the muddy waters. The launch coughed importantly, turned its nose from the great ocean steamer, and started up stream between low brown and green banks. Shanghai began to appear, and three hours after leaving the ocean they pulled up by the crowded bund. Before the ropes were tied or the gang-plank fixed, a multitude of half-clad, yelling, smelling, scrambling coolies jumped to the decks of the launch. They swarmed up the gangways and over the boat, grabbing for luggage.

The usual reaction of the untried Westerner in this experience is to retreat to the corner of the boat and to protect his possessions by flourishing canes, umbrellas, or small bags, vociferously arguing in English. But Bishop Lewis stood quietly in the midst of that mob of the neediest on earth, and felt a love for the meanest of them flooding his soul. Said he, "I loved them all. From that day to this I never saw a Chinese whom I did not love and I never doubted that God called me to China."

Thus he joined the brotherhood of missionaries, the brotherhood marked by travel and hardship of many types. Jonah was one of the first members. Paul was in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in weariness and painfulness in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold. Xavier, Morrison, Thoburn, Bashford, and Lewis, and a multitude of comrades, have faced the long road with never-failing courage.

The line of Methodism in China is far flung. North, Central, South, and West, the churches are planted, in seven of the eighteen provinces, and in the far interior as well as along the main routes of trade. As Bishop Lewis made these journeys into the Far West of the Far East, from Japan to the Northland, into Central Provinces, and down to Fukien, he sometimes jotted down notes by the way. He made no careful record. But these bits of diary trace some of his paths.

### *Japan to Peking*

One, from Japan to Peking, was written early in his experience, while the memory of the defeat of great Russia by unknown Japan was yet a marvel to the world.

"Friday. We left Moji at three o'clock yesterday on a tiny Japanese steamer that plies between Japan, Korea, and

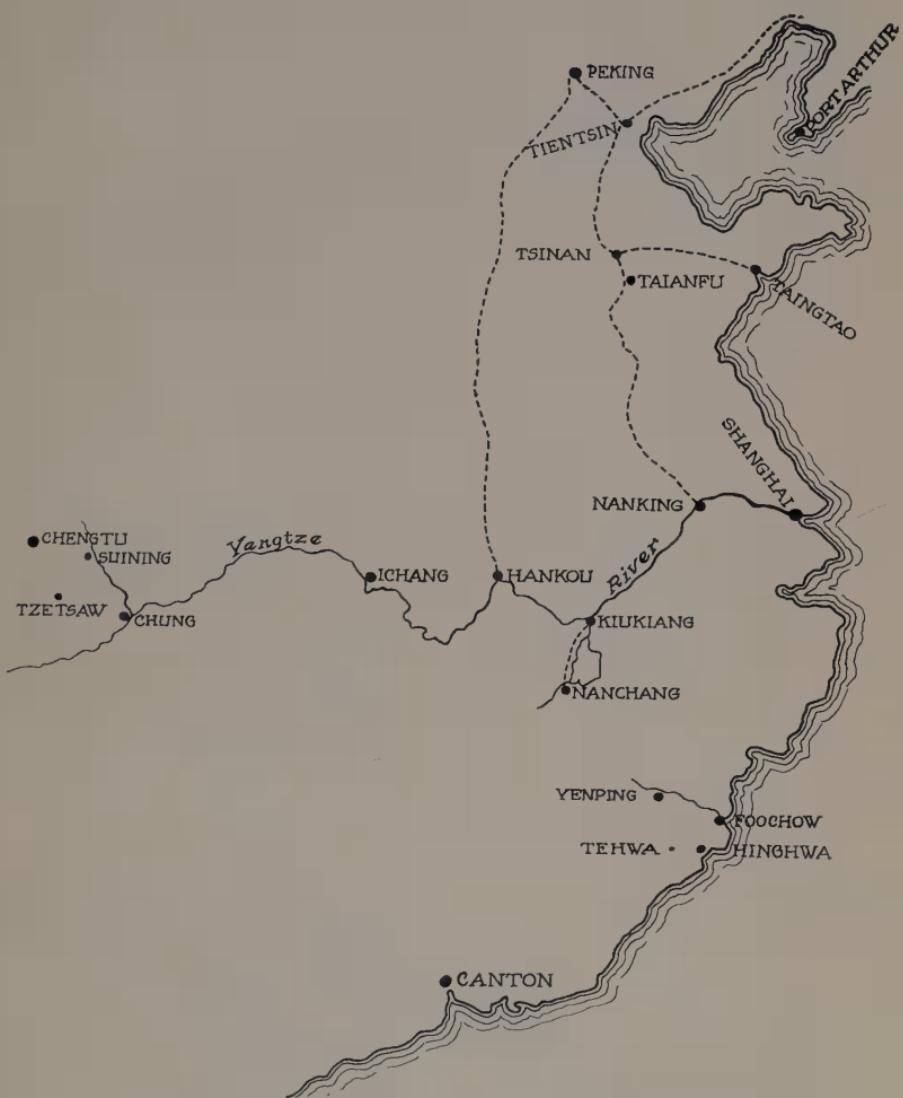
the China coast cities. Before dark we struck the open sea. The waves were choppy, the wind was strong, and I ate no supper. At eight o'clock I went to bed, and bumped, twisted, and slept at intervals. The bunks evidently were built for Japanese. (Bishop Lewis was nearly six feet tall and weighed two hundred thirty-five pounds.) This morning we found ourselves out of the "Eastern English Channel," among the rock islands that skirt the Korean mainland. The sea was calm, the sun bright, the breeze balmy. Our little ship, sensitive to the wind and waves, rolled and tossed on the least provocation. Last night we crossed the great battlefield, where Togo sank the Russian fleet. Three battleships lie at the bottom of the sea, and we passed over them all forgetful of the awful agony of sinking ships and drowning men.

"Saturday. Since early morning we have been sailing along the coast of Korea. The mainland is guarded by numerous rock islands which rise out of the sea at irregular distances. These are for the most part bare rocks, but sometimes we see little patches of cultivated fields, and small villages of thatched huts. The scenery is charming. I am reading the History of Japan by Baron Okuma. . .

"Sunday. The sea is as smooth as a lake, and a land breeze blows from the northwest. We have not seen the land since last night. . .

"Today we finished the book, "Jesus and the Gospels," by Denny. This is the fourth Sunday at sea. It is a long day, but the last one, I trust, for more than a year. When before have I spent four Sundays without preaching the Word of God?

"We saw many jellyfish this afternoon, floating on the water not far from the surface. They looked blue, and some of them seemed to have a diameter of four feet. I should



MAP OF CHINA SHOWING JOURNEYS OF BISHOP LEWIS



think this would be a good food for whale and other large fish.

“Monday. We landed before daybreak at Dairen. After an early breakfast we started for Port Arthur. It is thirty-eight miles by rail. To go to the Port and come back again by ten-thirty was our program, because the captain had announced that our boat would weigh anchor at eleven. We arrived in Port Arthur, secured a guide, and, climbing into a carriage drawn by two small ponies, began the ascent of Monument Hill. From the summit of this hill we viewed the entire battlefield, the harbor where the Russian fleet was destroyed, the position of the Japanese fleet, and other points of interest connected with the siege. Monument Hill furnishes the resting-place of twenty thousand cremated Japanese soldiers. Here is erected over their ashes a very impressive monument, and on another point of the same hill only a few rods distant is an observatory which overlooks the harbor, the towns, and the sea beyond. I was particularly struck with the smallness of the harbor and the narrowness of the entrance. I do not see how the Japanese ever contrived to bring their boats into the neck of the harbor and by sinking them effect a blockade. It was done right under the guns of Monument Hill and of the fleet that lay at anchor not forty rods away.

“Dairen has ninety-two thousand inhabitants. It was built by the Russians, who secured a twenty-five year lease of the Liaotung Peninsula from the Chinese government. The Japanese took over the lease on the conclusion of the war, and they have it now for sixteen years more. They are evidently intending to stay, as they are building the city and making modern permanent improvements everywhere.”

Tuesday was spent in Cheefoo, China; Wednesday morning the train took him from the steamer to the city of Tient-

sin. That evening at eight o'clock the train slid along the wall of Peking, and stopped with a jerk just outside the gate of Peking. A hundred Chinese pastors and missionaries had gathered for a conference. Work had begun. The reports of the previous year were read and discussed. Plans and inspiration for the future of the church in North China crowded the time of the next week. Then journeying continued.

### *Experiences in Central China*

The first entry into Nanking, the southern capital, evidently impressed the new Bishop from America. He describes the trip from Shanghai into Nanking.

“December 15, 1908. Bishop Bashford, Dr. Stuart, and I boarded the train at eight in the morning for Nanking. Only missionaries and fools ride first class. We were sure we were not the one; we trusted not the other; and so we bought second class tickets. The cars were well built, the seats were comfortable, the windows large and well adapted to seeing the country. The day was chilly and wet; a cold, drizzling rain dashed against the windows, swirled by the wind from the north. Not a fire was built in the train; so we were numb with cold. The Chinese pile on garment after garment, fur coats one above another; therefore they do not build fires that are essential to our comfort.

“We rode all day through the low, flat country, one hundred sixty odd miles up the Yangtze valley. The soil is very fertile and is farmed to its utmost capacity. Three crops a year are produced. Bishop Bashford had a list of over fifty varieties of useful material raised on this land. I was impressed by the mulberry tree, on which the silkworms feed, producing great quantities of silk, for which this region is famous. Rice, of course, is staple. The farms are but garden spots, and all are irrigated with water from the Yangtze.

Little mounds in numbers dot the country everywhere. These are the graves of the former cultivators of this soil. We saw a few official graves with high stones and walls surrounding them.

"At six-fifteen in the evening we entered the grand station of Nanking. An army of Chinese coolies shrieked and pantomimed on the opposite side of the fence seeking to attract attention and earn a few cash by transporting us to the city. Dr. Stuart wisely kept this two hundred thirty-five pound bishop in the rear until he bargained for a carriage. It was a ramshackle old vehicle with wheels playing on the axle at a distance of two and a half inches, loose bamboo curtains, and two seats facing one another. Harnessed in a crude way to this vehicle was a little, runty, long-haired, ill-shaped, balky, ugly pony. He was an unwilling servant, and with great difficulty was forced past his stable. The coolie, mounted on the high seat holding the rope or string lines, went shouting through the streets to clear the way, 'A horse and carriage coming!'"

The station is outside the city wall. We passed into the city through the north gate. For five miles from the station to our mission compound\* we travelled by the light of our own Chinese lanterns. The streets were narrow and dirty. The only light furnished was that of the torches and lamps in the shop windows. We came to a high hill and the driver stopped the horse. In fact, it seemed that the horse stopped of his own accord. We all dismounted from the carriage and walked up the hill, then down on the other side. The load in going

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\*"Compound" is the term used to designate the area where foreigners live, which is usually an area of several acres, surrounded by a high wall, and entered by a gate which is locked at night.

up was too heavy for the shoulders of our beast, and the descent too dangerous to justify riding.\*

"The missionaries at the compound had not been notified of our coming, but they received us with joy. . . .

"We were entertained by the president of the college, Dr. Bowen. He has been in service thirteen years. . . . Dr. Beebe has charge of the hospital. The doctor has been here twenty-six years. He is popular among the Chinese, a competent physician, and a source of tremendous religious power. The waiting-room of his hospital is decorated with many Chinese inscriptions, the gifts of grateful patients. One reads, 'His touch is like the coming of Spring.' Thus was expressed the sentiment of an official who had been healed at the hospital."

Other journeys took Bishop Lewis through China. At one time the railroad leading to Nanchang, in the Kiangsi province, was unfinished. The train slowly crept along the none too secure track until Nanchang City was in sight. Then it stopped, for no more tracks were laid. The passengers had to alight, walk a mile to the banks of the river, hail a sampan† ferry, and row across a river before they could enter Nanchang. The bridge that would have made the city easy of access was too expensive for the railroad company. Bishop Lewis and his party reached the city easily, but the return trip was much more eventful. Missionaries still regale their guests with the experience. The deep river which separated the city from the station was high with waves when Dr. Goucher, Bishop Lewis, Dr. Lacy, and the other travelers started. The only available ferry was the usual open, clumsy sampan. Soon it began to rain, and into the boat it poured. Dr. Goucher drew from his pocket a thin rubber coat, his constant protection against evil weather; Dr. Lacy had prepared

\*In 1928, the roads in Nanking are much better, and electric lights help light the way.

†Sampan, a clumsy row boat.

for emergencies before leaving home, and was heavily clad, but the bishop was helpless. No rain-coat was large enough to fit him. They reached the other side, and the rain continued to pour. The soil was a fine, clay mud which was slippery and deep. The bank was steep.

Glob! Into the mud a foot went. Glup! up it came heavy with clay. Glob-slip! The foot that was supposed to step forward had gone back. Down on hands and knees went the Bishop, wildly clutching first the air and then the mud bank. The umbrella was bent, but it helped to get a foothold again. Glob! Slip! Steady; strong; up; forward; steady; step; nobody could help, for everybody was having the same kind of struggle.

Finally there came gravel, then the station. The Bishop's black suit was heavily overspread with yellow clay, and the water dripped in streamlets into his sopping shoes. It was dangerous for him to sit in the cold train all the way to Kiukiang with those wet garments on, to say nothing of the looks of them after the mud frolic. Some of the baggage had arrived, but of course nothing was available that belonged to the Bishop. His luggage was on the other side, and would have to follow on the next day's train. So the largest man of the group, a Chinese, lent him a suit. The trousers did not reach the shoe tops, the sleeves were too short, and the coat would not button. But a shawl found in the depths of a bundle, pieced out nicely.

The train journey to Kiukiang lasted most of the day.

That evening the Bishop wrote, "I hope I feel as a good missionary ought to feel."

It was his only comment on the day's discomfort.

*In the North Country*

In the early days there was no railroad from Shanghai to Peking through the province of Shantung, and the trip had to be made from Shanghai to Tsingtao by boat, from Tsingtao to Tsinan by rail, and from there to Taianfu overland.

“Shanghai, August 24, 1909. The weather was unbearably hot today. It is almost prostrating here. Cholera is prevalent in the Yangtze valley and is raging in this city. I am anxious to continue our journey to the North.

“August 27. We left Shanghai yesterday morning. The sea is smooth as glass. The ocean breeze has relieved the heat, and we are as comfortable and happy as Christians ought to be in the company of those whose chief delight seems to be found in drinking liquor, smoking cigarettes, and gambling.

“August 28. We landed at Tsingtao sometime before daylight. The soft light of a new day revealed beautiful Kiaochow Bay.\* The water is deep and the harbor surrounded by big hills which the Germans have fortified with all the equipment of modern warfare.

“August 30. We started by rail for Tsinan at seven-thirty. As we wound around between the hills and the bay, I noted the scenery with very great pleasure. This is one of the best roadbeds over which I have ever traveled. The Germans did this part of their work well. As we passed swiftly through the country, I noted changes in the scenery, modes of living, transportation . . . The country is traversed by roads made by carts about the same width as those in the United States. There is very little irrigation of the land for crops. Donkeys, mules, and cattle are used as beasts of burden and for hauling carts. They are usually driven tandem, and it seemed

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\*Kiaochow is a concession surrounding Tsingtao, taken by the Japanese from the Germans in 1914. It was given back to China after the Washington Peace Conference in 1922.

very odd to see a donkey and a cow or a mule and a bullock hitched to the same load. The buffalo cattle of the south are not found here.

"We arrived in Tsinan at six, and were conducted to the hospitable home of Mr. J. Murray, of the Presbyterian Board.

"August 31. We started at eight o'clock in the morning for Tsianfu by sedan chair and horse. I was especially impressed by the depth of the roadbed, which in some places was about forty feet. We passed over the way that millions of feet have trod during the past four thousand years. Like the roads of early Boston and New York, the Chinese roadways have been determined by the chosen paths of the earliest travelers. But, unlike any road in America, those of China have scarcely been touched by the repairer since the beginning. The millions of feet wore the Northern China roadway smooth first, then into ruts, then into deep canons. If, in the course of the centuries, a stone was uncovered, it was allowed to remain in the loess of the road until time, the stumbling of many horses, and the rubbing of many feet polished it into grooves and crumbled it into dust. Neither appointed official nor public-minded group of citizens repair the roads. What would be the use? The official might soon be removed to another district, roads cost money, and all the effort he would put on roads would be lost to him, plus the money. The citizens know no better roads, and the constant watchfulness and strain necessary to keep a roadway in good condition is considered not worth while. Of course, when it rains these deep roads become impassable rivers. In these emergencies the people merely stay at home until the flood subsides.

"We arrived at the inn toward which we were journeying about five o'clock. I decided to take my bed out of the close odors of the room of honor into the open court. Here I erected

my bed, spread my 'pugai,'\* and slept sweetly under the stars until morning, not in the least disturbed by the pigs and piglets that brushed beneath my cot.

"September 1. We started early, for we had a long day before us. The mountain chairs were not very comfortable. I found relief riding Dr. E.'s horse. It rained heavily. The roads were muddy, and were it not for the love of God and the consciousness of being in the way of duty, I fear I might have been unhappy. At four o'clock in the afternoon the sky became cleared, though the clouds hung heavily on the top of the sacred mountain.† At five we reached a fording place of the river. On the opposite shore we saw friends who had come to meet us. They gave us warm greeting, and we soon found ourselves in the buckboard drawn by two large mules. The roads were rough, made so by Chinese carts, and the stones that have been accumulating during all of the years. At six o'clock we rode into our compound at Taianfu.

"September 2. I called the missionaries together and we had a heart-to-heart talk, expounding the Scriptures and praying. We need a new house for another family. Dr. E. was occupying an old Chinese building which had been used for some time as a granary, and was so infested with rats as to make it dangerous for the baby."

The stay at Taianfu ended soon. The record for September 3, said: "Today I had conferences with missionaries and looked over the proposed site for the boys' school. I visited Mother Wang, of wheelbarrow fame." Her story is one of the most remarkable in the history of the Acts of the Apostles of modern China. Her husband, Father Wang, years ago,

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\*"Pugai" is the roll of bedding carried by travelers in interior China.

†The sacred mountain, Taishan, is the center of pilgrimage for all devout followers of Confucius. In this spot the sage worshiped heaven, and from his time, Circa 500 B. C., until the present, tens of thousands of Chinese visit this spot every year.





A WELCOME FROM A LOCAL CHURCH IN FUKIEN

heard street preaching in Peking, and was converted. He went home and told his wife. As she decided that she wanted to know about the doctrine for herself, she gathered up a few belongings and her long tobacco pipe, and set out for the capital on the family wheelbarrow. Her son wheeled the barrow the four hundred miles over the stony roads. Of course her earnestness was rewarded. She became an ardent Christian, unbound her feet, gave up tobacco. The entire family became believers, were educated in mission schools, and today are among the leaders in the nation.

Bishop Lewis continued, "Mother Wang is a ripe Christian and is calmly waiting for the coming of the King. The transforming power of the life in Christ is marked in her every feature. Amen, and Amen!"

"Shantung men are proverbial for their stature and their physical strength. They are exceedingly prolific, which, coupled with their industry, has made it possible to maintain one of the most densely populated provinces in China.

"An item which is never omitted in the Chinese estimate of a province or a community is the intellectual quality of the men. A short time ago a group of coolies, chairbearers, stood on a mountain overlooking a valley dotted with a multitude of villages. The missionary asked what kind of people those were yonder in the valley.

"The coolies immediately responded, 'They are worthless. There has not been a first degree man from that valley in a hundred years.'

"The intellectual standards of Shantung are among the very highest of the provinces of China. Within the boundaries of this province, not far from Taianfu, was born the great philosopher, Confucius. In fact, both Confucius and Mencius, the greatest intellects that China has ever produced, were born within the boundaries of the district which we represent.

The seventy-third descendent of Confucius lives within twenty miles of Taianfu. The inhabitants, who love learning even more than the majority of Chinese, are, of course, proud of their intellectual record and are especially eager for opportunities to study. Even the poorest aspire to intellectual pursuits.

“September 4. We started for Tsinan early. It was raining; the roads were terrible. At Tsinan we went to a foreign hotel. The only first class thing about it was the price.”

### *Up the Min River*

In Fukien Province there were four types of travel: the journeying up the river to Minchiang and Yenping; the travel to the sea and across to the island Haitang; the country trips through highways down into the Amoy region; and the short trips to near villages for special occasions.

Bishop Lewis' first Min River journey, of which there were a few recorded incidents, was in the autumn of 1909.

“October 21 to November 9. In the evening Brother Main and I took a little boat which was to land us on the launch bound for Minchiang in the early morning. We slept soundly on the floor of the boat. At dawn we found the boat crowded with Chinese so that we had barely room to sit. At noon we landed at Minchiang, where we were met by Brother Eyes-  
stone, who showed us the proposed site for our compound. It rained heavily and we walked through the wet again for about three miles. The site is a high cliff, almost surrounded by rivers. It would make a most inspiring site for the compound . . . Early the next morning we began our journey in a chair up the small river to Lekdu . . . ”

The Bishop found a quarterly conference in session at Lekdu, where the preachers who hold the far outposts of the church were gathered for inspiration and examination. Often

these men are not educated, and rarely get to the annual conference of the church.

"We were in meetings all day on Monday," he continued, "and on Tuesday morning we helped in the concluding service. The brethren accompanied us to the river, and as we embarked in the little rat boat\* which was to bear us down the swift, turbulent stream, they sang, "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again." Their voices rang out clear and strong and gradually faded away as we descended the stream, leaving an echo in the heart which will abide for many a day.

"We rode down the Minchiang River seated on the bottom of the little boat. It was one of the most interesting experiences hitherto enjoyed. The river was one succession of rapids, and the skill with which the boatmen dodged the protruding rocks was most remarkable. The water surged all around, and we were in its very midst. Our little boat glided and pitched and plunged in a manner that would make a man nervous did he not soon learn of the skill of the boatmen. We arrived at Minchiang about one o'clock. It rained and we were delayed . . . We reached our houseboat just at dark."

Standing on the bank that evening a small, thin, Chinese countryman joined the group that gathered about the foreigners. He gazed at each man as any sightseer gazes at an object he has frequently heard of, but never seen. Finally the man seemed satisfied and, coming back to the bishop, he looked him over once again, at the fine physique, the smile, the deference, the members of the group, the white hair, and, heaving a great sigh, the countryman remarked, "Heaven has certainly been propitious to you!"

"Heaven certainly has," agreed the bishop.†

\*A rat boat is a narrow, light, wood row boat, used in rapids.

†Incident told by Rev. W. A. Main, Shanghai.

“We had to reach Yenping before Sunday. The river was swollen by recent rains. The winds were contrary and we proceeded but slowly. On Friday night we quitted our house-boat and arranged for a small boat to push up rapidly. We awakened at two o’clock on Saturday morning. The moon was full, the sky was clear, we called our boatmen from their slumber and by three o’clock in the morning were pushing our way rapidly up the river. The small boat we were now in was not so pleasant a mode of travel as the larger one. We sat at the bottom of the boat and every tug of the oar or push of the pole communicated a shock to our bodies, which, continued during the day, began to wear on our nerves. At one point, in trying to round a rapid, the boat was thrown violently against a huge rock and sprung a leak. Had the concussion been a little more severe, a hole would certainly have been made in the boat with consequences not easy to foretell. As it was, we hauled our boat to the shore. The boatmen, by dexterous use of clothes and mud, mended the rent and we proceeded on our way.

“By hard rowing we succeeded in making seventy li, (about thirty-three miles), and when the stars were in the sky we were still ten miles from Yenping. We dared not risk travel on the river by night, when there was no moon. Rocks were too numerous. We hauled our boat on the sand, the boatmen shouldered our valises, and we started on foot. The luggage proved too heavy for the boatmen; so Brother Main and I divided the load and continued the walk. When we arrived at the city, the gates were closed for the night. The only way left was to scale the wall. The boatmen knew the accessible spot, but the path leading to it was narrow, obstructed with fallen bricks and debris that gather outside a city wall. The path was slippery from recent rains. The river swirled in the blackness below. We walked on this narrow, slippery

path, which was full forty feet above the water, where one misstep would have precipitated us down to certain death. However, we passed the danger, scaled the wall, and found ourselves inside of the Chinese city. There were no street lamps, and one can scarcely imagine a more dismal place than a Chinese city in the night. Shops were boarded tight so that only cracks of dim, smoky light glimmered out. The stones were uneven, and in the darkness one's feet stumbled and suffered. There were cats; there were rats . . . As our compound was situated on the highest point in the city, we had to climb before we reached the hospitable home of Dr. Skinner. I heard the clock strike twelve as I drew the covers over a weary body.

“Sunday was a great day. At nine o’clock the Chinese brethren gathered for a love-feast. Their faces lighted with gladness as they told how good the Lord had been to them. There was joy in the midst of poverty; peace of heart, although they suffered from attacks of bandits who stole their little property. Strange indeed was the progress of a church in the midst of a social order that was overturned. At the close of this service, the Christians stood in their seats and partook of tea and wafers that were passed. After a short prayer, the congregation began singing,

*“Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away,  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day . . .”*

They sang one song after another, not always in tune, but always with fervor, until ten-thirty, when the preaching service began. By this time the church was crowded inside and out. The bishop preached through an interpreter. At the close, six Chinese brethren were ordained deacons and four were ordained elders. The records of their study and service in

the ministry showed promise of advancement of the Kingdom as the result of their labors.

The afternoon was taken up with personal conferences, and in the evening a second preaching service was held. Early the following week Bishop Lewis started again on his journey.

### *By the Sea*

Travel in the southern part of Fukien was by sea, and over mountains.

“Friday. At five o’clock in the afternoon, Dr. Sheets, Brother Bissonnette, and I took the boat. With the ebbing tide and a good wind we were borne safely down the river. I noticed the scenery with increasing delight. The tints of the setting sun on the mountains surpassed description.

“Monday. We started for Haitang at eleven o’clock. We found our boat on the shore on a sand-bar waiting for the tide. The sand was alive with those forms of life peculiar to tide-washed areas—crabs, beetles, and other creatures which find their homes in the soft, damp sand and await there the tides which bring them their food and their destroyers. When we arrived at the boat, the sea was nearly a mile away. Presently we began to hear the splash of the returning waters, and soon the sand was covered with streams of water which increased in volume with astonishing rapidity. It was not long before our boat began to respond to the pressure of the water, when suddenly we found ourselves afloat. The ocean had surrounded us and lifted us upon its surface. Our anchor was raised, the sails were hoisted, and we were flying before the brisk wind over what only an hour before was a waterless waste. The seashore has a life of its own, and I confess to a new sensation at having the shoulders of the ocean put under my boat lying on the sand.

"We sailed down the bay, past the grave old rocks which stand as firm sentinels against the vainly dashing sea. We glided across the channel which separated the mainland from Haitang. We cast anchor ten rods out from shore, just four hours after the time of starting. We found that we had made a record-breaking trip—thirty-six miles in four hours. Furthermore, there had not been a case of seasickness on board. Chair coolies came smiling to our service, and we were borne in our chairs to the shore, the men wading in the water up to their thighs. One coolie waded to the shore before us and ran to the compound to give warning of our arrival. While the announcement was very brief and awakened some surprise, we were given a royal welcome. Students from our girls' boarding-school and members of the church greeted us with firecrackers and with songs . . . ."

For several days the Christians of Haitang gathered in religious revival services. There is mention of preaching that brought confession and joy. Just one week later they continued their journey.

"The entire church with the students had accompanied us through the city, giving us a farewell after true Chinese fashion. Firecrackers were exploded about us on the way to the boat. When we lifted anchor and hoisted sail, the students and church members on shore sang. Their songs died away in our ears as we were borne by the brisk breeze down the bay, but they continued to wave their handkerchiefs although their songs failed to reach us. The sea was quite rough, but I felt little or no inconvenience, though others were sick.

"Tuesday. At six o'clock in the morning we were ready to start on our journey to Hingwha. Several Chinese brethren conducted us as far as the first village beyond Ngucheng, where we had a church building in the process of construction. After a brief pause and farewell we took to our sedan

chairs and pressed on. The road passed near the sea, and at one place we crossed a high dyke which separates the salt water from the sweet. In full tide the water washes high on this dyke. At five o'clock we came to a place where we took a canal boat. This was my first ride on such a body of water, and it was a unique experience. The boatmen loaded my chair on the front part of the boat. I took my seat in it in a most comfortable position and we glided along the little rice fields, propelled by the oars of the boatmen. This is one of the rich plains of China and supports a vast population. At dark we reached the large town of Angtow. We took supper in a Chinese inn. After a brief meal we continued our journey and at eleven o'clock passed under the water gate into the city of Hinghwa."

### *Over Mountains*

The journey from Hinghwa to Tehwa covered ten days more.

"Monday. This morning I set out in a heavy rainstorm for Sienyu, on my way to visit the Amoy-speaking people. It is about twenty-five miles from Hinghwa to this first city. Toward the end of the day we passed for five miles through a lovely valley, when suddenly we came to the river. Here I found a unique ferry. It consisted of a large flat boat, propelled by a man with a pole. His movements were so deliberate that at first I feared we should not reach the other shore. I noticed, however, that every motion counted, and we landed on the opposite bank ten minutes after sighting the river. I learned that this ferry had been the occasion of much trouble between two villages near by, and that they once had a severe village fight over it. The affair was settled by the villagers contracting to furnish a man to pole the boat free of charge to all passengers. So these villages appoint from among their





JOURNEYS OVER THE MOUNTAINS

inhabitants a man for every day. Each man donates his services. The villages by this means invite trade from the surrounding country and accommodate their own citizens. We were not allowed to even thank the man for his services. In forty-five minutes after crossing the river we arrived at our compound. . . .

“Tuesday. We left Sienyu at eight o’clock. The sky was overcast with clouds, but the rain had ceased. The ladies provided us food for our journey and started us off with good cheer. The valley through which we traveled for many miles was covered with tall sugar-cane. In many places it was like going through a forest. We ate dinner at a wayside inn. . . .”

On Thursday Yungchung was reached, and on Saturday Tehwa greeted the party.

“We looked ahead and saw banners; on approach we found the girls’ school and the church members from Tehwa lined up to greet us. Soon the mountains rang with the strains of Chinese horns and the voices of children. Of course there were firecrackers. These Chinese horns remind one of the Scotch bagpipe. They also sound like those instruments. The people had come fully two miles, climbing a long mountain to meet us . . . .

“Monday. I visited the potteries in Tehwa. The clay seems to be good, and they make large quantities of such utensils as are used in China. The grade of workmanship is so poor that very few perfect pieces can be found. They have many kilns on the bank of the river. They bring the clay for some distance. I do not know why kilns and plant were not built where the clay is. It may be that in the long ago, when the kiln was established, the soothsayer who was called to select a favorable spot decided that the spirits of wind and water were in harmony by the river, and not in harmony by the spot where they found the clay. Or, it may be that they used

clay around the kilns at first, until they found better clay, and never moved the kilns. Perhaps no one thought much about the convenience of the location when the kilns were built, and because the industry was started in this way, every generation has finally followed the ways of its ancestors. The question 'why' is not often answered in China.

"Tuesday. We had a great feast last night. It took us two and one-half hours. After the feast the brethren listened to the preaching of the doctrine for some time, and then presented a paper for subscription to their church enterprise. Today, when we started, I found a beautiful banner, yellow, tied over my chair, inscribed in large Chinese characters, 'Methodist Bishop.' These people are the embodiment of generosity and good nature. The same band that brought us into town accompanied us out as far as the mountain. . . . Soon after the brethren had left us we began the ascent of the mountain. I think it is the highest I have yet seen in China. We reached the summit at noon. We found a knoll on the top which presented a glorious view. Range on range! The day was perfect and we spread our lunch on this elevated spot. After dinner the doctor and I sang two hymns and studied the eighth of Hebrews. The whole scene was impressive—the lofty mountains, the winding road, the murmuring brook, the song of the birds, the overarching sky.

"We came through a valley where lived one thousand people by the name of Su. They had unusually good buildings and are evidently a prosperous, if not a happy, family.

"We have just arrived at Su-Beh-Kou. It is a small village, and here we shall spend the night. We found a place in a shop. Our beds are upstairs in a room which overlooks the street. I can stand up in the front part of our room, but it immediately slopes back to the floor. However, I have walked over mountains and through valleys today, and shall sleep

soundly. It is a real joy to live near the people. There is no church in this village. The people stand around me in this shop while I write. The pigs, chickens, and dogs are also here. None of these things disturb me.

“Wednesday. We started this morning at break of day. Our route continued through a very mountainous country. The scenery surpasses description for grandeur. I had an opportunity today to see the process of making those long noodles which appear at the feasts. Process:

1. Hull the rice.
2. Grind it with stones.
3. Pound and knead into solid dough as large as a loaf of bread.
4. Put this mass into a round box of bamboo with brass bottom perforated with small holes.
5. Place a bamboo plug which fits the box on the top of the mass and by means of a long lug pole press the mass through the perforated holes in the bottom of the box.
6. As the long strings come through the box they fall into a large kettle of boiling water.
7. These are taken out of the water, spread on a bamboo frame and put in the sunlight for drying.

This is the process of making the most nutritious and, to me, the most delicious food in China.

Of the lesser trips there were many, but the memory of them lives with those who accompanied him on the way. The story of one of these trips is often recounted.

The Bishop had risen before dawn. The faithful cook, Lao Su, had been up an hour still earlier, and had prepared a good breakfast of eggs, oatmeal, and muffins, packed the food box, arranged the bedding, and wrapped everything in oilcloth. The six chairmen had been outside the gate since

three and were grumbling over the pay agreed upon, solacing their hearts by occasional puffs at their long pipes. In spite of the excitement of the attendants, there was time for a chapter of the Bible, a quiet prayer for God's blessing upon the day and the loved ones. When the "Amen" was said, Pastor Wang Kwang Ho was announced. It was time to start.

"Good-bye," was said in the house and then, as the coolies took up their burdens, "Good-bye" was called to the neighbors who had awakened.

The Bishop's chair first, Pastor Wang's chair next, and then the loads. Down to the river they went, aboard the houseboat, and for several hours they slid between the banks of the Min River. They reached the first stopping-place that evening and rested in a church building. The next morning they swung across the plain of rice paddy fields, passing through many native villages. The valley was rich with grain and thick with people. Straight to the highest village, crowning the hill at the head of the stream, the coolies marched. The chairs stopped at the front of a large Chinese house, recently built by a layman who had returned home from Borneo. The whole town came out to say their words of welcome. Deep, courteous bows were exchanged, and the guests were ushered into a large clean room prepared for their convenience during their visit. There was time for a survey of the new church and a feast before sunset. Then all gathered for the revival service. The congregation sang, "Crown Him Lord of All." They stood, Christians with reverently bowed heads and hearts, non-Christians with curious eyes, while the pastor prayed to the God who could not be seen. The Bishop rose and preached with vigor, each sentence being caught by Pastor Wang and turned into living Chinese words. The crowd sat still for over an hour, and then, after the benediction, went slowly to their homes.

The return trip began the next morning. They stopped at the edge of the village and looked over the valley. The eager farmers and their wives, the alert boys and girls, were in the Bishop's thoughts as he counted the villages. Then he turned and placed his hand on his friend's arm.

"Kwang Ho," he said, "I dedicate this valley to God."

Then he sketched the churches that would be built, and the schools, lower and higher. He determined to find men and the funds necessary. But the plan was not fulfilled, for the seer was taken. There is left the burden in the heart of Wang Kwang Ho.

### *The Long Yangtze Journey*

Probably the most famous journey in all China is the houseboat trip up the long Yangtze River, "the Son of the Ocean." Tourists avoid its hardships, and begrudge the time consumed; but world-famed travelers who delight in finding new country have made the journey and sent abroad its praises.

On his second journey up the Yangtze, Bishop Lewis kept a diary. We have it almost complete from the beginning at Ichang to the end in Chengtu. All record of the first journey is lost.

"Ichang, Dec. 6, 1913. We left the Japanese steamboat Tayuen Maru after tiffin\* and entered our houseboat. This craft is after the Kweitze Mianza type, made low-lying in the water especially for passenger traffic on the upper Yangtze. It is seventy-three feet long from bow to stern, and nine feet wide in the center. The passenger department consists of five rooms—the small kitchen in front, behind this a living-room, and three bedrooms still farther back. In the

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\*Tiffin is the Oriental nomenclature for luncheon.

stern of the boat is the room occupied by the pilot and used somewhat by the captain's family. Back of this, over the rudder, is the captain's apartment. His family consists of a wife and three children. In the front part of the boat the trackers\* eat and sleep and row. On the elevated platform at the bow of the boat stands the pilot, who is held responsible for maneuvering the craft amid gorges, whirlpools, precipitous rocks, and dangerous rapids. The floor of the boat consists of rather loose boards, beneath which may be stored away any freight or extra baggage. Today we settled our two back rooms, and late in the afternoon the boat made a formal start, being towed about a mile.

“Sunday, Dec. 7. A beautiful, sunshiny day. We were at so great a distance from churches that we did not undertake to attend. We walked back into the country amid cliffs, ravines, and waterfalls. After a most delightful ramble of about two hours we returned to the river and climbed a high cliff opposite Ichang, which overlooks the city and river for a mile around either bend. Returning to our boat we had a good dinner and settled down for the day, reading Scriptures and singing Christian songs.

“December 8. The morning opened rainy and cold and cloudy. About eleven o'clock we rowed across the river and started on our long journey amid a heavy downpour of rain. We reached the customs barrier† just at dark. Dr. Freeman, having made a careful record of all our belongings, experienced no difficulty in passing the examination. The customs agent did not even come on board. This is about twelve miles from Ichang.

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\*Men who pull the boat by means of ropes.

†At the boundary of every province, and at the entrances of every great city are customs officers. They examine luggage and require duty on certain articles. Thus, goods bought in Peking would be taxed several times by the time it reaches Chengtu.

“December 10. We started at daylight and covered sixty li\* during the day. In the morning as we were passing by one of the swift places in the river our rope became entangled on the shore, and the men in the wuban, the smaller ‘lifeboat’ of the houseboat, came to the rescue. As they pulled hard on the rope, two of them fell backward into the river. One of them caught the rope and came hand over hand into the boat. The other swam the whole length of the rapids, fully a mile, followed by the wuban, and when he reached the bay, climbed into the small boat and was saved. At the ascent of a rapid, or at any heavy place in the river, most of the oarsmen, excepting three or four leaders, leave the boat. A huge bamboo rope is tied to the mast. At the other end many smaller bamboo ropes are fastened securely to the huge rope. Each man takes hold of an end, and, passing it over his shoulder, pulls. Thus, from three to twenty men pull on these ropes, forcing the craft upstream against the current. At times the pull is comparatively easy. Often, however, the strain is terrific, and the men bend to the ground in their effort against the river. The feet of these myriads of trackers, through the centuries of Yangtze River traffic, have worn a path along the river almost the whole distance. When the boat ascends the rapids it must of necessity go very slowly. Often it takes hours to cover a mile. Then the passengers leave the toilers and walk on the shore, making the load lighter by the combined weights of their bodies. The walk also gives variety to the journey. When there is an up-river wind, the sail is hoisted and the breeze does the work for the trackers.

“December 12. We ascend the Hsin Tan Rapids in the morning. The course through the rapids takes a long time, and we climbed the cliff of the village. At two-thirty we took

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\*A “li” is the Chinese measure of distance. Usually about one-third of a mile, but it differs in various localities.

the boat again and went through the Rice Granary Gorge, only two miles in length. Our companion boat had moved along more rapidly than ours, and at dusk we were alone. The trackers were pulling toward the night anchorage. Three men and the captain were on the boat. As we rounded a curve where the water was very swift, suddenly our rope broke. It was now quite dark.

“The men shouted wildly and caught with their long pikes for the rocks along the shore. The pikes caught hold, and their iron hooked tips held a breathless instant.

“But the water was too swift and the boat was too heavy. Two men in our wuban caught the reserve bamboo rope from our boat, jumped to the shore, and sought to tie the rope around a rock. But the rapid was too swift for them. The rope was pulled through their hands, and our craft whirled out into the current. The boat swung around several times. The darkness of the night, the roar of the water, the helplessness of the crew added to the terror. The Chinese cook stood frozen in the doorway, white with fear. No one spoke. We were rushing down the river at a mad rate. It seemed as though no power on earth could save us. Whirlpools were on either side.

“Suddenly a little breeze sprung up. The men yelled and with consummate skill in the midst of their frenzy hoisted the sail. A gust of up-river wind filled the canvas. The boat checked its mad career. In an incredibly short time we felt it drift up on the shore. We tied up for the night on the right bank.”

Later that evening the cook came in and stood, waiting to say something. The Bishop looked up. “Well, Lao Su, that was pretty close.”

The cook addressed himself to Mrs. Lewis. “Lady, you know why we no go bottom of river? I know. Because we

have good man on board. Good man on board."

He smiled upon the Bishop as if to pour out his gratitude, but thought again and kept silent. A moment later he slipped into his kitchen.

"December 13. The up-river wind continued, and at three in the afternoon we reached the Yeh Tan (Wild Rapid.) Three large boats and three wubans were ahead of us waiting extra trackers to pull them over the rapid. The first boat moved out into the rapids, swung for a time on the edge, and then, by dint of hard pulling and loud shouting, ascended about one-third of the distance. Suddenly the two strong bamboo ropes broke in quick succession, and the boat went whirling down the waters. It was daylight and the boat was easily caught. The only penalty this particular one had to pay for its misfortune was that it found itself at the bottom of the long line of boats and had to wait for another day for its turn to try again.

"With this single mishap, the boats above mentioned moved up. But as the last one reached the top of the rapids, darkness began to settle down over the tops of the mountains. Dr. Freeman rose to the occasion and by judiciously distributing five hundred cash, (about twenty-five cents gold), among the trackers, we secured enough men to pull our boat up the rapid. With thankful hearts we saw our home and possessions safe and dry at the top of the rapids, where we spent a very pleasant night.

"Sunday, Dec. 14. Before retiring last night we held a council as to the course we should pursue on Sunday. We had written a clause into our contract with the captain of the boat that we should tie up on Sunday, and that we should pay his men fifty cash each for their board on that day. We found ourselves, however, in a very unpleasant place. The down-river wind had kept our men idle for at least one full day

in the week, and we felt certain from the looks of the crew that idleness would be a great enemy to us and to them. They would be in danger of gambling, drinking, and other deprivations, if left to spend a day in such a place without anything to do. Moreover, we could not break to them the Word of Life. We therefore concluded to continue our journey on Sunday. We also gave the men a liberal meal of pork.

“The up-river wind was good this morning, and we started at daylight. The sail, though somewhat tattered, did us good service all day. The men tracked but little. The wind did our work for us.

“We sailed today one hundred and thirty li, and tied up for the night about fifteen li west of the entrance of the Gloomy Mountain Gorge. This gorge is thirty miles long, the longest gorge on the Yangtze. The rocks in many places are of a type which resemble lava, but I think the mottled appearance is due to different degrees of hardness, and that the water has worn out the softened parts leaving the hard gneiss exposed. The night was spent in the gloomy part of the gorge with no Chinese boats near us.

“We celebrated Sunday by repeating several chapters of Scripture and singing a number of Christian songs. Later in the day we had prayers again, the two Chinese servants being present. We repeated the Lord’s Prayer in Chinese.

“December 15. The men were up bright and early this morning and started at five o’clock. The full moon was still hanging in the sky and sent its soft rays down through the gloomy caverns of the gorge, touching the river with streaks of light which contrasted strongly with the heavy shadows falling in the caverns. The wind was blowing briskly up river, and our sail propelled our boat through the waters. At two we emerged from the gorge and caught sight of the ancient city of Wan Hsien. We passed the Dismount Horse

(Hsia Ma Tan) Rapids about fifteen li up the river from the city. We stretched our largest rope from the rapid to the town on the right bank of the river; and even though we added to the force of our men by hiring extra trackers, who live at the rapid and make their livelihood by pulling boats over the heavy current, they had a hard struggle to get the boat up the rapid.

“Lao Su, the cook, went into the village this afternoon and brought back some native lemons. We recall having bought some on our previous trip. They are a peculiar variety of citrus fruit, a cross between an orange and a lemon. They make a delicious drink, and an excellent pie.

“The sun is now dropping behind the mountain, and our boat has been pulled ashore just in front of the little town. We shall soon be safe in our beds, free from anxious care and toil. Thank the kind Father who keeps us through storm and whirlpool, ragged rock and unknown dangers, suffering no harm to come to us. Any man is invulnerable who hides himself in the secret place of the Most High until his task on earth is accomplished.

“December 16. Early in the afternoon we spied a long stretch of bank on the right side of the river which invited us to a comfortable walk. Our boat was ascending a heavy rapid which greatly retarded its progress, and we had plenty of time to explore the country for more than an hour and a half.

“A friendly Chinese gentleman greeted us, and made us understand that he was the officer of the next relay of patrol boats, responsible for our safe conduct for the next thirty li. We found that the government of the province of Szechuan has these boats stationed along the river thirty li apart, and they take the boat in which any foreigner travels into their special care, and see to it that no harm comes to the traveler

from thief, robber, or other malicious person. While we sat with them in their boat, they told us that there were no robbers on the river, but their presence here by order of the government awakes the suspicion that they are really fulfilling for us a very important mission. The care and expense of this province in keeping this river open and free for traffic, and especially the courtesy of these patrolmen, are certainly very impressive. They take the best care of us. I ought to mention here that we fly the Stars and Stripes on the rear of our boat. The patrolmen recognize the flag with evident pleasure and doubtless feel the bond of sympathy.

“Life in a small houseboat has nothing of the monotony that one might expect. Now on a smooth river, we fly along before a brisk breeze. Then suddenly the nose of our boat is in a swift rapid. The Chinese screech and yell and pull and row and pound the boat with the front sweep. The boat swirls, trembles, now goes to the right, then to the left, then back a little, and finally at a snail’s pace we creep up through the rapids. The gorges are wonderful—red, brown, yellow, and black bedeck the sides of huge mountains which rise on either side of the river to dizzy heights.

“We reached the Wind Box Gorge at three in the afternoon. When two-thirds of the way through the gorge we noted on the right wall a crevice in which seemed to be placed three coffins. In reality these coffins, placed side by side in strange precision, are peculiar formations of rock. Another interpretation of these formations gives the name to the gorge. The Chinese are struck with their likeness to the wind-box, or bellows, of everyday use, and thus the official name is Wind Box Gorge.

“A little farther on the left wall we noted a series of holes, four or more inches in diameter, which extend from the water’s edge in a zigzag line to the top of the ledge, and be-

yond, on the right bank, as we emerged from the gorge, we saw two heavy iron pillars, now in the water. We were aware that we were sailing over historic waters. This particular spot in the Yangtze recalls an ancient struggle between the kings of Hupeh and Szechuan. The Hupeh general with his troops was ascending the river to deal heavy blows upon the Szechuanese. But he found this part of the river studded with iron pillars to which were attached chains so arranged as to make the passage of boats up the river an impossibility. The resourceful general of Hupeh, therefore, caused the holes to be cut in the perpendicular rock, wooden beams to be inserted, thus making a staircase by which his soldiers mounted to the summit of the cliff and so continued their march. Doubtless afterward they fought many a bloody battle, the record of which has perished from the annals of men.

“At the western end of the gorge stands a magnificent boulder which we, on the other trip, named Guardian of the Gorge. The Chinese name is Goose-Tail Rock. The swift current which sweeps down to within a few rods of this magnificent stone, and then turns suddenly at right angles with sufficient force to bear in its course the heaviest boats, suggests the appropriateness of the name we gave.

“As we emerged from this wonderful gallery of rock we bade farewell to the gorges of the Yangtze. The dangerous rapids, their magnificent altitudes, their ravishing scenery were all behind. This is one hundred and twenty-five miles from Ichang. Kweifu, a walled city of considerable importance, lies on the right bank at the head of this gorge.

“Before reaching the city we noticed great clouds of steam rising from either side of the river. This is the site of the famous Kweifu Salt Works. The salt industry of this region is worked only in the winter. At other seasons of the year the entire area where the wells are now being successfully

worked, is covered by the waters of the Yangtze. Doubtless, this water, sinking down into the region of the salt wells, absorbs the precious nectar holding it in solution for the industrious Chinese. The wells are not more than eight feet deep but the salt-bearing water rushes up and is dipped into great buckets and borne to the vats, where by means of artificial heat (coal is abundant here) it is separated from the water and becomes a government monopoly. Indeed, all of this work is carried on by the government, and no Chinese can buy a pound of salt in China, excepting from the agents of the government.

“We awakened this morning to find ourselves in the midst of a city of junks. Kweifu is the center of a considerable traffic, especially at this season of the year, on account of the salt industry. Junks engaged in this traffic, together with those which stop up and down the river, constitute an assembly of Chinese river craft which is both interesting and significant: interesting in that it reveals the homogeneity of patterns which the fathers worked out, which have been faithfully copied for thousands of years; significant because their number and the weight of their burden prophesy rich returns for the steamboat and railroad which will someday do for the junks of the Yangtze what they have done for the canal boats of New York.

“We enjoyed today a short walk and met a representative of the British-American Tobacco Company journeying in a houseboat from Kweifu to Wanhien. This enterprising company has representatives in all of the large towns, who apply themselves diligently to the work of creating an appetite in the Chinese people for cigarettes. I confess their presence awakens within me a holy wrath.

“December 18. We started this morning at seven o’clock. The sun shone brightly, the up-river wind was feeble. At

breakfast time we encountered a rapid which was of considerable proportion. We added four men at Kweifu to our trackers. There was an evident improvement in the character and effectiveness of our crew. At one o'clock we crossed the left bank of the river. We had arrived at the Miaochitze Rapid.

"The backwater of this rapid was the strongest that we had encountered so far. The men quietly ate their rice while we crossed the river, little dreaming of the struggle that awaited them. The backwater thrust our boat upon a rock just as we approached the rapid, and it struck with such force as to spring a very serious leak in the front of the boat. We were just finishing dinner when they pushed the boat into the rapid. In some inexplicable way the current caught the nose of the boat and, the rope attached to a large stone on the shore being poorly adjusted, the boat was tipped up on its side. We were all thrown to the lee side of the boat, the dishes were dashed to the floor, many of them were broken, and the boat shipped a good deal of water through the windows.

"Quick as thought the rope on the shore was released and the boat righted. The current pulled heavily on the trackers' rope and suddenly drew them to the water's edge. One young man about twenty years of age became tangled in his short rope. The river drew him down. A shout, a struggle, a gasp, and he was gone. His body was already rods away, borne swiftly by the muddy waters. Search was useless.

"The trackers let go of all ropes. The boat, freed from the shore, was whirled round and round by changing eddies, and finally landed in a cove on the other side of the river.

"As soon as we were safely anchored by ropes fastened to large stones on the shore, we began to look over our goods. We found that the boat in its lurch in the rapids had shipped enough water to give our goods a serious wetting. I was

particularly sorry for the damage sustained by some of my books. But we were so thankful to have escaped with our lives and so touched by the ill fate of the poor tracker that we thought little of our own inconvenience.

"The captain of our boat, a most incompetent man, was thoroughly frightened by this circumstance. He immediately called for a Chinese priest. A disreputable-looking person appeared, and after writing the name of the young man who had been drowned into a document that had been prepared, he sealed it in an envelope, placed upon the outside the proper address, and then burned it. He also went through some incantations, pounding on a metallic bell substance while he uttered some formula in which neither he nor anyone else seemed to be interested. During these rites the men went on mending the boat, giving little heed to what he was doing. He burned some incense sticks, and then, taking the rice bowl used by the young man who had been drowned, he poured water into it, took incense sticks and, after saying some formula, sprinkled water over the various parts of the boat. Then they sent off firecrackers. So we judged the evil spirits were driven away from our habitation.

"As soon as the priest had finished his ritual, the captain began to bargain with him for price. Before his coming he had agreed that his service should cost only two hundred cash,\* but when it was over he said that the boat was so large he should have a thousand cash. The captain gave him five hundred, and still he hung on for more. Finally he appealed to the men that they should contribute to his payment. At length the captain came forward and handed him a hundred and twenty-five additional, when he reluctantly rose, and, taking his various instruments of service, departed from the boat.

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\*A cash is equal to one-tenth of a cent.

The entire crew were so disheartened at what had happened during the day that the captain would not ask them to move that night. So, securing the boat by strong ropes tied to heavy stones, we remained during the night in the little cove where we had landed. Here we passed an exceedingly gloomy night. The river at this point seems to emit periodically great pulsations, which express themselves in furious swirls. These disturbed our boat as the receding waters pulled on the ropes attached to the shore, causing them to creak in the most dismal fashion. We were entirely alone, and, as this mode of encampment is quite contrary to Chinese custom, we could not but think what might happen to us before dawn. However, at the appointed time, the sun rose serenely.

"Friday, Dec. 19. We decided not to start this morning until it was entirely light. A little while after seven we released our ropes from shore and, borne by the backwater, we moved steadily toward the rapids which had given us so much trouble the day before. We had concluded to try the other side of the river. We had put out strong ropes and had extended them nearly half a mile from the rapids to the place where the trackers could pull. We entered the rapids without difficulty and in less than fifteen minutes were safely over.

"A brisk up-river wind now sprang up. We hoisted our sail; the trackers came on board, and we moved swiftly through the water with the help of the wind. Just at nightfall we reached the foot of the Lung Tan Rapid. Already a large number of junks had arrived; after we were securely tied to the bank, many others, somewhat belated, pulled up, and the boatmen, with their usual loud shouting, lulled us to sleep. We were awakened about ten o'clock by a severe altercation between our captain and his wife. He had evidently undertaken to chastise her for some dereliction and she responded in a volume of words more rapid than a gatling gun in

action, and seemingly quite as effective. This over, we rested again, glad for our dry covers. We had spent the day drying them, for yesterday's disaster had soaked them badly. A small oil stove was our only means of heat.

“Monday, Dec. 22. It rained heavily this morning and we were delayed in starting. We got under way, however, about eight o'clock and started off amid shadows and a drizzling rain. I have just finished rereading Eucken's *Problem of Human Life*. I am starting today to reread Bergson's *Creative Evolution*.

“Tuesday, Dec. 23. About noon we passed Precious Stone Castle. It consists of a rock seemingly cut out of the mountain. It is two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet high and has on the top a Buddhist temple. Leading to this temple is an eleven-storied pagoda. The entire pile—pagoda, rock, and temple—presents perhaps the most striking picture to be seen on the upper Yangtze. A very beautiful legend is recited of this temple rock. In the long, long ago, a supernatural hand supplied, from time to time from a crevice in the rock near the summit, sufficient rice to feed the priests. This amount exactly filled the niche in the rock. But the priests, thinking to increase the supply, deepened the niche, whereupon the supply of rice ceased.

“Since a down-river wind retarded our progress, we enjoyed a long walk on shore. In the temple of the village was being held on this particular day a great market. Ready money is not common in these interior regions; so each household which needs a new commodity looks over its possessions and takes whatever there is of surplus in to the market to sell. Every large town has a market day at stated days in the month. On other days the town may be utterly quiet. But on market days everybody comes to town, and life is thoroughly exciting. Upon this day in the village, multitudes of people

were present with pigs, chickens, eggs, vegetables of all kinds, cotton, oranges, wood, and in fact everything that is for sale or barter in this community. The people were all interested in their diminutive affairs, and such a market seems to be suited to Chinese civilization.

“In the course of our talk we came to a company of men who were washing gold from gravel on the south bank of the river. The work was conducted in the most primitive fashion, but they seemed to be very successful, for we saw many little shining particles of gold in a quantity of sand on one of their rode pans.

“Reentering our boat, we enjoyed dinner, and after tracking until four o’clock we tied up at a small place on the right bank of the river. The reason for this early tying up was that the trackers were in the vicinity of their homes, and it is their custom to visit their people when passing near. The father of the tracker who was drowned met the boat and asked for six thousand cash which, according to their custom, is due from the captain of the boat. But our captain, always financially embarrassed, was particularly so at this time. So Dr. Freeman, at our suggestion, handed the man six dollars. He seemed satisfied so far as we were concerned, but turned upon the captain and belabored him for a while for additional cash.

“December 27. Early in the morning we passed Feng Tu Hsien. It is a city on the right bank of the river, and has this distinction: Years ago the town was wiped out by an unusual flood of the river. The people selected a new site on higher ground, some distance further up the river. The Peking government aided them in building their wall and reconstructing their city. All went well for a time, but finally the people concluded that the new town was haunted by bad spirits. They, therefore, picked up bag and baggage and re-

turned to the old site, where they have lived contentedly ever since. A great wall surrounding a deserted city whose very buildings have been demolished, stands as a monument to the characteristic bent of the Chinese kind to abide by that which is old.

“I finished today the rereading of Bergson, a truly wonderful and epoch-making book in the realm of philosophy.

“January 1. The men started out early. It was fifteen li from the top of the rapids to the Customs station. We entered the small gorge before reaching the Customs and struck a brisk up-river wind. About two o’clock we sighted Chungking. Soon after passing the Customs the wind died out and we toiled slowly up the river.

“Reaching the large Chungking gilded idol, set up for the river men, several of our trackers ascended the stone steps and did obeisance to his majesty. I noticed particularly the uncle of the man who was drowned in the rapids.

“About three o’clock we crossed to the Chungking side of the river, and, just as we passed the point where the Kialing River enters the Yangtze, we sighted the boat containing Dr. McCartney, Dr. Irwin, Roy McCartney, and Brother Crawford, who had come down to meet us. We found suitable chairs provided by the mission, and almost immediately upon landing began our ascent into the city. Here is the spot where I first entered a sedan chair five years ago. We were soon comfortably housed among old friends.

“January 2. Dr. Freeman brought me word this morning that Taotze and the Futo have refused to come to the hospital. The Futo, one of the men on the boat, an ex-opium smoker, was afflicted with many ills. He had assisted us in a very tough place on the mountain side in the trip and we were grateful to him for it. Taotze, the son of a beggar, worked for the captain for one thousand cash a month. He was so

faithful and withal so efficient about the boat that we came to think highly of him. He was afflicted with a bad skin disease. I told the doctor that if he would take these two men to the hospital and keep them until they were well, I would pay the bills. The doctor used his utmost skill in trying to persuade them to walk in the paths of health, but, like many another sinner, they chose the path of disease and death rather than that of health and happiness.

“Chungking is the emporium of West China. The number of inhabitants is variously estimated from three hundred thousand to a million. Certain it is that the city is densely populated and that building space is very expensive and hard to secure. The city is surrounded by a high wall, sometimes built on the top of a perpendicular cliff. The wall is about fifty feet high. There is no regularity, so far as I can ascertain, as to streets. They are narrow, the widest not more than ten to twelve feet, crooked and dirty. Many of them are paved with stone. The water to supply this city is carried in buckets from the river. Men do the carrying. The filth from the city is gathered every day in buckets by the people, and is carried to reservoirs outside the city, where it is used for fertilizing purposes by the farmers. Pigs, dogs, goats, chickens, ducks, geese, and other animals and fowls are seen in multitudes on the streets struggling for an existence among the seething mass of humanity. There seems to be no segregation of business, as butcher shops, silk stores, blacksmith shops, metal-workers’ shops, restaurants, and every conceivable business are all jumbled together in truly Chinese fashion. Here they carve and banter and pound and eat amid a din created by cackle and squeal and bleat and quack and jargon of human voices indescribable. Amid all these there arise odors of all kinds, tabulated and untabulated, defined and indefin-

able, all of which tend to deepen the impression of a Chinese city."

*Across Country in Szechuan*

A trip to Chengtu, the ancient capital of this far western empire, surrounded by the foothills of the Tibetan Himalayas is sketched in a fragment of a 1914 diary.

"January 5. We were up this morning at four o'clock, had breakfast at five, and at six started for Chengtu, by chair.

"January 7. We stopped at nine o'clock this morning for breakfast at Swang Tsi Tsao. Here resides Brother Tang's family. He is a well-to-do citizen who has become a Christian. The other church members of the town are very poor, and the mission cannot provide a chapel for them here. So Brother Tang has given his old ancestral hall to the local church for use as a chapel. Like the early Christians, these Chinese provide for the church in their own homes. Brother Tang represents a multitude of worthy gentlemen in this land who have cast aside the superstitions of the past, and are giving liberally to the advancement of the cause of Christ in their own land. He gives heavy support to the boys' school, he is on the board of control of the girls' school, and gathers in the community for exhibitions of their work. He has the good of China upon his heart, and desires to see his country saved. Holding fast the traditional customs of his people, he is grafting into them the new life that comes from a complete dedication to the cause of Christ.

"After breakfast we crossed a river and ascended a hill. The country is very productive; there are rich fields everywhere. We arrived at Yuen Tsang at four o'clock. The preacher called on us and I promised to speak in his church. I visited this place five years ago and spent a Sunday. To my surprise and pleasure I found tonight a splendid church.





AMONG FRIENDS IN SZECHUAN

It is well located, and consists of a house for the preacher, comfortable quarters for a day-school, and a commodious, well-furnished audience room. It was finished last year. I spoke to a large audience of men and women on the Good Samaritan. Brother Crawford interpreted. We had also an interesting testimony meeting. The members took part promptly.

“January 9. This afternoon we visited a salt well which is reported to be eight hundred feet deep. The salt water is brought up from the well in a long bamboo container probably forty feet long. A bamboo strap is attached to the bucket, and, at a distance of six hundred or seven hundred feet, is wound around a large roller. The whole machinery in elevating the bamboo container is propelled by a water-buffalo. We also visited a crude salt refinery. By artificial heat the water is evaporated, leaving salt and saltpetre. The saltpetre, being heavier, sinks to the bottom, and the salt in the solution is carefully removed and evaporated separately. The saltpetre is used in preparing bean curd.

“January 13. In this region several of the Chinese men had neglected to cut their queues. When the Chinese threw off the hated Manchu rule three years ago, almost with one accord they cut the queue, which the Manchu powers had forced everyone to wear. In the cities, along the trade routes, the long hair is practically never seen today. But up in these distant regions, where habit has had such strength for ages, and where the new life has hardly come, the ignorant farmers have seen no particular reason for changing their hair-cut, and thus have left the queues on. However, these old men will soon be gone, and their sons will never have queues.

“We had a very interesting visit this afternoon at a sugar mill. The cane was crushed between two heavy stone rollers which were kept in motion by two buffalo oxen attached to

a longsweep. The sap is conducted in a bamboo spout to the boiling place. Here several kettles are set in a stone arch and the fire is fed from outside with the refuse of the crushed cane. A man dips the sap from kettle to kettle until the upper kettle contains the syrup which is being fast converted into sugar. When it is thick enough it is poured into large tubs. The tubs of sugar contain several hundred pounds.

“January 14. We saw today the first Chengtu wheelbarrows. They seem to afford the popular mode of travel, and we passed scores of them screeching frightfully, but bearing their composed passengers, many of whom were sleeping soundly as they went jolting over the stones. We shall soon be in Chengtu. Conference will be waiting.

“We read for our morning lesson the first nine chapters of first Corinthians. The problems of St. Paul as set forth in this epistle are those that confront the church when first planted in heathen lands. The epistles of Paul have a new interest to me since I came to China.

“Chengtu. I had an interesting conversation with Dr. Lee about the Chinese. He is something of an authority on the subject. He feels very clear that there is no power within China to reclaim her from her downward course. The old stabilizing influence of the family has been thrown off by youth, and nothing has taken its place. Officialdom under the new regime is as corrupt as it was under the Manchu, and Peking has lost her authority. Robberies of the people are becoming more frequent. He thinks the opium habit is decidedly on the increase, and the destructive elements have reached the vitals of society. The old gods have gone, and are replaced by no gods except the god of self. Christianity could answer her intellectual questions and give her a new life and an unselfishness. While a few are accepting this way, he greatly fears that China as a whole will reject the

counsel of Christianity. From this point of view, the outlook is very dismal.

"I have learned several things from him about the Lolos, a mountain tribe on the fringes of Szechuan: (1) They are brave and warlike. (2). They have no religion. So far as known, they have no idols or gods of any sort. They never pray. (3). They do not remove their clothes at night, and do not lie down to sleep. They sleep in a squatting position about the fire.

"I have spent the day studying things Chinese and in meditation. I believe that China will be redeemed. She will certainly hear the gospel. The process of her redemption may be long, and we may yet have to endure that of which we little dream, but God in due time will establish his work even here. Come, Lord Jesus, quickly!"

The last journey of Bishop Lewis from Chungking to Shanghai was undertaken in the midst of robber dangers. It was early spring, and, since the steamers had not dared to brave the low water, it was necessary to go by houseboat. The consul wrote to all Chinese officials enroute, commanding them to protect the Bishop and his party. The postmaster wrote to all postoffices. the major of the salt gabelle wrote to all of his officers and friends. The missionaries of the various missions wrote to their comrades along the river. The general of the Chinese army in power supplied a military escort who were armed with umbrellas and bugles.

At every county seat, the military escort and the Bishop's servants left the boat with the Bishop's Chinese visiting cards. These they presented to the official in charge of the county. The escort was exchanged, and the official sent his own visiting cards, which were to be presented in case a robber held up the boat.

Four days and four nights passed by without incident. If lights and commotion appeared on the shore in the evening, the guard bugled, the soldiers or bandits on the shore answered, and all was well. On the morning of the fifth day, however, the official sent word that the Bishop was to draw into shore at a point three miles below the city. The bandit chief wished to become acquainted with the revered traveler. The Bishop's servant said that a fee of five dollars was expected by the bandit.

The boats neared the point in question. A group of well-dressed Chinese men awaited the visitors. The boats tied up, and the servant went ashore to announce the arrival of the Bishop. He would serve tea to the chief in his boat. The chief carefully walked up the gangplank followed by his bodyguard, and entered the houseboat. The Bishop received him at the door with Oriental courtesy. With the bandit seated in the place of honor, they nibbled at Chinese and foreign sweets, and talked of the happenings of the day. The bandit chief was well educated and thoroughly informed regarding Chinese matters. At last the Bishop drew from his pocket a five-dollar bill. It was wrapped in red paper. He proffered it to the chief. Immediately the chief was on his feet.

"No! No! indeed. How could an official take such toll from a guest! It is a privilege to have the aged visitor even pass the place where the unworthy chief abides."

The Bishop did not press the matter further, begging the chief to be seated again. They spent some time in conversation. Skillfully the Bishop passed the bill to his servant. The servant passed the bill to the servant of the chief, the servant passed it on to the chief, who pocketed it without noticing his act. Not a quiver of an eyelash told what was happening. The discussion progressed without interruption. In a few

minutes tea was tasted, and the chief, with profound bows, took his departure.

The boat proceeded on its way without molestation.

The next party were not so fortunate. They were robbed even to a woman's wedding-ring.

### *The Shepherd of the Long Road*

From 1909 to 1921, Bishop Lewis travelled China from east to west and from north to south. "A wanderer over the face of the earth." Yet every place was home. Whether in the raw discomfort of the sedan chair and the rat boat journeys, or in the luxury of the sleeper and the Yangtze steamer, the Bishop was ever the intrepid traveler. And ever he sought to interpret to those he met the message that had sent him forth.

He could not speak the language, but he gave the gospel in a language that could be understood by all. To the coolie it was a lighter load, an extra dime. To the chairbearers it was a command to stop at the foot of the high hills, so that he could climb the steep and leave them the empty chair to carry. To the worn and sad at heart, it was a smile. To the young Chinese, battling with the new current of life that was flooding into the old customs, it was the call to courage, a tightening of the heart-strings, and a look upward.

## CHAPTER VII

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### THE TASK

#### *The Vision*

“Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.”

China—a land brought into the Kingdom of God! This was the vision that filled the eyes of Bishop Lewis; vague and touched with emotion at first, yet through the years this vision was made clear and definite. Every conference session included discussion of the aims of the church. Missionaries, Christian national leaders, common village folk who make up the membership of the church, and the friend, Bishop Bashford, talked about the Kingdom of China, freely expressing their thoughts. Travel over slow routes throughout the interior provided long days for consideration of the reasons underlying the movement for Christ in China. Bishop Lewis studied deeply, analyzed each theory, then hammered it out in experience. Thus was wrought his philosophy of missions.

#### Why take Christianity to China?

Fearlessly Bishop Lewis faced the issue. He knew that not only Christians asked this question. It was a favorite one with every ship's company in the Far East, and the captains often discoursed at length upon it. Many business men in the Orient brought forward their opinions regarding it. Travelers asked, “What do you think of our attempt to force our Christian religion upon the Chinese who are satisfied with what they have?”

Bishop Lewis spoke his convictions openly.

“That the ethical and religious systems of China have had the advantage of the centuries in which to express their full

mission to the race is a statement which needs neither argument nor illustration. The beginning of ancestor worship among the Chinese people antedates even tradition upon the subject. From the earliest times, in the very dawn of civilization, this cult has bound the heart of China to a grave. The ethics of Confucius, incarnated in Chinese form, has been the favorite doctrine of the literate for more than two thousand years; the grave of Confucius is the shrine of the nation; the doctrines of Confucius, the highest ethical thought attained by the Chinese race. For centuries Buddhism has reared her temples, trained her priesthood, and has had abundant opportunity to demonstrate the power of the cult in the building of civilization.

“The most thoughtful Chinese know all too well that whatever is lacking in her civilization, her ethical life, her power to improve standards of living, and to awaken a nation-wide patriotism in the hearts of her people, can never have its birth in the ethical systems now dominant among the race. Again and again the best thinkers of the nation have said publicly and privately that the old systems are worn out. The centuries have proved that they are incapable of bearing people above their present status of civilization.

“Christianity, therefore, is now coming to be recognized among thoughtful people as the only hope of the nation. No one can come into close contact with Chinese life and not catch this note. The nation is thrusting out her hands, blindly it may be, away from the dogmas of the past, and needs but a proper guide to direct her to the open grave, the resurrection morn. This we name as the great task of the church.

“Be it known that the appeal of the church is to all races, kindreds, tongues, and colors on the face of the earth. Any church that would represent the spirit of Christianity must fling wide open her doors, and without prejudice or distinc-

tion welcome, yes urge to her altars the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the bond, the free, the black, the white, the yellow, the brown, acknowledging all as brothers beloved in Christ Jesus the Lord."

But why take all denominations to China? Why Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalian? Do they work at cross purposes, and bite and devour one another?

"Divergent systems, policies, and interpretations have characterized the church for eighteen hundred years and are doubtless rooted in the very nature of the human mind. The law of life in Christ Jesus, following the law of nature, expresses itself in variety. How could it be otherwise if life has for its ultimate object the evolution and enlargement of personality? The beauty and utility of the forest, with all its variety of family, genus, species, and those endless differentiations of fibre and leaf in each individual, illustrate this universal tendency: heterogeneous expression of human life. Democracies, pure and representative; monarchies, absolute and limited; and oligarchies in all their varieties express the same principle in human governments. Since the Author of the universe, physical, intellectual, spiritual, is also the Author of our religion, it would be strange indeed if the same great law were not manifest in the churches of Jesus Christ, wherein is carried the germ of that Kingdom of God which shall ultimately fill the whole earth.

"We are today in federation with twelve of the Protestant Christian churches of the world. We have sought the federation upon such a basis that every church entering into this relation may, by that act, be strengthened in the extension of her ecclesiastical life, and may be so related to her sister churches in the various institutions as to contribute in the most effective form to the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God.

It is fondly believed, and the belief is strengthened by experience in these relations, that such a federation of the churches will tend to foster in the various denominations those qualities of spiritual life and ecclesiastical policy best expressing the mind of our Lord, and also to eradicate those prejudices and superstitions, thorns in the body of our flesh, which in the ages that have passed have hindered the progress of the wisdom for which he died. Tallest trees grow in mightiest forests, greatest personalities thrive in the midst of the highest civilizations. That church most nearly represents her Lord which finds her greatest happiness and fittest expression in the quality of service that elevates all of the other members of the Kingdom of God on earth."

Schools have been prominent in the policy of the church from the day when Christ gathered the multitudes together and taught them. Honoring the Chinese genius for its ancient capacity in education, Bishop Lewis emphasized the necessity for strengthening this phase of the church. Christian schools for childhood and youth he believed one of the greatest gifts of the church.

Why Christian schools? Why not leave education to the government alone?

"While the quality of the educational system of the people reflects the standards of civilization, the standards of civilization may be determined by the spiritual and ethical types dominating the system of education. Herein is found the opportunity of the church at the present hour. The ethical systems of China have proved themselves incapable of guiding the civilization of the nation into those altitudes which she must reach if she is to take her place with the western nations in standards of living and quality of achievement. We believe that it would be a distinct misfortune to the Chinese people if the nation should graft upon herself the hyproducts

of Christianity as set forth in the application of physical science without at the same time grasping those deeper principles of life which come only on account of the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit.

“The nation has hitherto been so engrossed in revolutions, counter rebellions, political and social upheavals; the exchequer has been so burdened with foreign indemnities and with the opium traffic, that it has not seriously grappled with the most important question of standardizing the educational system. It would seem, moreover, that many years must elapse before China will be able seriously to undertake the task of this magnitude. Measure its magnitude—four hundred millions of people, the product of more than four thousand years of Christless civilization; a nation proud of her learning, proud of her ethics, whose philosophies have a thong of brass binding her to the past; a nation whose eyes have been filled with the sunset, and whose chiefest glory in literature is to know the thoughts of men dead for twenty-four centuries. And yet a nation whose deeds, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, cry to highest heaven. This need expressed is her greatest hope.

“He who enthrones Christ in the life of a child has preempted all of the eternity of that soul to the dominion of righteousness, truth, and love. He who enthrones Christ in the school system of a nation has opened the gates of the morning to millions of souls, and has ushered in a day for a race in which justice, rooted to righteousness and love, shall become the basis of law. Truth shall henceforth become the order of life of such a people. Perhaps the greatest opportunity that has ever confronted the church in any age is found in the challenge of China, set forth in her need and in her willingness to respond to bring to the millions of youth of this land a well-ordered system of education in which

ethical life shall be rooted in the life of Christ as set forth in the New Testament.

“The hand must be taught to respond to the mandate of the brain, and both must be subjected to the higher law of the heart. The church stands in the presence of a nation that has scarcely a road in all the land ten feet wide; whose dwellings, in construction, violate every principle of sanitation known to civilization; a nation holding in her bosom untouched millions in gold, silver, coal, metals, and minerals; whose rivers contain potencies and powers no man can estimate, yet all unharnessed. Without God, the task to be accomplished is impossible, and yet with his help, it must be done. We plead for the help of Christian educators, we plead for the help of those to whom God has committed more of this world’s goods than they need for themselves and their families. The great churches of China present a united front. They have caught the vision of enthroning Christ in the school system of the nation. Some foundations have been laid. The ideal is on the way to perfection. Opportunities, like the years, will not wait.”

#### What of the future?

The restlessness of the youth in America and Europe, the upward clamoring and growing articulation of peoples who through the ages have been content or unexpressive in their life station—these movements are seething through China with uproar in their wake. How will this struggle for self-domination affect Christianity in China? Will self-control bring self-support? Should there be one national Christian church of China?

Bishop Lewis had profound convictions on these matters, worked out by years of experience on the ground. He knew the hearts of the Chinese Christians, and he had borne the burdens of the needs. He did not dodge these issues.

"We have been raising the question as to the objective of all our toil and sacrifice in the Far East. Are we to perpetuate a mission to these people, or are we to cooperate with them under the leadership of the spirit of Almighty God in establishing a church? . . .

"The time has come for the Chinese to assume more responsibility for the conduct of the church. Too long in China have we been content to conduct our missionary enterprises without that advice and cooperation of the native brethren that must obtain in the establishment of a church. Indeed, the self-support and the propagation of the gospel by native agencies depend absolutely upon a thorough understanding on the part of the native brethren upon the plans, purposes, and especially the financial management of the church. The time has come when they must see our problems and enter into them on the ground floor. For many years we have entrusted our brethren with the office of district superintendent. Indeed, thirty-three of the thirty-five district superintendents in China are native brethren.

"The time will certainly come when we shall have bishops for races and languages. It cannot be long until China will elect a native as a bishop. The tendency is clearly toward a self-governing, self-propagating, self-supporting church in these lands. Missionaries will probably be necessary to the church in China for many decades to come. They will be here long after the episcopate has become Chinese . . . "\*

Regarding the financial burdens of the church, he says:

"It is the definite policy of the church to engage in the active propagation of self-support, to the end that our native churches shall maintain their own pastors and day-school teachers. The very first factor that must be established in

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\*Personal letter to Dr. F. M. North.

the minds of our pastors and leaders is that a church cannot be permanently maintained by funds secured in America. They must see the necessity of the financial cooperation of the Chinese church, and they must see it with their own eyes before they will be willing to sacrifice for this object. How can they understand these things unless they are taken into the inner councils of the denomination? We confidently believe that, when trusted representatives of the church, such as are Pastor Li, and Pastor Tong, report the facts to the brethren, they will be ready to increase their energy many fold in the financing of the church.

“The Chinese are the best business men in Asia. Not only so, but they understand how to suit means to ends in the propagation of any enterprise undertaken in their own community much better than the foreigner. We lose immeasurably by not taking them into the deepest councils of the church. We are compelled to seek their advice after we have initiated our programs and have discussed the whole question of our financing. How much better to take trusted representatives of the church into our councils, and from the beginning let them share in initiative, and thus prepare them for such whole-hearted cooperation as a perfect understanding and a personal initiative will insure.”\*

After the program of self-support was decided upon, he wrote:

“I visited Kutien, and the brethren came together for a feast. I was particularly touched by some of the brethren who walked more than fifteen miles to attend the meeting and gave very substantial subscriptions. The meeting was also characterized by the utmost enthusiasm. In every instance we have agreed that this extra giving shall in no wise diminish our regular self-support, but rather we are deter-

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\*Letter to S. Earl Taylor, May 24, 1917.

mined that it shall act as a stimulus, and that the regular budgets of the church shall be increased. Last year, in this conference, the members of the church paid half the cost of the native churches.

“If this program can be carried through successfully, as I hope and pray that it may, it will result in a great outpouring of God’s spirit upon the church. Indeed, it has already proved a means of grace. Everywhere I hear them say, ‘You praise us for our liberality, but if we should pay the entire cost of the church, we would not be paying as much as idol worship cost us before the gospel found its way to our hearts.’\*

“The Chinese are, at the present moment, only in their infancy on the subject of self-support. Indeed, very little has been done in this direction in any of the conferences before 1904. I deem this perhaps the most important problem affecting the evangelism of the nation that we now, as a church, have to consider.”

Furthermore, the problem of the founding of a Chinese church depends upon the Christian’s recognition of his responsibility to win and to instruct others in the truths of Christianity.

“We also decided,” wrote Bishop Lewis, “to enter upon a united campaign to the end that all our members and adherents should be gathered into classes for instruction in the Word of God, the hymns of the church, and Christian doctrine; that these classes should meet regularly and that examinations should be conducted by the district superintendents and missionaries in charge.

“The achievements of the program of Bible study are recorded in the fact that two hundred people have passed

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\*Letter to Dr. F. M. North, November 14, 1914.

the examinations during the year. We made it the order of the day for two sessions to discuss the question of how to induce people to study the Bible regularly. At the close of the second session, one hundred and eleven preachers came forward and signed a pledge promising God and the mission that they would faithfully study the Bible every day for themselves, and that they would, to the extent of their ability, induce their people to join Bible classes.

“Our churches on the field will rise to a new conception of duty and opportunity. These missions will merge into churches, self-respecting, self-propagating; and the four hundred millions, the great yellow race, will hear the goings forth in the tops of the mulberry trees, and their dull ears shall catch the music of the Savior’s natal song.

“It has not been, nor is it our intention, neither is it in the thought of our national leaders, to establish an independent Chinese church. Such an institution, we believe, is subversive to the highest interests of the Kingdom of God on earth. Who that lives in the glare of this awful conflagration in Europe and has thought, even casually, of the great causes that led the nations to that vortex now threatening their very existence, has failed to understand the relation of the church to this havoc and bloodshed? National churches have shared the pride, passed by unrebuked the ungodly ambition, and so encouraged the nations in the formation of these unholy sentiments which now find expression in the horrors of war. Patriotism that has for its chief objective the supremacy, political, institutional, commercial, of nations and nationals, finds no encouragement in the Sermon on the Mount, or in that deathless poem in the thirteen of first Corinthians. It is our fondest hope that a church shall be established in China on such foundations that the child who kneels at her altars

shall know himself to be organically related to every other child in every other land. Haste the day when the church shall catch the international vision and become the unprejudiced exponent of these eternal principles of righteousness rooted in love that constitute the sure foundations of perpetual peace.”\*

### *The Bishop Friend*

With deep understanding of human problems, and with profound conviction that love is the only adequate interpretation of Christianity, Bishop Lewis carried the burden in China. He saw people in the church as individuals, and realized that, before China could be won, each worker must be inspired in the humdrum performance of duties. “Transform a seam into a psalm,” he repeated.

The Chinese pastors and district superintendent knew that he liked to have them call. He saw two of the brethren come through the gate and pushed aside his high piles of unanswered mail. Before they rang the bell, he opened wide the door.

“Brother Chang and Brother Li,” he exclaimed, “come right in! I am very glad to see you!” Carefully seating his guests in chairs of honor, he devoted himself to his callers.

This elder of the church was often harassed because of the difficulties that arose from misunderstanding, due to faulty language and foreign view-point. People were too busy to listen to full explanations. But the reverend elder came to Bishop Lewis, bringing his own interpreter, his nephew, who used long English words, although his grammar might not be always perfect. For hours they talked, drinking tea and eating cakes. No one was in the Western hurry.

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\*From Episcopal address to the Conference of Eastern Asia, 1915, by Bishops Bashford and Lewis.

Supper was spread in an adjoining room. The elder started up, sensitive. "I must go. The Bishop must eat now."

"No, no," quieted the Bishop. "Let the reverend elder be in no hurry. We still have many matters to discuss."

The hostess invited the guests to join the family at the evening meal. With but little persuasion they accepted the invitation. Conversation was bilingual, and the etiquette codes of the Orient and the Occident were equally used. After supper the serious matters at hand were again taken up, and discussion continued for an hour or two longer. Finally, with hearts completely free, the elder and his interpreter took their leave, the bishop following them out to the gate with the utmost courtesy. All the trouble they had brought was settled. The Bishop knew the entire situation.

"He speaks no Chinese," said the elder, "I speak no English, but we are friends. We love each other."

A young Chinese student, earnestly seeking the light, had been studying the philosophies of the ancients and the moderns—Confucius, Mencius, Lao Tze, Plato, Socrates, Kant, Spencer, and the modern German philosophy. He came to the Bishop in anxiety. He wondered how these harmonized with the teachings of Jesus and Paul. If they did not, what should he do? The Bishop talked with him in the language of philosophy. Then he clearly pointed out that the message of Christ was more than an intellectual belief, that it was a way of life. A ringing challenge to put the New Testament into practice was given. The young man responded. They knelt in prayer. With a close, Western hand-clasp, they parted.

A Chinese Christian student, brought up in a devout Christian home, was studying in a great government university. Here he had met for the first time adverse criticisms upon the teaching of his youth. The things which he had heard

troubled him deeply. Which should he do? Build a wall about his intellect and stand aloof from thought, or meet these criticisms and be lost? Bishop Lewis listened to his story, then quietly steadied him. He was told to fear not; to meet the criticisms, and think through them. The bishop dropped a plummet line through the ones already mentioned, saving the good and discarding the absurd. He balanced theory with fact. At the end the young Oriental Christian stood sure of his ground. He was not afraid to grow, but he was ready to hold those things which proved true in the experience of life.

Bishop Lewis, himself, was no blind, unthinking devotee.

“He fought his doubts, and gathered strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind;  
He faced the spectres of the mind,  
And laid them; thus he came at length  
To find a stronger faith his own,  
And power was with him in the night  
Which makes the darkness and the light  
And dwells not in the light alone.”

Chinese youth needed the help of just such a man. For in their overthrow of the social customs and philosophies that had dominated their people for thousands of years, these young men had no intention of fastening again about themselves strange customs and systems of belief without thorough questioning. The young seekers from the East determined to accept only truth that by experience could be proved truth. Because of his own early doubts, and because of his constant fearlessness in study of the developments of science and philosophy, Bishop Lewis was able to lead many Chinese students into an honest faith in Jesus Christ.

The bond between the Bishop and the pastors was especially close. He loved the preachers, fine, well-educated young

men who had caught the spirit of sacrifice and who toiled for the love of God and his people.

The Foochow Conference was being held. As the roll was called, Bishop Lewis eagerly watched for the answer of each pastor. Down through the list he smiled and nodded greeting to those whom he knew well. Most of the brethren had come. They had walked long miles in the blazing sun to be present. Their faces were bronzed, but happy.

“Ding Ling Huang.”

“Present.”

Smiles were exchanged. The pastor had arrived from America and was taking his place in the conference in splendid spirit.

“Wang Un Mei.”

“Present.”

He had had a hard year. Three of his little girls had died of scarlet fever. But he had conquered his grief, and was able to smile. It meant hardships to take the inland pastorate, away from physicians.

“Wang Kwang Ho.”

There was no answer.

A whispered sentence from the secretary told the Bishop that the Reverend K. H. Wang was again fighting his foe, tuberculosis. The moment conference adjourned that evening, the Bishop ordered his sedan chair. His only time was supper time, but Pastor Wang must be seen. He prayed during the swinging trip to the city.

When the home door was reached, the Bishop was announced and dainty Mrs. Wang came forward to greet the visitor. “Come up stairs, for the pastor will be glad to see you,” she invited.

The Bishop climbed the stairs and entered the sick-room. He took the thin hands of the pastor in his. They visited long

"This is my cross, Bishop," said Pastor Wang, with shining face, "but this little room is filled with heaven's beauty."

"Shall we talk to Him a few minutes?" asked the Bishop.

"Yes," answered the invalid.

The Bishop prayed, an intimate, loving prayer. He prayed for the recovery of Pastor Wang, for the care of the wife and children, for the church and its members, for the great task of bringing China to Christ.

"My Bishop, my Bishop, I thank you," breathed the pastor at the close. "Thank you for coming to my humble home; but thank you most for bringing Christ so near."

And in after years, whenever the pastor spoke of Bishop Lewis, it brought a glow to the hearts of all.

"He brought Christ so near," was the refrain.

Referring to Bishop Lewis' more public service, a Chinese leader said of him:

"Bishop Lewis was a great preacher. What a joy it was to hear him! We could hardly wait until Annual Conference when he would preach to us each morning for several days. He carried our imagination away above the clouds of our petty routine and cares, and plunged our spirits into deep meditation, awe, and penitence . . . Some of my American friends told me that in America there were greater orators than Bishop Lewis. I could imagine other speakers who might amuse an American audience better, but I cannot conceive of any speaker who could arouse and inspire a Chinese audience more than he did. . . . "

Another phase of the work brought another type of difficulty. A young missionary had been having an unseen struggle. She had been marvelously successful in her profession at home, but in China things were different. The language was hard, and she felt that she could never learn to say what she wanted to say. Living conditions called for much adjust-

ment. The society had a way of picking up girls from every sort of environment, with every sort of temperament, and throwing them all together in the closest intimacy of living. Everyone tried to be kind, but all were strangers, all were busy, and there was little time to listen to the young missionary. She longed to see someone whom she had known before; then the homeland would not seem so far away. Ten long months passed by.

Bishop Lewis was announced on the conference program. She could scarcely wait. He had spoken in her home church again and again. When she had been a little child he had always preached about Morningside. As a little girl her favorite trick after church had been to laugh as he laughed, with eyes "squinted up."

When she had grown to young womanhood, Bishop Lewis still came to preach at the home church, but in later years he had thrilled her with visions of China. Yes, indeed, she knew him.

She hurried over to the reception, but he was surrounded with dignitaries, Chinese and missionary. She was too timid to go to him at once. So she sat and listened to the addresses of welcome, and the songs. When everything was over, she made her way to him. The Bishop saw her and smiled the old familiar smile.

"Well, child," he said, taking her hand in both of his, "I saw your mother and father the other day, and promised them I would take care of you over here in China."

The young missionary choked. Something snapped inside. The aching loneliness was gone, there was a connecting link with home, and everything was all right. A friend had come. He would help the Lord take care of her.

*Interludes at Home*

The burden of China could not be carried in Asia alone. A large proportion of the funds which opened churches, schools, and hospitals came from the bounty of the church in America. Unless America kept closely tied to the task in China, much of the work would have to be closed.

A cable came to Shanghai: "Avpej Nyabl."

The code book was hastily consulted, and the message translated: "Owing to alarming falling off in receipts, the board finds it necessary to reduce appropriations already granted 5 per cent. Notify all stations."

The church members of Sanbaochen had gone without meat for six months, putting money into the new church fund. The other half of the money had been promised from America. The district superintendent and the missionary could hardly face the little company of faithful believers with a broken promise.

The alumni of Chungking high school had counted upon a new building several times before. Conditions had been laid down and those conditions had been met valiantly. But the building had not yet come. What could they say if they were disappointed once more? Those who laughed at Christian promises would have occasion to laugh again. And the boys who had been promised an opportunity for study when the new building was completed would have to go back to the villages. Perhaps they could never go to school again, because they would grow up before the new building would be built.

The bishops, missionaries, and Chinese leaders listed the instances where the cut would signify broken faith throughout the provinces. They decided that Bishop Lewis must go to America.

He spoke to great audiences, to business groups, to individuals, forcing China into their thinking. With bold phrases he flung out before the people the untouched resources of China; the mighty rivers unharnessed; the chains of mountains in whose hearts lay buried iron, silver, and untold wealth; the deposits of gold, only a few of which were known, and these mined crudely for uncounted years, awaiting modern machinery to free the process from waste; coal, sufficient to supply the world for twenty centuries.

He brought messages concerning the people of China. He let them know of the farmers who went out to the fields at dawn and worked until dark on their miniature farms, using secrets that wrested from each plot of land two, three, or four crops each year. Here was intelligent labor that applied itself and did not ask even a just reward for patience and diligence.

“Who are the rich men of the Far East?” he questioned. “Go to Burma, to Singapore and the Straits Settlements, to the Philippine Islands. Who are the leading men of the financial world? In every instance they are the Chinese. The Jew thrives everywhere. He is the trader of the world. But in China he cannot live. Over eight hundred years ago a company of Hebrews, caught by the promise of land, found their way into a rich interior province. But the Hebrew in China lost out. The Chinese beat him at a bargain, and fifty years ago the little colony had died out. Where are they? Not out of China, but into the Chinese race have they gone. There is nothing left of the Jews but the high nose on the Chinese children of that region.

“For the Chinese race is very virile. To be conquered by military force does not trouble China. Many peoples have conquered her in the last four thousand years. But in every case, within a century or two, the conquerors have become Chinese. She swallowed the Manchu until the only thing left

was his queue. Marry a Burmese to a Chinese, and the children are Chinese. Marry a Filipino to a Chinese and the children are Chinese. Marry a white man to a Chinese woman and the children are Chinese. Marry a white woman to a Chinese man, and the children are Chinese. The Chinese race is a dominant race.

“The Chinese man is an intellectual. He was reading when our ancestors ate the bark from the trees of the primeval forests of Europe. For more than a millennium he has chosen the official class, not from the warriors, but from the scholars. The scholar has been the man honored. And when a man received a degree from his examinations, the whole village, even the whole province, gave him glory, with procession, and feasts, and banners. Nothing else mattered so much in the entire social order. He might be poor. His father might be insignificant, but the coveted degree brought honor to him, to his father, to his family, even unto the remotest bond, and to his children, generation after generation.

“When, in the decision of foreign affairs, John Hay brought about the return of the indemnity fund, how did China show her appreciation for the millions of dollars from America? Not by enriching cities; not by building roads; but by establishing schools, where American teachers were employed, and by fixing a fund under which the youth of China might learn at the feet of America.

“How much lower could China bow in gratitude to the United States?”

With these illustrations, Bishop Lewis sought to tie the interest of the people of America in brotherly friendship to China. He placed upon the membership of the church the responsibility for bringing the message of Christ to that great country. Said he, “Fortunately the work cannot be done without money. Giving money to China may not save China,

but giving money to China may save America. The United States holds in her hands gold that will corrupt and weaken her unless she is willing to use that gold for others, and thus through firm sacrifice, transform the gold into world friendship. If the church of America will value humanity above her gold, America will be saved, and China will be saved."

One of those who responded to the message was Grandfather Negus. For many years he had loved and aided Bishop Lewis in his campaign for the college funds. Grandfather Negus was alone.

Bishop Lewis came over to call. Death seemed to carry no sorrow for the aged saint. Mrs. Negus had just gone on another journey for the King. It was a bit farther than the one she had taken for the missionary society, but Grandfather Negus would soon join her. The matter that troubled Grandfather was the disposal of his property. He could no longer live in the big house. He had given much throughout his life to the church at home. This house and lot were all he had left. But he wanted to dispose of them so that the Kingdom would profit by this last gift. What did Bishop Lewis think should be done with the property?

With a tug at his heart, and a smile that warmed Grandfather Negus, Bishop Lewis said, "Let's go out into the orchard."

There, under the trees, they talked over the entire situation. Grandfather Negus wanted to go to California, where the remaining years of his life could be spent away from the winter cold.

"I've given a good deal of money to the church and college. Mrs. Negus gave a good deal to the home field. But it seems to me I ought to help out in the foreign field a little before I die. What do you think about it?"

"Grandfather Negus," answered the Bishop, "there are many needs in China. One of them is a Bible School up in Yenping. That is a new conference, and the preachers need special training. If we had a good school where the young people could study the Bible, and learn how to preach, it would help bring the Kingdom faster in that part of the world. You could get an annuity on it while you live, and that would make you able to stay in California and keep you comfortable."

"Dr. Lewis," interrupted Grandfather Negus, "it kind of seems as if that is what I ought to do with this last house. I could sell it for over twelve thousand dollars; maybe thirteen thousand. Would that be enough to start a school?"

"That would be a good start," the Bishop answered, "and we could call it the 'Negus School.' I'll look after it while I live."

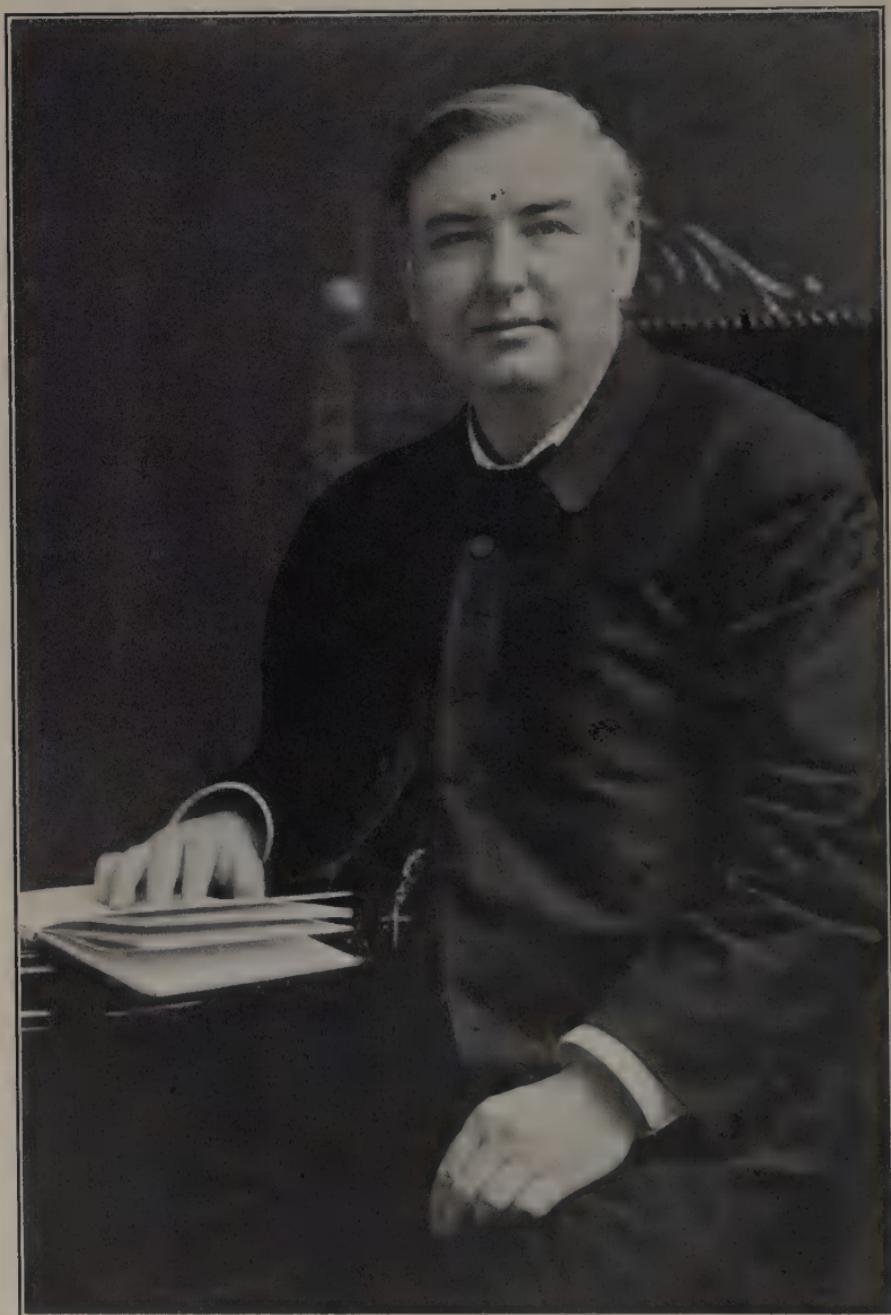
Gladly Grandfather Negus put the property on the market. He sold it for twelve thousand five hundred dollars, and went to California.

Said he, "We planned it all out, and Mr. Corbett did the business writing. I am expecting one of these days not only to meet so many of my beloved ones on the other shore, but hosts of the Chinese brothers. Glory!"

### *Goucher College*

Although the first thought and purpose of the work in America was to bring China before the church, yet at times other burdens were thrust upon the shoulders of Bishop Lewis. One was the campaign for Goucher College, the pride of Baltimore Methodism. For years there had been financial difficulties, but these accumulated until, in 1912, there was grave danger that the college would be lost because of lack of funds. Many spoke of closing the doors. A million dollars





WILSON SEELEY LEWIS

Bishop in China

was necessary to save it. Finally it was evident that the church must center upon this task or lose Goucher College forever. A group of outstanding men dedicated their time to it. Bishop Lewis was a strong friend of education and particularly of Goucher College, for through many years he had been closely associated with Dr. Goucher. The Board of Bishops insisted. One night after heavy sleep, he found himself awake, sitting at the side of his cot saying over and over aloud, "Goucher College must be saved. Goucher College must be saved." He knelt in prayer. As he prayed, plans and campaign outlines came to him. He knew that he could not escape the burden until he had done his part in saving to the church this college for women.

He worked in the background, organizing, suggesting, talking, and praying with those who were qualified to help. He laid careful plans, only to see them fail. He interviewed men and women of large means, only to be disappointed.

Then the tide would turn and success seemed to be on the horizon. He writes, "Have received \$50,000 for Goucher College in the last 48 hours. Wonderful! Yes, God is in this furnace with us."

The Bishop knew that without deep concentration on the part of some Christian rich men, the college would be lost. He went to one of them, carefully talked over the situation with him, and portrayed what would be lost to the church if the college closed its doors. Mr. Aten was deeply impressed. He was a wealthy man, and decided to give \$2,000. He started to tell this to the Bishop, but the Bishop said, "Don't pledge now, we need to pray." Then they knelt in prayer, and the Bishop poured out his soul to the Father, telling the need, and pleading God's help.

The next day the Bishop came in again. They talked over matters, and the progress of the work. Mr. Aten reached

around for his check-book. He now planned to give more than double the sum he had first decided upon, and was ready to give \$5,000. But the Bishop said, "We are not ready yet to give. I am almost crushed by the burden. We must have it on our heart, or the college will be lost." Then they prayed again.

Mr. Aten began to pray alone. He began to ponder over the benefits of the college, and its relation to the church. He began to think of the responsibility he had to the church in terms of money. He began to think in terms of \$10,000. Said he to himself, "If necessity warrants it, I think I'll give that much." He could hardly wait to see the Bishop again.

After several days the Bishop came again. He did not mention money. He simply went over the situation, and the progress in organization for the struggle. The conference closed with another season of prayer. At its close the Bishop said, "Mr. Aten, you will pray about this matter, will you not? Only the Father can save us." Mr. Aten started to say that he was already praying, and that he had determined to give a large gift. But his lips refused to obey him. Silently he bowed, and the Bishop left his room.

By the fifth conference Mr. Aten was giving most of his thought and time in prayer over the matter of Goucher College. Even business receded to second place in his mind. The first place was given to the Kingdom and to Goucher College. He was really anxious to see the Bishop, and when he came again, greeted him with deep feeling. As both men prayed, the heavens opened, and rich blessing flooded the souls of each one. They seemed bound together in that fellowship hour, when both were lifting the burdens of the Kingdom.

"Bishop, five of us will have to give \$60,000 each, and I'll be one of these men." His millions seemed paltry at that moment.

"Brother," answered the Bishop, "that will save us."

With joy unspeakable flooding his spirit, Mr. Aten signed his name, and the sum did not seem large.

Toiling, sorrowing, rejoicing, the workers kept the college before the constituency. Several times Bishop Lewis set his sailing date for China.

"A wire from Mr. Gamble, of Cincinnati, brings joyful news that he will be one of the six to give \$25,000 each. My soul doth magnify the Lord! Amen. Have spent the forenoon with Bishop Cranston. We have gone over and over the whole program. The Lord is leading, and we are going to China, leaving San Francisco February 15. . . Only think, a month and three days and we shall be off! Three cheers!"

Later comes the word:

"The prospect of postponing our sailing date is growing disagreeably bright . . . I am still holding to my date, but in my heart I know I must hang on.

"I am just in from Balor, where I have been baffled and beaten at every turn, and my heart and my head and my feet are sore. Here is a letter from Dr. Welsh of Westfield saying, 'I will subscribe \$25,000.'\* Blessed man! He will never know how I love him!†

"It is now very uncertain when I can get off—not before April, possibly not before May. We are so far along with the solution of the Goucher problem, and yet so far from the goal, that I can neither let go, nor tell when I can complete the task."‡

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\*Letter, January 23, 1913.

†Letter, January 25, 1913.

‡Letter, January 27, 1913.

President Wilson, whose daughters were graduates of Goucher, gave his open support to the task. March 30 was made Goucher Day in the city, and finally, with a last, strong effort, the million dollars were subscribed, and Goucher was saved to the church.

Weeks in the hospital followed. It almost cost the life of Bishop Lewis. Surely his days were shortened thereby.

Said the physician in charge at Battle Creek, "Bishop, you have six months to live."

Answered Bishop Lewis, as he grasped the hand of his friend, "I will spend those six months in China."

But China, with its long, quiet journeys in houseboat and sedan chair, kept that life eight years.

### *The Wave of Social Chaos*

The quiet of the early years of the China ministry spent under the empire were in startling contrast to those spent later, as the habits of centuries which worshiped the emperor in Peking were breaking up. The government changed in 1911, but the real break-up of the empire did not occur until 1913, when people began to realize that Peking was no longer a power, and that each province and community was free to work out its own will.

Bishop Lewis did not fail to see the evils which threatened to engulf his adopted nation. In October, 1913, he wrote to a friend in America:

"The prophecy of the fathers that this sleeping giant of Asia would sometime awake from her age-long repose, shake her hoary head, and plunge into the world's great activity, has at last come true. China is awake, and tomorrow Asia and the world will feel the thrill of her life. No one can be long in the centers of the country without feeling the throb of her new-born life.

"I visited Nanking, the ancient capital of China. Under the leadership and advice of a few unbalanced partisans, this city rebelled from the rule of the republic. Twenty-five thousand soldiers besieged the city for nine days. Finally the rebel defenders fled, and the merchants and the business men of the city, who had never been in favor of the rebellion, went out to treat with the commander of the government troops. He is reported to have promised them that no looting would be allowed in the city when he entered it. He 'kept his face' by not personally entering the city for four days. The old town was given over to the rapacity of savage, sensual beasts in the form of men. Four days they pillaged the defenseless inhabitants, robbing and burning. The untold suffering of the women beggars description. In those awful days, the foreign missionaries were the only defense of the terror-stricken inhabitants. More than five thousand women of the better class were housed in the missionary compounds. The persons and property of foreigners were respected. Our hospitals were opened to the wounded and suffering of both sides. After four days of raping, robbery, fire, and sword, the commander of the government troops came into the city and restored order. A few days after order was restored, the entire chamber of commerce called on the various missions and said to them:

"'You are to us as fathers and mothers. You heal our wounded, you feed our hungry, and protect our women.'

"Wholesale testimony which throws a ray of light as from the face of God upon this unspeakably dark picture.\*

The chaos which began when the republic was established continued with increasing and widening disaster during the years of his ministry. Seven years later he writes:

"The great sorrow of this region (Yenping) is the number

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\*Notes on China, October, 1913, sent to Dr. Tenny.

and ferocity of the bandits. These bands of lawless men are a terror to the whole country. They rob the inhabitants, and if a man is known to have property of any considerable value, they spirit him away to the mountain passes and hold him for ransom. Frequently the robbers place an excessive value on the man's life, estimating that the friends will meet the price. On account of the failure to do so, the victim is frequently beheaded. There is great suffering on the part of women and children.

"The robbers frequently parade under the name of southern soldiers. For a time there was an attempt on the part of the government to restore order in the territory by military force, but the northern soldiers, as they were called, are more dreaded by the inhabitants than the robbers themselves. They have frequently been the authors of greater cruelty. They have burned villages and towns; have frequently set fire to great forests, destroying hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property. They, too, are utterly lawless, reckless of life and property, and are a terror to the country.

"Under such conditions it would seem that the inhabitants must perish. A few of our churches have been burned, some of our people have been murdered, and one preacher lost his life at the hands of the bandits"\*

Again he writes in the same year, 1920, of the Hinghwa, Fukien region:

"No truthful portrayal of this place can be made without reference to two outstanding calamities that affect disastrously the peace and happiness of the entire region.

"First, it is the most bandit-infested territory that I have thus far seen in China. The Sienyu, Yungchung, and Tehwa counties are under the nominal control of the southern government, while Hinghwa and all the region from there to

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\*Letter to Dr. F. M. North, January 5, 1920.

Foochow are under the control of the Fukien governor, who represents the northern government. The southern government exercises no control over the regions which it claims to have under its supremacy. The leadership is in the hands of bandit chiefs, elected by a crowd of ruffians whose only object in life is to plunder the peaceable inhabitants. These chiefs serve according to the pleasure of the robber horde, and are frequently displaced that others, equally lawless, may have the symbol of power in their hands. They are reckless, ignorant, ruthless, and none of the Chinese are safe where they hold sway. They have respect for neither age nor position. The only exemption to their ferocity is the foreigner living in their midst. I am unable to account for this, and yet there is doubtless a sort of agreement among them that foreigners are to be unmolested. Only once, in all the Fukien province, has a foreigner been detained by these bands for even a few hours. As soon as the case of Miss Hartford was brought to the attention of the robber chief, he immediately ordered her release, all goods and money taken from the party were restored, and most humble apology was made for the indignity suffered. Coming down the river in boats, all the preachers, including the missionaries, were held up by the robber bands. When even a woman missionary was present in the boat, the robbers dismissed the whole group without further comment, and with evident sign of shame that they had detained the boats for even a few minutes. But where missionaries were not present, the Chinese preachers had only to pay a price in order to escape their hands. They generally collected only a few dollars, but in every case, silver was demanded and accepted if missionaries were not present to offer protest.

"In Sienyu, during the fighting, about twenty-five bullets damaged our mission property, and on two occasions came

dangerously near to the bodies of missionaries. These were accidental shots, the buildings being in range of the firing. There was evidently no intent to injure the property belonging to the mission. . . . ”

One afternoon, just after the city had again changed hands and had fallen under the control of a new bandit chief, a fine-looking Chinese gentleman came to call at the mission house. The gateman admitted him at once, without question, and he was presented to the ladies, who received him graciously. Over the teacups he told them in careful, well-chosen English of his stay of several years in England and his studies at Cambridge. He told them that he was chief of the robber band that had just taken over the city, and inquired whether his soldiers had done any harm.

“But why are you a robber chief?” inquired one of the hostesses.

“Well,” he said, “it is this way. If you are in command of a city, you are a soldier. If you have been defeated, you are a robber. Now my uncle was defeated. His soldiers stayed with him afterward, and had to rob in order to live. My uncle is a good man. He financed me all the while I was abroad, and I am under obligations to help him as long as he needs me. I want to be a good robber chief. It is my ambition to be the Robin Hood of China.”

The second outstanding calamity portrayed in the same letter was:

“The robbers have ordered the farmers to plant poppy. They furnish the seeds and compel the unwilling farmers to do their bidding in this respect. The farmers resist the orders in every way possible, because they know full well that they will not be allowed to reap their crop. The robber bands expect the farmers to occupy their land with this illegal crop, and then, when it matures, to turn the harvest over to them.

This calamity is worse than the first. China paid an awful price to rid herself of the opium curse, and now to be forced by the hand of her outlaws in such a way is a calamity beyond all words. Even the governor of the province is reported to have ordered opium planted in all of the region under his control.

“The effect of this is two-fold. Many of the inhabitants who have the means to get out of the country, are fleeing to the Straits Settlements, Borneo, and the Philippine Islands. There is danger that the country will be bereft of its best citizens. The area occupied by poppy diminishes to the danger point of production of sufficient food to support the population. As the farmers receive little or no income from the poppy with which to displace the loss of food crop areas, they are in danger of famine. The outlook for the whole region is most dismal.

“Even such calamities as these do not hinder the progress of the gospel. Self-support during the year has increased, and the reports show progress all along the line. There has been a large increase in inquirers, something like four thousand added during the year . . . The church of Jesus Christ and its ministry is the only factor in this whole region that contains a ray of hope for the needy inhabitants. This need appeals powerfully to anyone that is touched with the compassion of our risen Lord.”\*

The students are also deeply disturbed. He continued his letter, describing conditions:

“The college opened in Foochow this year under very favorable circumstances. A few months’ work was done, interrupted by frequent so-called patriotic student leaders, in government and other schools. Unfortunately, a clash between

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\*From a letter to Dr. F. M. North, January 5, 1920.

Japanese soldiers from Formosa and students in the city resulted in the death of one student and the serious wounding of several. This brought about a state of mind in the whole Fukien province very difficult to describe. Feeling ran high. And in the heat and indignation, the leaders in the student communities expressed their wrath by calling upon all in the nation to go on a strike and to devote their time to the spreading of patriotism among the Chinese people.

“In Foochow, the hotbed of the circumstances referred to, the schools of the city surrendered to the popular mood. After much discussion and prayerful council, all the schools of every grade were declared closed. The action of the presidents and teachers of the various schools in taking such drastic measures was generally approved. In fact, I have heard no criticism of this action. It was simply impossible to conduct schools successfully in the midst of such excitement. Even this sad condition is scarcely a sample of the unrest and riot that is rampant in this province.”

In spite of the terrible breakdown of the social order of the country, Bishop Lewis kept his faith in the people of China. He was sure of the power of the Gospel to bring back order and peace. This faith was expressed in a message to the young people of the Anglo-Chinese College in Foochow.

“Quality of service and happiness must ever sustain the relation of cause and effect. He who seeks by service to elevate the quality of life, physical, mental, spiritual, will find in that act the secret of true happiness. For in doing this, his own life will be lifted to a higher plane of being, and enriched by that abundant life which pours itself into the spirit seeking the good of his fellow men.

“Never was there a day in China’s long history when heroic effort, honest toil directed by lofty and sincere purpose, promised more for the weal of the nation than the present.

Now, as never before, the life of the whole nation is dependent on the soundness of the hearts of the people. In China, as in other countries, scholarship holds the key of national destiny. The students of today are the scholars of tomorrow, and the quality of their thinking constitutes the power-point of the national life. If the eternal principles of honesty and unselfish devotion to the laws of truth and the nation's good dominate the heart and life of the student body today, we may have the highest hope for the future fortunes of the nation; but if the students wantonly reject the counsels of the ages, and walk by the light of their own eyes, nurturing those selfish desires which soil the hands with unearned wealth and degrade the heart by lust, they invite a catastrophe which no man can measure.

"The deepest note in the student heart seeks the exposition of the more abundant life. In its light our commercial life shall be rooted in principles of honesty and fair dealing; our domestic life shall be exalted by the application of equality and mutual confidence; and our national life shall be governed by those who devote themselves unto death to the service of their country."

### *The Church of China*

Chinese Christians, missionaries, pastors, bishops, working together, wrought much. The numbers of the Methodist church in China have multiplied greatly. From twenty-two thousand members and probationers in 1903, there has been a steady increase until, in 1920, there were seventy-seven thousand, and in 1923, ninety-five thousand. This is over a fourth of the Protestant Christian body of China.

Yet, compared with the multitudes of people unreached, the mere numbers are exceedingly few. The significance of the number lies in the fact that the gospel has penetrated

every class in the social order, and that every city has at least some citizens who have heard of Jesus Christ.

Up in the shadow of the Changli mountains, the city which was named for the Hanlin scholar, the temple kept sacred to his memory stands after many years. In the city dwells an old man, revered because he is the descendant of an ancient scholar. A few years ago the old man began to come to the church services. Even though the modern youth in the church were sometimes careless of the courtesy due him, he continued to come. Then one day he sought out the pastor.

"I want to be baptized openly, so that the town may know that I belong to Christ," he said.

So on Sunday, this scholarly descendant of the worshiped Hanlin, knelt at the altar of the crowded church and took upon himself the vows of baptism.

Down at the railroad station is the other extreme of life in Changli. The scholar came into touch very little with the busy station managers. But here, too, the station master announced himself a Christian, and gave his tithe regularly to the upkeep of the church and its benevolences. When he was appointed to another town, he presented the church with a ceremonial plaque upon which was inscribed, "China for Christ."

In Kiukiang, General Wu, who has charge of the troops, about eight thousand men, studied the Scriptures under the direction of our district superintendent, Brother Wang. The general became deeply convicted, and desired to join the church. In the summer Brother Wang brought a communication to me asking what course he must pursue with his two wives in order that he might receive baptism in the church. I replied that he must put away his second wife, support her and her children, but keep himself only to his first and lawful wife. The second wife also was converted, and she and

the general studied together very carefully the Scriptures as touching their relationship. She finally gave herself to fasting and prayer for three days. At the end of that time she said to the general, whom she evidently loved, "It is better that we live together forever happily in heaven than that we should continue this relationship which is forbidden by the word of God." They therefore agreed that they should live apart. In two very strong addresses he stirred the conference deeply, and bore effective testimony to the gospel of Christ. However, the general waited to be baptized. His true wife and children joined the church. For eight years, family worship was held in their home, and throughout the city the soldiers and all the military people were openly urged to become Christians. The populace was erecting an arch to the honor of the man who was serving them so faithfully. Then the first wife died. After a period of public mourning he publicly married his second wife. Then all the officials of the city were invited to the general's residence on a Sunday afternoon. The general stood before them all, telling them of his religious experience, announcing that he was from henceforth marked as a Christian and desired to be notified if any of them saw anything in his life that was unworthy in a Christian. Then, in the ancestral hall, the room of highest honor, the spot where ancestors had been worshiped before the Christian message had been received, the general knelt while Dr. Kuper, the veteran missionary, administered the vows of baptism.

"Our body is the shell of our soul," said General Wu, philosophizing as he cracked off the hull of a peanut he held in his fingers. "The soul lives on and on. The soul must be made great. And for that soul, Christianity is the only renewing power. Christianity is the only power!"\*

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\*From a letter of Bishop Lewis to Dr. F. M. North, October 26, 1914.

Such instances give life to the statistics, and give joy to the one who is burdened for the coming of the Kingdom. It is good to know that in spite of the barriers and in spite of the backward eddies, the church is rushing forward at flood tide.

The second advance has been in the schools. Education has been the mark of Methodism wherever the church has gone. In China, the church has had a full share in giving to the boys and girls under her care opportunity to learn. There is a broad base of primary education through which any child may pass to the middle school, and on to the union college and university. Bishop Lewis kept before the church the necessity of education. In the last year of his service, after long experiences and close investigation, he thus addressed the representatives of the church:

“Let the church never think that the enthusiasm of religion is an adequate substitute for intellectual life. Faulty principles of pedagogy, incompetent teachers of youth, poorly equipped educational institutions constitute an unspeakable menace to the propagation of the true religion of Jesus Christ. Illogical and unadapted courses of study are a reproach to our intelligence and to our piety. Incompetent teachers, poorly paid by our church, men whose chief credential is that they can work for small pay, are far from being creditable to the cause of Christ. Poorly ventilated, poorly lighted, and unhygienic schoolhouses misinterpret the gospel we preach.

“It needs no prophet’s eye to discern that China’s citizens in years to come, will be among the best educated of mankind. Within a score of years this nation will be engaged in pushing to the fore educational institutions and policies which will challenge the admiration of the world.

“We conceive that the great message of the church in this hour is to establish, in strategic centers, educational institu-

tions second to none on earth. Our opportunity is to build models of such excellence, both in type and quality, as to challenge the best yet known.

“Let me emphasize that it is not numbers, but quality, that counts. One institution, well located, well equipped, and thoroughly furnished, is worth an unlimited number of those which merit the title, ‘sham.’

“This is the hour to proclaim from the doorways of our institutions that we are seeking the best, physically, intellectually, and spiritually, for those who find their place in our communion. Henceforth, let no Methodist have cause to blush for our fathers in these respects.

“Rest assured, if we fail in the quality of our educational institutions, posterity will offer such a rebuke to the church of this generation as shall bring shame to the faces of our children.”

### *The Nation-Wide Plan*

With the growth of the church and the supervision of the bishops who saw China as a whole, have come movements that bind the entire nation together in common aims and a common program. In 1920 Bishop Lewis said:

“Knowing that the church in China is imbued with a deep desire for national consciousness and world vision, we resolved that opportunity for such expression should be given. The menace of the nation and of the church is provincialism. In this respect we are not far removed from the tribal age. Family, clan, prefecture, province, constitute the mountain top of vision for most of the Chinese race. The long line of rulers and emperors of foreign race has been almost an impassable barrier to that flow of patriotic enthusiasm for the life and destiny of the nation so necessary to stable government and the highest weal of the race. That our Chinese

church might become torchbearers to the nation in lifting her eyes from the provincial, the insular, to a vision of national and intellectual relations and consciousness, has been the theme of anxious thought and prayer during the years."

Thus the conferences and the districts exchanged speakers, worked together on committees, wrought out plans and programs, and consulted in conferences until the church today is one body, conscious of its unity.

"May I introduce you to Brother Li, of a far southern city?" ventured a much travelled missionary to her pastor of the north.

With deep smiles of understanding the two leaders of China clasped hands. Politically they belonged to opposing camps. The native dialect of the man from the south was not understandable to the northerner.

Said they, "We know each other well. We have opposed each other often, but we stand together on many a problem of the Kingdom."

Such incidents could not have happened twenty years ago.

In 1920, through conferences, study groups, and committees a national program was laid down which determined the direction of the church, and set definite goals toward which the conferences were to work. These goals included:

1. Evangelistic advance, including evangelistic campaigns, institutional churches in twelve of the largest cities, social service plans for every church, and classes in reading Chinese, so that the church might become literate.

2. Educational advance, strengthening all schools, adapting the curricula to the needs of China, developing Christian leaders.

3. Literature, good books within the reach of all.

4. Medicine, developing hospitals, placing increasing responsibility and office upon the Christians in China.

At the close of this conference, the Bishop clearly announced his belief:

“The fate of the church will be determined by the people that live between the Pacific Ocean and the Himalaya mountains and not elsewhere. Europeans and Americans and those of other countries and races may help in the solution of this problem, but the problem itself must be solved here, and by our own Chinese people. The real task before us is to lay hold of the material resources of China and direct them into such channels as may help build the moral, intellectual, and spiritual life of this great race.”

This is being done. The East Asia Central Conference of 1920 was made up of forty-five per cent Oriental and fifty-five per cent Occidental membership, representing the church. The East Asia Central Conference of 1924 was made up of sixty-seven per cent Oriental and thirty-three per cent Occidental membership.

With this increase of responsibility comes the increase of self-support. In 1921, Bishop Lewis wrote concerning West China:

“In 1917, the brethren were very conservative with regard to the amount they felt it possible to raise. They put down fifty-eight thousand dollars as the possible amount. When the campaign was put on during the past year, the brethren found a greater response than they had expected. They came up to this conference with ninety-five thousand dollars.”

Through to the end Bishop Lewis held to the belief expressed after he had been in China eight years. He was conscious of the magnitude of his task.

“The day of apology for foreign missions on the part of the Christian church has passed. The sin-cursed, the oppressed poor, stretch out their hands to our altars as their only hope from the sorrow and degradation in which they have been

born. The lowest castes of India and Africa, the most ignorant and debased of China, Korea, and Japan, have felt the healing touch of the servants of the King and their sobs have been changed to a song. Myriads of the middle classes of the yellow race have felt the thrill that comes from the certitude of the gospel. A new energy has touched their spirits, the imagination has found a new objective, their eyes are opened to new visions, thousands of them have beheld a new heaven and a new earth. Thrones are feeling their impact and statesmen are dreaming of constitutions rooted in the rights of the common man."

Thousands of young people have been graduated from the church schools in China; hundreds have come to America for advanced study through doors that Christian friends have opened for them. These educated youth have entered commercial and social life in their own country. Bishop Lewis often addressed groups of these trained business men in the leading cities of China. One evening he introduced his talk to a gathering of college students, saying, "I have met a few of you this evening. Every man with whom I talked was working either with the Standard Oil Company, or with the Salt Gabelle. Literally is the Bible being fulfilled, 'Ye are the light of the world. Ye are the salt of the earth.' His audience burst into laughter. Quickly he pressed emphasis upon contrast between those who use their education for financial and official advancement, and those who use their education in service for their fellow man. And the leaders heard him gladly, for they recognized their debt to him.

Scholars, publicists, secretaries of state, kings and monarchs, devotees and heirs of the old order are catching the vision of the new life. The new light has kindled in the eyes so long blinded by superstition; the new vocabulary is breaking forth from spirit-filled souls; and the application

of these ethical standards of living, the liberation and exaltation of womanhood, the breaking of the bonds of childhood, breaking forth from spirit-filled souls, and the application and the elevating of the whole conception of statecraft on the part of those responsible for government are apologies recognized as absolutely sufficient by the ages of civilization.

“The danger of the hour is that the by-product of Christianity will be substituted for the power of the gospel itself. The church has been made the custodian of the manifold mercies and potencies of the Kingdom of God. The King of Kings has committed to her the leadership in civilization. Thanks be to God that the more abundant life has overrun her altars and has poured rejuvenating streams into society, political organizations, commercial and domestic life! Great philanthropies have arisen, educational programs and a thousand societies for the physical and intellectual amelioration of the race. We are to be reminded that the church is the body of Jesus Christ, and that her responsibility to all the races of earth will never be lifted by the hand that was pierced.”

## CHAPTER VIII

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### THE GREAT COLLEAGUE

Bishop Lewis did not work alone. In 1904, the church had appointed James W. Bashford bishop to China. In 1908 he welcomed Wilson Seeley Lewis as brother. With one heart and mind these two men worked together in a unique way until the death of Bishop Bashford in 1919. There was a bond of affection between them closer than blood kinship.

Bishop Bashford had no children. Bishop Lewis had four, three of whom were in China. Bishop Bashford took these children into his affection. He made one of the boys his secretary, taking him all over China.

One summer when Bishop Lewis was in America, Bishop and Mrs. Bashford were living at Peitaiho in a great house by the sea. They gathered for the family their own niece, a missionary in a Chinese school, and the three Lewis children. The big house was soon rollicking and noisy with the young folk, who studied Chinese aloud on the corners of the porches, or raced through the halls preparing for beach parties, picnics, swims, tennis, and other sports. If the Bishop and Mrs. Bashford were disturbed by the lively fun, the young people never knew it. Indeed, all too often for awe-inspiring aloofness the Bishop and Mrs. Bashford were in the midst of it all, and, not rarely, started the fun themselves. When, at the end of the summer, Bishop and Mrs. Lewis had to be met at the railroad with a properly large cavalcade of chair coolies and donkeys that kept everybody awake all night with groans, conversation, and trumpeting brays, the young people scolded more than the older ones, who seemed to enjoy even this phase of the great celebration.

Bishop Lewis watched his secretary son with his friend, and remarked to Bishop Bashford, "It is plain to see that my son has two fathers, and it is hard to tell which he loves the better."

So completely in harmony did the two bishops work that today it is impossible to divide their contribution to China and say, "This Bashford did; this belongs to Lewis." The plans, programs, and problems were talked over; joint decisions were reached and executed. Different in personalities, each recognized the other's strengths and powers that added to the vision and accomplishment of the church in China. The manuscripts of the Episcopal Address on China, in 1916, are so mixed with notes in one's handwriting and changes in the other, as the typist added and changed at the suggestion of each, that it is impossible to tell, unless one is familiar with the diction of both men, which section was dictated by which bishop.

A letter from Bishop Bashford to Bishop Lewis, December 9, 1915, illustrates how the plans were made. Bishop Bashford speaks of a campaign for funds and the pressure of the needs. He says:

"... My own conviction grows clearer that the Lord is going to use you as his agent and that we are going to realize his plans in full. This very day I was in special prayer over the subject; my morning devotions included the eleventh chapter of Numbers. If you will turn to that, you will find that Moses felt the burden so heavy that he even called upon God for death, and God assured him in the sixteenth verse that he would put the burden upon seventy of the elders. These elders were not priests at all, but lay leaders of the Israelites. It seems to me an assurance that God will put the burden upon at least seventy of the laymen of our church, and if he does, he will, through them, grant us victory."

Sometimes Bishop Bashford came to America, spoke about China, and received gifts; sometimes it was decided that this work belonged to Bishop Lewis. Only for the General Conferences of the church were they in America at the same time, until Bishop Bashford was stricken with his last illness. Then Bishop Lewis found reason to go to Los Angeles, where his brother lay ill, and stayed near for many days. In the morning Bishop Lewis worked at the task of bringing China to the hearts of the people. In the afternoon he took the streetcar out to the sanitarium to see his friend. They visited closely, Bishop Bashford sure that this was his last day on earth, Bishop Lewis equally sure that the Lord would spare him for years of service. As the Peking memorial sermon makes plain, at every conversation Bishop Bashford spoke with utter conviction that his course on earth was done, and his brother in the work talked over plans to be accomplished for China by Lewis alone. Every afternoon closed with prayer.

At the end of one of these talks, Bishop Lewis was finally convinced that the end was near indeed for his friend. Stumblingly he left the sick-room and silently he rode on the bumping car. He made his way to the hotel, locked the door of his room, and poured out his soul in prayer. He laid the work before the Lord, how China needed both of the men appointed there, and the wide plans that could not be accomplished by one alone. At the close he repeated the phrase so often used in his prayers, "But our poor eyes cannot see beyond the horizon; Thou rulest from eternity to eternity," and rose from his knees. Brushing the tears from his eyes, he said, "I give him up. I give up Bishop Bashford to God."

Before many months had passed, Bishop Lewis went back to China, carrying the burden alone. Among the missionaries and Chinese Christians he brought tribute to the memory of

Bishop Bashford. At every conference in 1919, he gave the Sunday morning service wholly as a memorial to the one they all loved. Standing before the multitude in the Peking church, the Chinese crowding every corner of the building and the missionaries scattered through the audience, Bishop Lewis spoke of his colleague. The words were uttered in English, then taken by the interpreter and made into vivid Chinese.

“A few months ago, there walked among us a plain, modest man of gentle speech, becoming voice, and noble countenance. He sat at our tables, walked our streets, counseled, prayed, and sympathized with us in such a manner as to remind us of the Master whom he adored. In journeyings oft by cart, by rail, by steamboat, by sedan chair, and houseboat, in Chinese inns, in the houses of rich and poor, he bore witness of such quality of spirit and abundant life as characterized only the elect of mankind. His influence with us, his power over us, the fame that he has attained on two continents and beyond, defy analysis. He is gone, and yet he remains; he is there, and yet he is here. His words, the gesture of his hand as he extended it in greeting, and something more that tongue cannot tell, abide with us today. Whatever the life beyond may be, that which remains in many of us because of him explains the difference between that which we are and that which we might have been. Those of us who knew and loved him so well, experience difficulty in thinking of Bishop Bashford as a subject for biography. Estimates, evaluation, character analysis, do not suit our mood when we talk about this radiant soul. Ejaculations of praise that he was here, sobs now that he is gone and we shall see him in the flesh no more, far better express our real attitude of mind and heart.

“In the last conversation he said to me, in substance: ‘My physical strength is failing; constant pain has broken my

mental power of initiative in thought; but the promises in the Word have become more vital than ever before. They undergird my whole life and are to me the very presence of God the Father.' He had read the Bible through at least once a year for nearly forty years. He had read, studied, and evaluated the best thought of the church in all ages concerning these vital questions. He was fond of the old authors, and the fingermarks in his books bear witness that he lingered long on the opinions of the most spiritual representatives of mankind—Augustine, Dante, Savonarola, Calvin, Wesley, and many others. Yet, amid all these voices, one rang clear in his heart and life, and sounded out like music from over the waters in his closing days; the certitude and the promise of life of the living God, contained in his Book.

"The confession that he was the bond-servant of Jesus Christ was the theme of Bashford's life. He lived in order to make Christ known. One of the evidences given by him to me in a heart-to-heart conversation a few weeks before his death, when he knew that he could not recover but must depart, was that his earthly facilities were so depleted that he could no longer effectively preach this gospel. He said, 'My ministry is reduced now to the ministry of intercession and suffering. There seems to be a real conflict between these two types of ministry. My suffering interferes with my intercession. Now if the Lord would come and relieve my suffering, I feel sure that whatever ministry may await in the other world, my power of intercession would be enhanced.' This reveals the key to life of this truly great minister of Jesus Christ. He believed that the real values of testimony in teaching or prophecy must be measured by the ethical life of the teacher or preacher. Love and devotion to Jesus Christ, witnessed in daily temper and act, are the ultimate credentials of the minister of our Lord. Bashford was a great preacher.

Thousands of people have been thrilled by his messages, lifted into a new atmosphere under his holy unction. But no word that he said in all his sermons or addresses adequately expressed the pent-up agony of his soul in the effort truly to represent Jesus Christ as the Savior of men. He conceived Him as a personal friend and the only hope for life eternal. His last utterance on earth was the repetition of a favorite expression during life, 'Christ first.'

"He did not need to tell the Chinese that he loved them. No one is a better interpreter of another's heart than the one that needs love most. The manner of his walk, his extended hand, his shining face, were as eloquent as speech and each interpreted the other. A heart of devotion, a life poured forth, a very fountain of inspiration bore witness to all with whom he came in contact that the quest of life was utterly satisfied in this ministry. Immediately following his first visitation of the conferences, he returned to America with a message that stirred the heart of the church to its depths. They saw in the face of the bishop a great continent of need and of promise. The rush of footsteps of China's millions, up out of political, social, and moral degradation and decay, to power, potency, and efficiency was heard everywhere in his flaming speech. He believed in the Chinese race. He believed that the purpose of God had not yet been fulfilled in this ancient and worthy people. He saw in Chinese history, philosophy, and ethics, evidence that the race was born for noble destiny.

"It was the habit of Bishop Bashford to interpret men and races on their higher levels. He was never a captious critic, and was unwilling to dwell long on the faults and foibles of men and races. He saw them somewhat as Christ saw them, for he loved them with something of the Christlike love. No man or congregation could be long in Bishop Bashford's

presence without being surcharged with noble ideals. A new consciousness of Christ's worth broke on the imagination of the church in America under the prophetic appeal of Bishop Bashford's voice and pen. A new value of belated races dawned on the mind of the church under the ministry of this lover of mankind.

"Bishop Bashford's books, sermons, and earthly life are now the heritage of the church. They cannot be changed or amended, and their adequate interpretation will tend to endow the interpreter with loftier intellectual, ethical, and spiritual values. Who can believe that such a life can adequately express itself in seventy or in unnumbered years? Such should tend to confirm the general judgment of mankind that eternity only can satisfy the promise contained in such a personality."\*

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\*From Memorial Address, Official Minutes of the North China Conference, 1919.

## CHAPTER IX

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### THE HEART OF A FATHER

The little people who lived in the principal's house at Epworth had some difficulty in learning exactly what the word "Seminary" meant. They played Indian, hide-and-seek, horse, and prayer-meeting on the campus around the Seminary. That meant several buildings, a wonderful playground with trees, hills, and cisterns. Again, when father taught at the Seminary, it meant that he talked to a company of grown-up men and women who were very nice after four o'clock in the afternoon; they helped slide down hill, ran races, and asked where father and mother were. Sometimes the Seminary was something that took father away from home; in a few days he brought bananas back, and raced with the children to the house to see which could find mother first. The worst Seminary was something which made father very busy and would not let him play at all, for days and days.

At the end of one of these long days, when father had said, "Run away and play; father is working for the Seminary," the little red-headed daughter saw his key in his office door. Nobody was around. Quickly she turned the key in the lock so that father could not get in, slipped the key in her apron pocket, and went out with the other children. She said nothing to anyone about the matter. She felt it was unnecessary.

In about half an hour she saw father rushing toward the new building, where his office was located. She saw him come out again quickly and go to the house. He seemed very much worried.

They all went in to supper.

After supper father said, "Where do you suppose those keys went?"

The little daughter said nothing, and father went away again. There was still some time to play before bedtime. Keeping far behind, she followed him over to the new building. Some lady teachers were in the hall. She heard him say to them, "I have misplaced my keys and am rather worried about them."

She heard one of the lady teachers say, "Perhaps your little daughter can help you find them."

The little daughter went hurriedly around the building and ran home the back way. Very soon father came in. He came right up to her and asked, "Ida, do you know where my keys are?"

Ida knew. She was a little bit frightened, but she was relieved, too. She dug them out of her pocket and gave them over.

Something in her face troubled her father.

"Why did you take them, Ida?"

With trembling lip she answered, "Because we wanted you to play with us."

So he played with them a while, and they were happy. But bedtime came too soon, and in the morning father was busy again.

Later, father did try to play with them, but he was very busy, and whenever people saw him in the yard, they came over to talk with him, and he could play no longer.

Always there was permission to meet him as soon as anyone could see him coming. At Morningside it was wild fun to see which could spy him first and run fastest toward the park. He always kissed everybody around, and then all raced back to the house.

On rare afternoons off, in those early days, a picnic was planned for the ravine. Father taught the boys how to wrestle as they tumbled about on the grass. It was better than fist fighting, he said. The boys went around the bend of the tiny stream and father gave them lessons in swimming. At first they pulled themselves along by their hands in the mud, but after a while they really learned how to swim. Before dusk there was supper together, and finally the four children stood up and sang together:

*“Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day’s occupations  
That is known as the children’s hour.”*

They sang through all the verses, prompted only occasionally by mother. Then father called for the psalm:

“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.”

After that everybody went home.

Whenever letters came from father saying that he had been in St. Lawrence County, New York, the children knew that a treat was in store. They began at once to pray for a big snow-storm, and almost always their prayer was answered by the time that father arrived.

On the appointed day, they watched the street closely until the cry rose, “Father’s coming! Father’s coming!” Four children made a catapult rush to the front door for the welcome.

“Here’s the maple sugar, mother,” he called over their heads, pulling from his satchel a big square bundle.

“When can we sugar off? Tonight, tonight?” the children squealed.

“Yes, tonight,” was the promise.

They were all ready at the appointed hour. No one was late. They gathered in the kitchen. Father called for a big apron, and every child donned a gingham covering. Even the boys enjoyed it because father set the style.

“Mother, the kettle and pans,” he briskly ordered, and they were set out, the big aluminum open kettle, and six milkpans.

The maple sugar was put into the kettle with the right amount of water. The children stood around, sniffing the delightful fragrance.

“This is just the right way to stir it,” father remarked, “and just the right kind of steam. I remember when I was a boy we used to go out to the sugar bush and sugar off. There was a big open fire of underbrush and logs, and a huge iron kettle hung on an iron hook. We poured the sap into the kettle and then watched it boil for hours.

“In the evenings this used to be my special part, to watch that the sap would not boil over . . .”

Hungrily the children listened to the old familiar tale, and the order—

“Now, children, go get the snow.”

The two older children took two pans each, their own, and pans for father and mother. The younger ones took only their own. They went to the cleanest drift in the yard, brushed the top off, and filled the pans, packing the snow tightly. Not a bit of grime or dirt was allowed.

When every pan was filled, the syrup was ready.

“Exactly right,” announced father.

Beginning with mother’s dish, he poured the sweet amber liquid in thin streams over the pans of snow. The syrup hardened immediately and the fun of picking it up on a fork and eating it in rich mouthfuls made all other sweets seem paltry.

At the end, the kettle was vigorously scraped, a hymn was sung and thoroughly enjoyed, because sweetness still lingered on the lips, which could be moistened between verses. Then bed was announced.

Mother and Ida went up stairs first. Then father stood by a chair while Clara climbed on his neck, tightly clasping her hands around his neck.

“Hold tight,” he commanded, as he bent to the load.

He took a boy under each arm, and thus laden, marched up stairs. This ceremony lasted quite a while, but nobody ever fell off until father reached the top, puffing and laughing over the fun.

After all, bedtime had its compensations.

One fine afternoon the boys were playing on a vacant lot near the house. Father was passing, and watched the baseball game for a few minutes. He decided to play a while if the children would include him. The boys were delighted and threw him a swift ball. To their utter amazement he struck it, sent it far afield, and made a good run. After the game the boys crowded about him begging him to teach them how to strike a “fly.” This he did with great relish. The two small sons nearly burst with pride, while the other boys decided that maybe the much bragged of father did know something.

Whenever anything merited punishment, then everybody knew that father was to be reckoned with.

James was seven years old. Clara was five.

The combination of matches and paper had a peculiar fascination for them. Time after time, father had said in his deepest voice, “Now, children, I want it distinctly understood that you are not to touch any matches. This is very important.”

One night, however, when excitement was lagging a little, James thought of a perfectly wonderful scheme. The family

had just moved to the new home, which had a lovely big attic. Mother had thrown all the papers, as she unpacked, into a heap in the middle of the floor in the largest attic room. To this heap Clara was cautiously led, as James related his plan.

“We haven’t had a bonfire for a long time, and these papers will make a grand one. The ceiling is high so that we can watch the smoke curl up, and I’m sure that it will make a glorious blaze,” he exclaimed. Father’s warning receded into the dim recesses of memory.

James lighted the first paper, but it was damp and made only a smudge. Then came Clara’s turn. It was her first attempt at lighting matches, and she did what all amateurs at the business do. She held the match straight down and consequently burned her fingers. The effect was painful, to say the least, and she let forth a scream that brought father and mother to the scene of action.

“Clara, have you been lighting matches?” father and mother questioned simultaneously as they sniffed the air.

“James did,” she responded tearfully.

“James, have you been lighting matches?”

“Clara did,” was the prompt answer.

“Come to the study, children, and we’ll discuss this matter further.”

Father led the way to the judgment room as he spoke.

“Children, I have told you again and again never to play with matches. What can I do to impress the matter upon your memories?”

James was the older, therefore the wiser, for he had had experience within this room before. Remembering the past, he suggested solemnly, “Let us pray, father.”

"Well, perhaps that is the best way to begin," said father in a rather shaky voice. "You have been naughty, and we must ask the Lord to forgive you."

Mother bowed her head and the children shut their eyes tightly, while they asked the Lord to show them the path of obedience.

However, as the affair was too serious to dismiss with any ordinary lesson, a spanking was administered to both children, to help them remember.

The close of the experience was also very important, and spanking should not be the last impression on the children's minds. As father had prayed once, he decided to substitute a hymn apiece. He allowed the children to make their own choice. Clara sang a verse of "Rock of Ages," and James sang two verses of "Just As I Am Without One Plea." Father left the room before James finished the first verse of his hymn, but came back soon, and the group of four left the study, certain that never again would a bonfire be started in the attic.

Father was determined from the first that his children should know the Bible. He picked out chapters and verses which they should learn. In the early years the reward was a raisin for each verse learned, but later this was changed to a penny a verse. Sometimes a child would become ambitious and learn several verses at a time, thus earning several pennies; but at least one verse each day was the order of the household. In this way the children learned the whole Sermon on the Mount, the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of St. John, the Charity chapter in Corinthians, the last chapter of Revelations, the speech of Moses, many Psalms, several chapters of Isaiah, and even the first chapters of Job. The plan was for all of the children to learn all of Job, but mother interceded, saying that the children

could not understand it. Father protested that it was beautiful literature, and, if they did not understand it at present, they would be glad when they were grown. But Job was finally permitted to lapse, and the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes was substituted. This went better.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth . . .” that was easy . . . “Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern . . .”

The children knew a Sunday-school song—

“*Some day the silver cord will break,  
And I no more as now shall sing. . . .*”

As the association between these was very clear, they enjoyed that part. But the best part was the last few verses when they swung their voices into the rhythm strongly, repeating together, “Of the making of many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh . . .”

These portions of Scripture were repeated every morning after breakfast when family devotions were held. After the Scripture, James and Ida knelt at father’s chair, John and Clara knelt at mother’s chair. Father prayed, rich prayers, covering the world in their petition and always closed with mention of each child’s name, and the Lord’s prayer in unison. Then father stood at the end of the table and kissed each child in turn, with a rub of the cheeks, a love-pat or two, and a word of advice for the day.

At night the prayers were individual, and if father were home he came into the room after the children were in bed. Father prayed by the side of each one, and each child prayed aloud. Mother did this if father was away. Thus were the children taught in the deep things of life.

When the children were grown and scattered, this care of them was constantly in the father’s heart. He wrote to them,

remembering especially anniversaries which were filled with family memories.

Christmas Morning, 1910.

“My dear children:

“A merry, merry Christmas to you all! Early this morning I heard the children here in Dr. Skinner’s home shouting as you used to do, and the old days came back with their charm and joy. Happy days, when I often traveled three hundred miles just to fill four stockings and hear the shouts of glad voices in the early morning hours! Those days will never die out of my heart.

“I wonder what you are doing today! Some way I am sure you are trying to make someone happy, and so finding the true secret for yourselves.

“You have all been a great comfort to me, and now since I cannot have you near me, I find my sweetest moments in talking to the Father about you. Often in prayer, you seem to be right in my presence. Thus the Father gives us compensation for all our losses and fills our lives with unexpected blessings.

“The sun shines here today for the first time in ten days. It is a mountainous country, and the clouds hang over us much of the time during winter.

“I have not seen mother for thirty days. She is in Foochow, and I have been on a long trip through Fukien province. Have crossed seven mountain ranges and come down many mountain streams in small boats. Twenty-one days of this kind of travel has put new life into my body. I am in the open air all the time, sleeping sometimes with only a cover of boards over my bed. But the price of redemption of this world is no small thing, and I am happy to do my part.

“Blessings on you, my dear children. May you have a good Christmas day.

Yenping, China.

With love,

Father.”

On the birthday of each, he always sent a special message.

Wuhu, China, October 12, 1915.

“My dear James:

“John and I are on a small launch enroute from Nanking to Wuhu. When we arrived at the dock this morning, we found that no regular boats were going today, so we were compelled to take this launch. It is neither commodious, convenient, or clean. It is cheap. We are making money, several dollars in one day, and taking it out of our skin. However, we are happy. John has his typewriter. He is seated on a rude Chinese stool; the typewriter is on a bench rather low and inconvenient, hence this letter to you. Other letters will be pounded off during the day, and so the weary hours will wear themselves out until sunset, when we hope to see mother. This trip costs us \$1.15 each, (Mex.), and we may get a bowl of rice thrown in. We shall call at several port towns which I have long desired to visit, so this inconvenience is not all calamity.

“This is your birthday—Friday, October 12, 1892—just four hundred years after Columbus discovered America. James Hawley Lewis was born in a little wooden house, located on the forest-covered campus of Epworth Seminary. His parents were poor, but honest, frugal Christian people. They were of average intelligence, and enjoyed reading good books. His mother was noted for her piety, and her chief delight was studying the Word of God. Her parents were of Scotch ancestry and were Presbyterians, to the remotest generations.

“The paternal ancestry were Welch, New England Yankee, and Holland Dutch. The forebears of Grandfather Lewis migrated from Wales to the Massachusetts Colony fifty years before the Revolutionary War. The great-grandfather settled in Vermont soon after the war, and carved out of the primeval forest a stony, sterile farm. In 1806 he sold this farm in Vermont and, in the dead of winter, with his family of a wife and four children, crossed Lake Champlain on a sled hauled by a yoke of oxen and, following the trail through the forests to the present site of Malone, in northern New York, he established himself on a farm, now covered by that prosperous town. Here he again confronted dense forest and hewed out of its sombre and dreary shades another stony and sterile farm. His youngest son, William Hawley Lewis, born in 1799, grew up among the rugged conditions of frontier life in northern New York. The Lewis family were Baptists, but William Hawley Lewis was converted in Malone, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church there. He was married in 1843 to Miss Hannah Turner. They were the parents of a large family. . . .

“From this brief sketch you will be able to understand that the physical, intellectual, and moral qualities of the aforesaid illustrious subject of this epistle, is in perfect harmony with the principles of evolution. Scotch, Dutch, Irish, Welsh, English, and German blood have blended together to produce this illustrious American! The Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist Churches have nurtured the spiritual life of his ancestors.

“On this your twenty-third birthday, we are thinking of you and praying that your life may be of such quality as to merit the approbation of those who know you on earth, and to receive the plaudit of, ‘Well done, good and faithful serv-

ant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,' when life's tasks are over.

Affectionately yours,

Father.

"P. S. We are moving on up the river. The Chinese pack this launch like sardines in a box. We are passing numerous rafts of bamboo poles. This reminds me somewhat of the houseboat trip on the upper Yangtze.

"Bishop Bashford made a swift river trip to Peking. We have had two visits of several hours each. He is now enroute for Foochow, and will preside at the Southern conference. We have launched a great forward movement here in Central China. We have subscribed between \$8,000 and \$9,000, and the brethren have entered upon a four years' campaign to be conducted in China and America."

A glimpse of his travel in America, given to his daughter, may well be contrasted with the one from China.

Cherokee, Iowa, August 22.

"Dear Ida:

"We had a good day at Clear Lake. Brother H. got \$500 for his school at Taianfu and will get \$500 more. John and I left Monday morning at six o'clock by trolley for Mason City; here we took a train for Hampton, where we changed for Fort Dodge and had our breakfast. Arriving in Fort Dodge at eleven, we ate a quick lunch and came on to Aurelia. Brother L., Henry, John, and I took an auto for Paullina. The tire blew out when we were within five miles of Paullina, and we went into town on the rim. We had supper at Mr. R.'s and then I went over and baptized J. B.'s baby. Then I came back and completed a \$20,000 deal for the college. At ten o'clock we started back for Aurelia. Five miles out of town our tire blew out again. I awakened a family, got a

rope, scared a dog and a baby, and we had barks and howls. We got our auto into working order. As we were going up a long hill at twelve o'clock, the inside of the auto went broke, and we got out and pushed it three-quarters of a mile to a place of safety. Then I came on to this hotel on foot, and went to bed at one-thirty A. M. I told the clerk to call me at eight o'clock. At five-thirty the cook in the kitchen began to fry pancakes, meat, etc.; the smoke came streaming into my room, and I was compelled to get up. Now I have eaten my breakfast.

"Moral. Give me a sedan chair for traveling, a Chinese inn for a hotel, and the sweet smells and balmy air of China.

"My train goes now. John went up to Aurelia in an auto borrowed at two o'clock this morning. He will be down on this train.

"Back to Sioux City.

Love to you,  
Father."

He often sent his children back to the northern New York country, where his brothers and sisters lived, that they might know his people and learn to love the place that held his heart so strongly. To his younger daughter he wrote:

"Dear Clara:

"We did not hear from you this week, but a card came from Mrs. Bashford telling of your visit there and of your proposed stop at Battle Creek. Thus we follow you on your flight to the north country. We picture you in that cool, delightful spot, where you can hear the songs of Langdon Spring, and drink the waters so like that of the 'waters of life, clear as crystal.' Tell Aunt Oria that I am just longing for a meal of fat pork, rolled in flour, and milk gravy. This to be followed by one-fourth of a whole custard pie! I think you know how to make custard pie of the Aunt Oria type.

I want you to learn how to fry salt pork, and make that wonderful milk gravy which has been the joy of the Lewis family for the last two generations. You are my only hope for bringing it down to the third generation.

“You are in our hearts day and night. We are so happy over the return of health and the consequent ease with which you carry your college work. This summer will be a great help to you in this respect, and you will return to your work in the fall with good zest. We are really very happy that you have concluded to spend next year in Morningside. We feel sure that it is much better for you than to break into your college course again. Never a morning passes that your name is not mentioned before God in prayer. We think that this is the best thing that we can do for our children. Give our love to Uncle Lew and Aunt Oria. Tell them that we expect to see them again.

With much love,

Father.”

One time, when going down the Yangtze, John was stationed many miles inland from Wuhu, opening up a new center under the pastor, Rev. Tung. It was a difficult place to put a young man, but the work had called for it.

The boat passed the station Wuhu at four in the morning. It was dark and chilly, but the father rose, dressed, and went out on the deck of the steamer. Wistfully he peered out into the darkness, toward the place where his son labored. He remembered vividly the strenuous days of conference when the opening of this inland station was under discussion. All agreed that the place should be opened. The missionary was the problem. One after another, they talked over the personnel. One had family duties, another felt that his own health forbade such an appointment. Finally the bishop-father called

his son. As both were familiar with the situation, no explanation was needed.

“John, will you go?”

“Yes, I’ll go.”

John went to the interior and stayed. The father longed to see him, but there was no time for the extra trip.

The long, deep whistle blast of the steamer called the father back to the present. The boat pulled away from the wharf and made its way down river.

At breakfast that morning, Dr. Gamewell, friend and fellow traveller, asked if it had been a good night.

“Yes,” was the answer, “but I slept fitfully. I wanted to be sure to get up at Wuhu. John is no longer a boy. He is a man. But it is wonderful how a father’s love and concern follow a child always.”

The eldest daughter had been working hard at summer school in New York City. She decidedly put away from her mind all thought of a vacation. She was just through with her dissertation and wanted only quiet until the final examination in October.

“Ida! A gentleman to see you!” called Mrs. Fenno, with whom she roomed.

The daughter came to the parlor. She wondered who it could possibly be.

“Why, father! father!” she exclaimed as she delightedly greeted him.

“Now, Ida, I’ve come to take you away with me,” the father said in his episcopal manner.

“But, father, I can’t go!” remonstrated his daughter. “I’ve neither money nor clothes nor energy to be pleasant.”

“But you’re through with your thesis, aren’t you?”

“Yes, it is before the committee now, and I can do nothing on it for a week.”

"Well, listen to your father. Get no new dresses; come with what you have; bring no money. But meet me at the one hundred thirtieth street ferry at nine o'clock day after tomorrow morning. Bring your copy of your dissertation. I won't tell you where we are going. Don't plan anything. I will do it all."

Ida sighed, agreed, and was a little curious. Life seemed to take on a new interest.

At the stroke of nine that Monday morning she met her father. They went to the Day Line wharf, found a quiet place on the palatial pleasure-boat, and rode several hours up the glorious Hudson River. At noon, father produced from somewhere a delicious lunch. They added ice cream from the boat restaurant. Then they left the river, took a train, and rode to the end of the railroad line; they took another train and rode to the end of that line. Then they climbed into a waiting automobile and rode for miles through the heart of the Catskill mountains. Ida wondered where they were going, but she asked no questions. Schools, degrees, dissertations were far away. Father stopped at a hamlet and bought fishing-rods with tackle. They rode on until dusk, when they pulled up at a farmhouse. The hostess met them.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lewis," she ventured, "we have only two attic rooms left. But they are clean and comfortable."

"Fine, splendid," beamed father. "We'll go right up after supper."

In those two unfinished attic rooms the father and daughter rested. A mountain shower came up and pattered on the upper side of the shingle roof. No sound disturbed the utter quiet.

In the morning the sun shone brightly, and at breakfast father said, "Now, Ida, have Mrs. Brown give you a slice of raw beef, eight of those good big buns, a jar of uncooked

bacon, a skillet, some salt, and matches. We'll not be back for dinner. I'll get the fishing-tackle."

Together father and daughter set off for the brookside. The edibles were placed in a secure nook under the trees. Father showed Ida how to bait her hook and hold it in the water. Then he took his share of the bait and went a few rods down stream. The stream was clear, swift, deep. Ida baited her hook carefully and threw it into the water. In the clear depths she saw several fish hurry to her hook and helplessly watched them nibble off the bait.

"How many fish have you, Ida?" called father.

"A lot, but they're all in the water," she grieved.

"I have four," he boasted.

Determined to do her share, Ida pulled the empty hook out of the water and rebaited it. Again the fishes came in schools to the feast.

"Eight," called father.

"How do you get them?" urged Ida.

"Just hold your hook still," instructed father.

The third time Ida baited her hook, and the third time watched the fishes cleverly eat the bait off.

"Twelve!" called father. "I think we've enough."

They went to the edge of the woods, where father built a wonderful stove of round stones, lighted a fire, and cleaned his fishes. Ida fried the bacon, and then fried the fish, which they placed between the halves of buns and ate. It was a glorious lunch.

Then they lay down in the shade on the green grass and napped. They awoke and talked. Ida read a story.

As the sun sank behind the mountains, they pulled out the dissertation and Ida read it aloud. Father listened critically and made several suggestions.

"My dear," said he at the end, "I had no idea you could do it. You have done your best. Now let's forget it the rest of the time we're here."

So they read other things, and explored the woods and the bed of the stream until that portion of the mountains became familiar and friendly. Three days later they went back to New York City, sunburned and rested, ready for whatever the future held in store.

To the same daughter he wrote one of the last birthday letters. He was in America, she was in China.

"It seems a long time since we have heard from you. The last was the wave of your hand, away back in February, in Tientsin. That sticks in my memory, for it was accompanied by one of those beams of love which I have noted at times for the last quarter of a century or more.

"As usual, we are praying for you day by day. There have been very few days since you were born that your name has not been included in a petition to the Throne of Grace. It would be interesting to have a record of the various things that I have asked the Father for you. If they are recorded and granted, you will be rich—not in money, I have not often asked for that—but in those rare graces of the spirit which ornament their possessors with the likeness of God's face—abounding love."

He watched the children closely, and carefully guarded their development. He sought to find the root of any troubles that weighed down their minds.

One of the four, after a long secret struggle with a hard situation, found him at leisure and poured out the whole story to his ears. Some of the trouble was real; some of it imaginary. There was half an apology for taking his time over it.

"My dear," said he, "I knew this was bothering you, and would suggest this line of action . . . You never can go through any hard road without finding your father at the other end, waiting for you. . . ."

And so, although the children are grown, and are themselves lifting burdens, they know that at the other end of life's road, waiting for them, will be father.

## CHAPTER X

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### THE NEW MORNING

The toil and joy of the years gathered upon Bishop Lewis. His early days of preparation lingered as a sweet memory. Morningside College would stand through the years, a reward of unremitting struggle. He continued to voice the call of China, lifting its burdens as best he could. Just after the World War it seemed to him that Christian America had awakened to the possibility of making a new world for mankind. The movement, started on a hilltop in Palestine when Jesus commanded his disciples to go into all the world, seemed at last to have taken possession of the people of God. The statesmen of all the churches were dedicating themselves to this task. Followers of Christ into whose hands riches had been poured were learning that it was blessed to give.

Bishop Lewis immediately enlisted with others to bring about the fulfilment of this vision. He set himself to work out plans and programs. He took long journeys in China and America. He talked with the leaders of the churches. After night vigils and early watches he found that the cause for which he labored was not prospering. The Interchurch World Movement was in danger. He put forth additional effort but it availed nothing. Then his strength gave way. His body refused to obey his command.

On July fifth, nineteen hundred and twenty, he wrote, "At all events we are down, and the movement which promised so much is lost . . . This has struck a heavy blow at our fondest plans . . . I have concluded to stop a few days at the Sanitarium. The truth is, I have a slight attack of sciatica . . . I am not sure but that the trouble is back of the symptom, and I promise to find out . . . "

His physicians could do but little. As the days passed and the dates scheduled for his conferences in distant China drew near, he realized that he could not be cured. He could scarcely walk; he stumbled and fell about the house. Then for the first time in his China experience it was necessary for Mrs. Lewis to remain at home. Friends and physicians urged him not to think of going alone.

“But China is not far,” said he, “and the work needs me.”

“You will suffer every step of the way,” prophesied his physicians.

“I would rather go to China and suffer than to stay here and have my work suffer,” he answered.

So, one afternoon he started, walking with a cane. His step was insecure. Every moment he was in pain. He could carry nothing in his hand. A son took him to the coast.

Another son met him in Nanking.

He held the conference in Peking; he preached, held interviews, helped make decisions, and constantly greeted all with the old-time pleasure at being with those who were spending their lives in the cause he loved.

The West China Conference was to be held early, and, in order to reach it, the long Yangtze River trip had to be taken immediately. His missionary daughter accompanied him. It seemed that a special providence watched over them during the journey. They could take the trip in a tiny steamer instead of the old houseboat of the first journeys. At every city where it was necessary to stop, homes were hospitably open and filled with comfort. And in Chungking, after the swinging trip by sedan chair up the steep banks of the city, Mrs. Peat, the missionary’s wife, welcomed the tired traveler.

“You have reached home now,” she said, opening the door.

“I always feel at home here,” smiled the Bishop as he took the comfortable seat by the fireplace.

The physician called and decreed rest. The little nurse of the Syracuse Unit adopted the Bishop and made him feel very comfortable—too comfortable, indeed, for the intrepid worker wished to be off at once for conference.

The physician called again. "Bishop Lewis," said he, "if you start for Chengtu in this condition you will finish the journey in a Chinese coffin."

The missionaries heard the ultimatum, and refused to let their Bishop go. They kept him through the winter. On December third, he wrote, "I shall not preach tomorrow. It seems queer to be laid aside from strenuous work. It must come sometime, and it might as well be now . . . Do you not think that China can be better served during the next four or eight years from 1924, by some other Bishop? I am beginning to think so . . . We are in the hands of God. We must rest the case with him."

An invitation to call on an official in the salt gabelle brought interest. The official's wife was a Christian, and the official himself in time of danger would pray, "O, true God of the Christians, save me!" A friendship resulted, and after several talks Major Chow decided to accept the Lord and let the people know. Accordingly, one day his official chair, with the outriders and footmen, stopped before the little mission church. The major, in gorgeous array, with sword and medals and honor ribbons stepped out. He waited a minute until the more modest chair of his wife arrived. Then he assisted her to her feet, took the baby boy in his arms, and followed the wife into the church. They marched to the front seat, and listened eagerly to the sermon. Then the Bishop stepped forward and called their names. The major knelt and received baptism. Then he held the tiny son and promised to bring him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Long years before, Mrs. Chow had been baptized, but now, she with

her husband joined the church and openly enrolled their names with the Christians. Mrs. Peat, with her ready hospitality, held a quiet reception afterwards, and served tea and cakes, dainties beloved by the people of China.

Bishop Lewis decided to conduct a Bible class once or twice a week. To this the business men of the city came. The Bishop read and expounded the Scriptures, and Mrs. Peat interpreted. One night he emphasized the necessity of building the Bible into the very foundation of the republic. The men listened intently. Finally one of them could refrain from expression no longer. "True," he burst out. "True! and unless we build the Bible into the foundations of the republic there will be no foundations and no republic."

By March, after the West China Conference in Chungking, Bishop Lewis was anxious to return to the coast. As no steamers were scheduled until May, once again he braved the Yanktze. For eleven days they glided down stream, meeting robbers safely, visiting local officials at every city. Sometimes the boatmen lost an oar, sometimes the boat whirled around in a rapid. Many hours were consumed in the study of geology and evolution. But the night came when Ichang and civilization were reached.

After a short journey north, Bishop Lewis sailed to America from Shanghai. The son, the old friend Dr. Gamewell, and Bishop Birney were there, and called to him in parting, "Good-bye until October!"

Bishop Lewis lifted his hand as he waved to them.

It was his benediction.

The return home was a joyful one. Physicians told him he was well, and could continue his work. He worked for a month and then came home to keep a holiday.

It became a holy day.

He entered into the sacrament of suffering. The hospital of his church received him with loving care. When delirium robbed him of consciousness, again and again he arrested the attention of the nurses and watchers at the hospital by speaking aloud earnest petitions to the Christ who should redeem the world and tenderly heal the suffering of the nations. A Catholic nurse who was near in those days paid tribute, "I am not one of his faith. I am an ardent follower of my own religion, but in all my life I have never heard such prayers as he prayed in his delirium."

One morning Mrs. Lewis said, "Father, you are going to leave us. You are going to be with Jesus."

He was startled at first; then he whispered, "Won't that be beautiful!"

"One task is left," said he, and he united his daughter to the man of her choice in marriage. The Bishop smiled, and suffering came again.

In his agony he prayed, "God bless the children! God save China! God save the church."

There was nothing more to give. He had given all.

In the evening, August twenty-fourth, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, the pain was gone. His spirit was set free.

It was the dawn of a new morning.

## CHAPTER XI

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### THE TRIBUTE OF THE CONFERENCE

With the passing of Bishop Lewis, his friends sought to do him honor. The services held in his memory were thronged with people who came from many miles around. The words that were spoken by his associates at that time were gathered into a booklet, *In Memoriam*, and kept and reread by those who were closest to him.

But the members of the Northwest Iowa Conference, the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church, his coworkers and brethren, were not content with this mention alone. They wished to be responsible for the stone which would mark his resting-place. Mr. Andrew M. Jackson, friend of Bishop Lewis and founder of beautiful Graceland Cemetery, made it possible to secure a circle plot upon which the screen of gray granite is placed. The cross is the central motif on the stone. On the left panel is engraved, "*He that doeth My will. I have chosen you and ordained you;*;" on the right panel is engraved, "*Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel.*" Thus are epitomized the life dedication to the will of God, the ordination for the ministry to the church, and the years of toil in China.

The ceremony of unveiling was held on June second, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine. In spite of threatening storms, eight hundred people stood in the open air to give testimony to their abiding affection for the one who had been their friend and helper. On the platform were the members of the Conference Committee, business men of Sioux City. Mr. Dave Davidson said in part, "We have gathered here today to unveil the monument erected in honor of our dear and

beloved friend, Bishop Wilson Seeley Lewis. But this is not the only monument that will stand in his memory. The many thousands who have been privileged to know him and to work with him, are all living monuments testifying to his greatness and to the splendid work he has accomplished. I shall always cherish the memories of my associations with Bishop Lewis. The great success of Morningside College is due to the splendid foundation he built. While we mourn the loss of this great man, we of Sioux City, as well as thousands of men and women who have known him, are better and richer because we have been privileged to have Bishop Lewis in our midst."

Mr. John Kelly spoke of the struggle of those who worked together in faith and courage to make the richer life of the present generation possible. He said in part, "I speak today as the son of a worthy father, who was a close friend of the late Bishop Lewis. These two men agreed fully on the fundamentals of life. Both evaluated men according to moral standards. Education was their ambition. Both men had a rare ability to think straight and to go unfaltering toward their goal. Great is the debt that we owe them in this territory.

"If we are to follow the leadership of Bishop Lewis, and do true honor to him, we will not look backward with regret, but look forward ever, with confidence and with hope that is faith. His soul soared to the heights, yet he knew how to dig and to keep on digging with whatever tools and means and men were at hand. Bishop Lewis was a friendmaker, who drew and held men in many walks of life. He gave his time and thought to the highest and to the humblest. He helped men that they in turn might inspire others to higher and worthier standards. He combined the unusual qualities of a most successful administrator and executive with those of a

powerful preacher; surely a skilled artisan in the work of the Lord.

“His last years in China were filled with action and glorified by results. He dealt and worked with an awakening people, and the years were all too short. He was the inspired general of an army of peace for moral, mental, and physical healing. His unflagging spirit goes on. So let us preserve the memory of the man as a flaming torch in darkness, a constant joy and inspiration among all the forces of sweetness and light. Thus will live the deeds and life of a marked personality, a valiant heart, a fine soul, a leader of mankind, a man among men.”

The Reverend Earl Burgess and the Reverend W. H. Lease, members of the conference, recalled the influence of Bishop Lewis upon the students of the college in the days when he was president, an influence that brought youth face to face with eternal realities and led to dedication of life to the service of God and man.

At the close of the hour, Dr. J. B. Trimble, who had worked and wrought with Bishop Lewis for three decades, rose and prayed in benediction:

“Conscious of the Divine Presence, we linger in the quiet of these closing moments strangely moved and inspirited by memories that will never die. There comes to us across the years that cornfield campus incident when thou didst speak to thy servant and assign the college task; there comes the burden of the years, ever present in the needs of a struggling school, pressing needs kept constantly by prayer and faith before him who ever was inclined and whose hands extended in ministry. One who has gone labored. We are entering in. His the sacrificial service, ours the fruitage.

“We thank thee, Divine Father, that as a conference, a college, a city, we are privileged to express our appreciation

in this memorial monument now unveiled. While we do so, our hearts throb and sing that this granite is not needed to keep him in mind. We are better ministers here and better missionaries beyond the sea, better preachers, business men, and teachers because he lived and served and because his life touched our lives, lifting us to higher levels and larger endeavor.

“This marker states when he passed into the unseen, but he still lives, and, like righteous Abel, speaks.

*‘He is not dead, this friend,  
But just some few steps ahead.  
We, too, when passed around the bend  
Shall meet again this friend.  
He is not dead.’*

“Dismiss us, thou great Creator and Leader of us all, with thy heavenly benediction. Send us away from this place, made sacred, with a purpose that will not pass, to live and follow him, as he lived and followed his Divine Master and Lord.

“To the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen and Amen.”

## PRAYERS

Bishop Lewis prayed.

Among the students, at home, in secret, his prayers lifted him into the very presence of the unseen. Those who listened were lifted up, too, until they forgot the one who spoke and remembered only God.

This power in prayer was a matter of gradual growth. In early life, when the ministry was a new experience, he was praying with three brother ministers. One of the older ministers prayed last. During the prayer, Dr. Lewis turned around as he knelt and looked intently at the older man. As all rose from their knees, Dr. Lewis asked, "Why don't I pray like that?"

The older minister smiled, "You may pray better than that sometime."

For many years Dr. Lewis would pray only on his knees. Later, his friends rarely saw him kneel at prayer, although his prayers seemed to grow richer. "I have learned to read my Bible on my knees, and to pray on my feet," he explained.

His prayers spoke of a poet's soul. They abound in word pictures and figures of speech. They told of his love of nature and his consciousness of beauty in every place. His words were simple. A child could understand most of them, although a child might not always catch the deeper meaning hidden within them. Much of his diction told of his familiar acquaintance with the Book of Books. Praise, petition, and wider vision each had its share in the prayer thought of the man.

The prayers were never studied. They were spoken, or, in the case of the later ones, written and then allowed to go, untouched, on their way.

Once a group of student ministers decided they wanted to preserve some of the president's chapel prayers. As not one of them knew shorthand, they bargained with a fellow student to take them down. She tried to take several, but each time she was so carried away from earth that her pencil was forgotten before even one prayer was written. After a week of trying, she gave up the task. She went to the young ministers with the fragments and said, "I'll give it up. Let someone who isn't religious try!"

But, unknown to anyone, Mrs. Lewis was recording the prayers. She slipped into the rear seat of the chapel balcony or took out her notebook at family worship in the morning, or, perchance, on the steamer, where the chug-chug of the steamer covered the scratch of the pencil. Most of the prayers that follow are these prayers, taken at random, while Bishop Lewis talked with God. The others were written for the scattered family in later years, with no thought that any but the family would read them.

## CHAPEL PRAYERS

*II Peter 1:1-10*

“O Lord, our God, we bow our hearts before thee in order that we may claim for a moment the ear of God. For thou hast condescended to bow thine ear to hear the cry of thy children, and thou makest them to hear thy voice in the morning. We come before thee with praise upon our lips and with a song in our hearts. We come to make melody to the Lord, for he is good; his mercy endureth forever.

“We praise thee, O God, for this last expression of thine infinite, loving, fatherly care. Thy thought has given us a new day, a new inspiration with the morning. Father, teach us how to interpret the gifts of the day, for sometimes we have been all absorbed in the gift; in retrospect only have we seen the hand of the Father. So we come praying this morning that we may appreciate all the shine and all the song, that we may see through them the face of the Father. Graciously give us the power to recognize the truth and love it because it is true. When we open the books today, may we see into the very core of truth. And we pray that we may see farther than this, to the incarnation of truth as it is in Jesus, our Lord. We pray thy blessing upon us as students this morning. Let the light of thy love cheer our pathway all the way.

“From the center of thy love, O God, we dare pray for the world, for all the babbling throngs of earth, for all the people that grope in darkness, for all the people who live their days in haughty defiance of thee, for all earnest, honest-hearted people who long to walk in the ways of the King. Graciously bless the world this morning. Give us the world’s view-point,, God’s view-point; and having this, we shall have the Kingdom of God.”

*Isaiah 35*

“O Lord, we praise thee for the light of a new morning. We are glad for the new day, fresh from the hand of God, for thou thyself didst brush away the shadows. Thou dost put harmony into the throats of birds, and brightness into the fields. Thou hast overshadowed all with heaven’s eternal blue. Thou hast given us this day out of thine own great heart. The day is but a heart-throb of the Father’s infinite love. May the great God put his hand underneath us and let his great heart beat up against ours! May we rest this day in him.

“We thank thee, our Father, for the voice of the old prophet that comes to us this morning. We praise thee for the majestic characters that have held the torch of light aloft amid the storm. We praise thee for the deep tone that comes down through the ages and throbs into our souls. O flash thy truth within us, for with the entering in of truth will come light and love and strength and joy unspeakable. May the Word bear fruit this morning that we may behold the world as thou dost, that all the nations and tribes of the earth may find some response in us. O God, may we not be indifferent to the creatures of thy handiwork, to the race whose image we bear; for whatever of virtue we have today is because of the stripes laid upon someone else. Great God, tie us to the past, and tie our hearts in gratitude to all of the men and all of the women who have suffered for thy sake. To this end, O Lord, open our minds to an understanding of the needs of the world. Awaken in us a sense of gratitude to all those who have been looking and toiling through all the night until dawn of the day in order that we might have learning.

“And now, Lord, as we open the books today, inspire in us the power to see beyond the letter. Give us vision to follow the clear-flowing stream which thou hast set apart for the healing of the nations. For this we plead with anxious,

importunate hearts, that we may find ourselves in harmony with the true spirit of scholarship, and may patiently sit with those in the past and in the present who toil for the very love of learning.

“Bless our native land, this beautiful America, with her hillsides and her dales, her prairies and her woodlands, her streams, her oceans. Great God, bless our native land. Hear us in this our petition for the sake of him who taught us to pray.”

### *Matthew 6.*

“Lord Jesus, thou art the Author of Life. Thy words are not as others’, for thou dost enter into the very depths of the natures of men; thou dost understand the great principles which should rule the heart and dominate the will. For thou hast seen the relation between humanity and the Father’s love; thou hast known the way which we should walk; thou hast inspired all the motives which should dominate us.

“So, upon the entering in of thy word cometh light, and we bless thee for it. We ask, dear Lord, for light upon our daily path. We do not ask to see afar, but we do long for a clear vision, that we may walk circumspectly, step by step. Then shall we walk in the light of God; then shall our hearts be kept from evil.

“Lord, teach us to pray. Show us the way back into the chambers of the soul, where there is light neither of sun nor of star, but where the glory of the Lord God is the light of day. Grant us the power to bolt the doors and bar the windows; to be forgetful of time and sense; to remember only that we are speaking to God. May we understand the nature of him who holds all the destiny of the race in his heart. Grant that we may have the impress of the Divine will in us, that we shall not seek our own way, but that our wills and our

lives shall be so keyed with the will of the Holy One that we may be obedient to his mandates.

“To this end we pray thy blessing upon us as students to-day. May all our ways have reference to the way of holiness. May we seek to abide in him who hath ordained every virtue.

“So, Lord, we shall walk in the footsteps of the Lowly Nazarene from dawn 'til dark, and when the stars displace the sun, we shall reflect that we have lived another day in the service of the Master.”

—September 29, 1903.

*I Corinthians 15.*

“O Lord, our God, we praise thee for the resurrection. The morning came from the shadows of night because thy hand moved upon the darkness and there was light. We bless thee that the soul which is panoplied with God may never be defeated but that there is constant victory in the life that is hid with Christ in God. We thank thee that thou hast removed us forever from destruction and hast hid us in thine hand. So we come before thee in the morning with a psalm in our hearts, for the Lord hath revealed himself. The resurrection has vanquished forever the victory of the grave.

“We come this morning, acknowledging that Christ is our supreme deliverer. Lord, we come praying that thou wilt magnify thyself in us, in the work of the day; that as we walk about our daily tasks, we may have the consciousness of thy nearness. Come near to us, O Christ, that we may behold thy face. We saw thee once. We knew thee when our hearts were touched by thy pity. Our souls were melted because thou didst forgive and the beauty of thy face was as the bright shining after the rain. And now, when we are busy with the cares of life, be with us. May we understand the high privilege of walking with God for one single day.

Then shall our hearts be filled with joy. Then shall the morning break forth into song.

“Father, bless our school this morning. Graciously remember all the institutions of learning of our land, and all lands. Let the love of learning lay hold of thy people until its peace shall be declared to a thousand hearts, and it shall be supreme in every land. Great God, bless our public schools, the thousands of teachers, and the many more who sit at their feet. Lift our thought as we prepare for citizenship, and may we know the worth of living in this blessed republic.

“Hear us, O God, for we ask large things of thee. Thou art great, thou art mighty, and thy name is love. Build us out of our dead selves into thine own beautiful creation. We shall be satisfied when we awake in thy likeness.”

—September 30, 1913.

*I Corinthians 13.*

“Lord, we are always in thy presence. When we are in the shadows and darkness, and we have no light in us, our hearts become lonely and homesick. It is not because thou art not near. The face of the sun is sometimes veiled by the clouds. But when thou wilt, thou canst rift the darkness and bring in the glory of thy presence. We pause at the opening of the morning to pray for this supreme gift. Thou hast given us fields and flowers and meadows and brooks. Thou hast given us the song of the birds, all the beauty that comes to us from the earth. And all of these make us more anxious to behold the face of the giver. We have felt the pulsations of thy heart through the natural universe. We have known something of thy love because thou hast supplied all our wants. But now, Lord, disclose thy face that we may behold thy glory, and dwell in thy presence.

“We acknowledge our sinfulness. We acknowledge that many of our misfortunes are self imposed. We acknowledge

that ofttimes our hearts have wandered away from Thee. But this morning we come back to behold the beauty of thy face, and to inquire in thy holy temple. Grant, therefore, forgiveness for all of our sins. Our hope is in the Christ. All this day long may we be not far from Calvary's heights. May its glory more and more overshadow us.

“Guide us all this day long. May we stand upon the horizons of yesterday, and may the descending sun find our dwelling-place pitched farther toward the point where its beams touch and beautify the limitless, shoreless ocean. Then shall the light that was in him dwell in us. Then shall his beauty be revealed. Then shall we be transformed from glory unto glory as into the image of our Christ.

*Psalm 146.*

“Lord, thou hast spoken comfortable things concerning Jerusalem. Thou hast laid bare thine almighty dealings to Israel. Thou hast bid thy people lift up their heads and behold the goodness of the Lord. Thou has put a song into the mouths of those who praise thee. Thou hast filled their hearts with gladness and hast put music into the soul.

“So we come, our Father, that we may have given unto us God's thought; that we may walk into the light and work of the new day having the inspiration of the Most High within us. O God, hear our prayer for our own heart life. May we all live as thou hast ordained and fulfil the ideal that God has for us.

“Lord, put it into our hearts to pray for the world. Thou art the friend of the pure and the good; thou art the liberator of the captive; thou art the one who sets free him that is bound; thou art the author of love. So give us the mind of God that we may have the power to feel the woes of other

folk. Forbid that a groan should reach our hearts without touching our deepest sympathy. May we have hearts that will reach out and touch the world with the touch of Christ.

“Graciously help us to be students of all that is best and noblest for our fellow man. Lead us forth this day, panoplied with heaven’s light. May we measure up in our daily tasks to the loftiest ideal that has ever filled our hearts. Thus shall we behold more and more the beauty and glory of our Christ.”

*Isaiah 25.*

“Lord, thou comest to us with the light of the morning and thou bringest in thy hands the offers of peace and blessing. We lift up our hearts to receive thee. Thou hast spoken peace to thy children. Thou hast lifted thyself as a wall of defense for thy helpless ones. We come to thee as our high tower, as the rock against which the storms and seas have dashed in vain, the one into whose arms the injured might flee. We praise thee, O God, that thou hast not left us afar off but that thou hast brought all humanity within thy circle of care. And thou hast lengthened the arm of thy people until their fingertips touch the uppermost parts of the earth.

“We thank thee for the inspiration that comes from the lives of those who give themselves for others’ good, who are freighted with God’s messages to weary, broken-hearted ones, for those earthen vessels into whom God breathes his tenderest, sweetest messages for the downtrodden. Graciously raise up more and more men and women who shall give themselves to the task of building defences for those who are young in years. Great God, pour thy spirit out upon those homes where ruin and death reign. Bring them life. Bring faithful hands to bear cups of cold water to parched lips. Move upon the hearts of thy people until cruelty and wrong and selfishness shall be swallowed up in love.”

*Isaiah 55.*

“O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth. The heavens sing of thy glory and the earth sheweth thy handiwork. The day speaks in a language that is divine and the heavens make melody unto the Most High. For thou art the Lord, the Holy One, that inhabiteth eternity. Thou also dwellest with those of a contrite heart. We praise thee for the light of the day. We thank thee for the mantle of white that covers the earth. We bless thee for the voices that come to us when all is still. Thou art our Father, and thou makest known thy ways to thy children. We thank thee for the voice that comes to us out of the Book, the voice that makes harmony and melody in the hearts of men. We praise thee, O God, that thou hast sent forth the inspiration that has touched the great depths of men’s hearts, and out of the fountain depths have sprung streams that have watered many thorny fields.

“We adore thee, O God, for the light that comes from within. Look thou upon us this morning and do us the good for which we cannot pray. For there is something within us that beats against the walls. There is a secret that longs to be voiced, but which we cannot speak. Grant, thou Holy One, the teaching of thy spirit that all the message of heaven may be uttered. Graciously fill us with divine inspiration. Grant unto us the power to speak thy message in thine own way.

“Give us as students to know the secrets that are not in books. Put it into our hearts to dig deeply. Put it into our souls to keep the melodies that spring from the symphonies of thy voice. So, Lord, lead us in all of the work of the day, for the true work of the day is the labor of the ages.”

—November 25, 1903

*Psalms 33*

“O Lord, thy face shineth out of the heavens and is reflected in the pure heart. We pray this morning for a clean heart, for a mind that is made right in thy presence. We come with a burden upon our hearts, with a petition upon our lips, for we would that the Lord should speak and that his name may be glorified among the sons of men. Yea, surely the Lord hath spoken! We are invited to walk in the paths that are light, illumined by the beams which fall from his face. He has traced the path for every foot, even as he has traced the boundaries of the ocean.

“So we come with confidence in thee and ask that thou wilt give us grace sufficient to walk in thy way. We stand upon the threshold of a new morning. The mornings that have come and gone, they have come with their bloom and their song and their light, and they have passed as within a moment. These are all numbered with the eternity of the past. We have no hands to bind them to our hearts, no fingers to entwine them into our lives and hold them there. They are gone even as the river that rushes on its way to the ocean. But thou hast empowered us to lay hold of the results of the days and bind the heart-beats into one complete whole which shall abide when all the mornings are gone, and the sun itself has turned black. We bless thee for the eternity that somehow beats up against these hearts of ours like a shoreless ocean sweeping out into the unknown. We praise thee, O God, for these border lands.

“Help us so to live this day that the records of the minutes as they flow through our hearts may be bathed by that river, clear as crystal, which proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. We pray for clean hearts; that our eyes may be opened; that we may catch the voice of the infinite

from the things that are about us; that we may bind them in our hearts and translate them into the light and song of pure spirits.

“Graciously be near to all of those for whom we always pray. Their voices live to us only in memory. The sea rolls between them and us. But when we look up into thy face, they are brought nigh. Some toil in the burning tropics, some in the crowded cities. They toil for God and truth and humanity. Bless them this morning. And when the shades of the night gather over us, help us in the secret of that moment of silence to commit ourselves unto the Lord once again to be kept until the dawning of the new morning.”

## FAMILY PRAYERS

*“They drank of that spiritual Rock . . . and that Rock was Christ.” —I Corinthians 10:4.*

“The dominant note of time and sense is constant change. Yesterday the bud was breaking; today the leaf is fading. Yesterday earth’s joy lay wrapped in a crib, cooing responses to love’s sweetest note. Today the babe is a man, and the hand that rocked the cradle is wrinkled with age. Happy soul that amid the changing scenes of life finds a resting-place in the Rock.

“O Christ, in whose rugged breast dwells the fount of life, point us the way to healing waters. Our souls have been dimmed by sin’s pollution. Our spirit’s eye is dimmed by darkness that falls on the disobedient. We seek pardon; we long for purity.

“The day is upon us. Already the burden begins to press. Anxious crowds await. A great, lost world lies just beyond our doorway. Now the groan of heavily burdened men who have lost their way comes to our ears. The wail of women and the unmerited sorrows of children oppress us. Sin has struck a mortal blow in the heart of the race which thou hast loved. Uncleanliness has displaced purity; greed, charity; darkness, light. The world is sick and sore because of disobedience to the nature of thy life.

“Give us faith, O Lord, for today. Let our spirit’s eye be made keen to find the stream. Make us strong to lead the way. Let the unwashed millions find pardon, peace, and repose in that fountain which was opened for sin and uncleanness.”

From the letter: “It has come to me that the children would still enjoy the family altar. God may, by this simple way, bless our household and our children’s children.”

—November 8, 1912.

*“It is I, be not afraid.”—Mark 6:50.*

“Fear is the boon companion of superstition, and both run riot in the heart bereft of faith. To such unhappy souls the moan of the wind on the storm-swept sea is the sob of spirits lost, and the descending shadows forebode in them an endless night whose darkness should never know a dawn. Weary, they who at morn were breaking bread for hungry multitudes fed by the miracle-working Christ, have now forgotten the bread of life, and the hand that made the sea. To these there comes a voice, ‘It is I, be not afraid.’ With him in the ship, the howling wind becomes a song, and the sobbing sea a beatitude. The shadows lift, and, in the light of his face, faith catches the gleam of the port.

“Father, we are toiling in the shadows of an angry sea. We are drenched, storm-bound, bewildered. We seek the port which thou hast promised. Thine only son hears our voice. He knows our fears; and down from the heights kissed by the Father’s beauteous face, he comes, walking on the sea. Oh, Christ, stay thou on the ship in which we sail. May all the lives we love be blessed of thee, and may those whose names we oft repeat, come safely into port.”

From the letter: “We have just left Syracuse. It is now eleven-thirty. I send the meditation for the family altar. We are now scattered somewhat, but find unity in Him.”

—Sunday morning, November 12, 1912.

“Father, Lord of the day, we bring to thee our evening offering. The day has been full of labors, and the fields in which we gleaned yielded not the harvests which we saw in morning’s glow. But the day is gone; and in thy holy, hallowed presence we rest. The light of thy face lingers glorious as departing day, and in its beauty we repose, conscious most of thee. Lord Jesus, the day’s imprint on hand, foot,

and heart abides, marks of the toil, weariness, and pain which thou knowest. These we bring to thee for thy cleansing, healing touch.

“Voices and faces, deathless, beautiful, abide in this secret place where thou art found, and come to us like music from over the water. So dost thou enrich the years with gems and pearls whose beauty is made perfect in that dawn which shall never know a night. Hear us as we pray for others’ weal, those who bear our name and own our love. We pray thy sheltering care, thy sweet communion, saving grace, and constant benediction. Make them strong to do thy will, to follow in the way where thou dost lead. Show them, Lord, how weakness may be changed to might, pain to praise, sorrow to endless joy.”

From the letter which accompanied the prayer: “Alone in my room I am thinking of you and of the dear ones. I send you an evening prayer. It has been a hard day. The one ray was your good letter. This is an awful task. It may not yield. I am very tired.”

*“Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”—Matthew 5:3.*

“Poverty is the road to wealth. Lowliness finds the arm of might. Self-abasement that others may be exalted is the key to the kingdom of heaven. The world did not know this; the wise of the ages saw it not. He who dwells in the bosom of the Father opened his mouth and spake it. The word must be lived ere it can be spoken. Therefore he became poor that many might be made rich, meek and lowly in spirit that others might find rest. He emptied himself and became of no reputation that sinners might find the way to the fount of healing.

“The way is not far to seek. It begins at our very doors. Yet as we walk, the path becomes as a shining light. The com-

mon, despised things of yesterday under his touch become glorified today. The poor of spirit who scarce would lift their eyes to the Father's face, fell underneath the almighty arm; and in his embrace rags are changed to shining garments, ignorance to the wisdom of the ages, and the poor in spirit inherit the kingdom of heaven.

"Thou son of man, thou art the son of God. We had lost our way, for our feet seemed to be made for the vale and the shadow. We had walked there so long we called it our home. Sin, familiar to our hearts, seemed good to us, and we deemed it our inheritance, a part of our very life.

"Today we have heard the voice from the mountain. It is the voice of God. Thou hast opened our eyes to see the path that lies at our feet, a lowly way, hard by the fount of cleansing. We enter in, O Christ, at thy command. We feel the thrill; we know the joy. Pride and self-adulation once bound us fast, but thou hast touched us into a deeper life. Lo, we live anew!"

"O Lord, thy kindness makes thy people glad. In the morning thou dost flood us with light. In the evening thou withholdest not thine hand. We bless thee for the light of the morning. Look thou upon us, Great God, and bless us today. Let the joy of thy spirit ring through our hearts this Christmas time. May heaven's bells find echo in our deepest souls.

"We pray thy blessing to be upon those for whom we always pray. Let thy life and thy light and thy joy fill their hearts with beauty and with peace. We pray that thou wilt keep us today in the midst of temptation. May no untoward evil be found in us. Guard and guide us, O thou great Jehovah!"

"The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the nations of the earth rejoice. For he hath founded the earth upon the flood,

and established it upon the sea. We bow ourselves in subjection at thy feet, O Jehovah, and bless thee for the dawn of the morning.

“We look up into thy face at the opening of this new day and pray that thy spirit in all its sweetness and beauty may bear itself into our heart life. The Lord graciously remember us with his countless graces, and build us up in that holy faith which is begotten of the Father.

“Graciously help us today in the struggle that is before us. Be near to all people at this Christmas time. May every heart be touched with the story of Christ, and may every soul be built up in the graces of the gospel.”

“O Lord, our God, thou hast spoken in thy word. The word has gone forth from thy mouth and it has touched the hearts of men. Be with us today in the struggle of life, and grant that no untoward thought may be in our hearts. The work that thou givest us bears down upon us. We need thee. Bring us the joy that comes in the struggle. We pray for thy grace.

“We pray thy blessing to rest upon our dear ones. Keep them from the evils of the world. Guard and guide them from dawn until dark, and let thy light be the joy of their spirits and their constant counsellor. Bring them at the close of the day a little nearer to the Father’s heart.”

“Our father’s God, from out whose hand the centuries fall like grains of sand, we praise thee for the opening of the morning. Thou sendest light. For in unapproached light thou hast dwelt from eternity. Thou sendest love, free and buoyant as the morning. Thou fillest the heavens with beams of glory. We praise thee for a transformed earth. From Judea’s hills there came a song, dropped into Bethlehem from the lips of angels. And that song has been ringing on through all the years until all the earth is filled with its beauty.

“And now, Lord, as we enter upon the duties of the day, may our hearts be filled with joy. Be near to the work that we shall do. May our hearts be right in thy sight. Keep our feet from slipping. Bow thy heavens and speak to the down-trodden of earth. Lift their heads out of the shadow into the sunlight. And when another beautiful morning has come, a morning that shall outshine this ere we expect it, we shall stand upon glorious heights, and in the light and joy of the new day, the scars of earth shall be bathed away, and we shall enter upon that endless hallelujah.”

—December 16, 1903.

*“I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.”*

—John 6:35

“Hunger is the penalty of appetite. Those who starve reach a point where food is not desired, and later where eating is loathed. Food convenient changes hunger into a beatitude, and sparkling water fills the thirsty mouth with songs of praise.

“Thou master of heaven and earth, teach us how to come to thee for bread. We travel for food and sometimes are footsore and weary, disappointed. Yet there is no lack of food. Thou hast ordained that oceans and sunbeams should kiss the soil of earth into nourishment for thy children. The sun shall not fail, the sea abides, and somewhere within our reach is daily bread. Teach us to find it, dear Lord. The way may lead through thorny thicket, a narrow way not frequented by multitudes. Only let us find the marks of pierced feet, and, if bread is found in pierced hand, we shall surely know that from his side fountains of water shall touch parched lips into endless song.”

*“And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.’”*

—Luke 2:13-14.

“The storms of earth, the howl of the jungle, and the unholy wars of men had obscured the face of God, and blinded the race to the light and beauty of the upper world. On the utmost rim of a great empire, noted for greed and cruelty, suddenly there breaks on the ears of lowly men the angel song, ‘Peace on earth, good will to men.’”

“In the strength of holy trust these honest shepherds left their flocks and hastened away to Bethlehem, where they found the light of God beaming forth from the eyes of a newborn babe. Henceforth, God dwelleth not far from anyone. The light from his face, falling on the heart, quickens the ear to the angel song.

“O Christ, the echo of thy natal song comes ringing down through the ages. In camp, on battlefield, on mountain height, and in the vale, wherever human hearts are lifted in sob or song, heaven’s choir answers back. It is the Father’s will that we should go in peace—peace as when in spring the brooks, uniting their murmur with song of mother bird, glide on through meadow, moor, and fen to ocean’s deep.

“So, O Christ, through the gathering years, with passions held in love’s embrace, with ambitions bowed to do thy will, with hopes uplifted to heaven’s height, in the evening sky we catch the gleam of endless day.”

## PRAYERS ON SHIPBOARD

“Lord, my spirit’s eye hath caught sight of two ways, two paths which seem fitted for these poor feet. Both lead up the rugged heights of service; both seem to begin and end in the ways of God. I cannot walk in both, for each requires the strength of a grown man to bear the burdens in it. Mine eye hath caught the glory of the ending day when life’s journey meets the sky and the tumult of the task is swallowed up in God’s silence. I thank thee for the ray which shines from yonder mountain top into this vale. It brings light to hidden things and makes plain that which hitherto was lost in shadow. I ask only this, that thy light shining on the path shall reveal to these poor eyes the marks of his pierced feet; that the red of his cross shall become more and more attractive and that the shadow from the rugged tree shall constantly hide this face of mine from worldly gain or pleasure.”

—January 8, 1911.

“Here in the secret of thy presence there is wisdom and fullness of joy. We come this morning with gladness of heart and open our soul to thy searching eye. Never do we look into thy face without consciousness of sin. Our greatest need stands out before us. Cleanse thou our hearts from secret faults, and purge our spirits from the dross that hides thy face. Today may we know the mind of God and read his message everywhere. Let the sea and the sky tell their stories of age-long beauty and age-long service.

“Enlarge our hearts, O God, that we may pray for the world’s great need. All the peoples who live on all shores of the oceans, and all the people who live along the brooks and rivers look up into thy great sky this morning and sigh for that which they are not able to understand. O God, the world weeps for its own homesick heart and shall find no abiding-place until thy face appears.

“We pray for Japan today, for the people who live on these rocky islands among which we pass. Grant a deeper sense of God’s claims. As they toil on sea or rocky cliff, may they hear the still, small voice. The nations wait, they know not why. Give us the power, O God, to speak the healing word. Give us the spirit to do and dare and wait until God shall add his infinite power to our finite weakness, and so declare his word to those who need. And when the evening sun shall touch the sea, and his glory shall be displaced by the stars, it shall be morning still in these hearts of ours.”

—December 16, 1909.

“Lord, thou hast undergirded the shadows of the night with the dawn of the day. The darkness flees before thy coming, and the rifted cloud is the sign that thou art near. We thank thee for the morning, for the gift of the day. It is ours by promise before we have touched its portals, for promise precedes experience, and the glory of the noonday is in our bosom at dawn. We thank thee, O God, for the privilege of living the life of faith. Grant to us that perfect trust which dwells perpetually in the hearts of those who know thee.

“We thank thee for safety at sea. Thou art more to us than iron ships. In thy hand we rest in perfect confidence. May we mount up on wings as eagles, may we run and not be weary, may we walk and not faint. May this day find its power point in the love of God. Then we shall know the meaning of his presence and shall be able to read his language in all the events of the day.

“Give us power, O God, to transform the sobs of life into the songs of the morning. May even sickness, if it come, be but the better understanding of God and of his ways. Glorify thyself in our disappointments. So shall the day be crowned with beauty and the night shall sing thy praise.”

—December 17, 1909.

“Thou infinite, eternal One, we open our hearts to thee with the opening of a new day. Thou dost lift the shadows and bring the light from afar. Gladly do we throw open the portals of our hearts and pour into thine ear our feeble strains, responding to thy gifts as best we know, praying constantly for a larger, better life.

“How often have we faced our own shadows, which never had been were it not for the sun which thou didst give, and foolishly we have denied the hand that gave us light. Strange, that we should make the morning with all of its beauty, a symbol and promise, our poor confessional. But on its threshold we kneel and lift our hearts in penitence and adoration. We plead that our hearts may be made pure like thine, that all of the motives of our lives may be washed and made clean.

“We plead for vision not written in books or inspired by the voices of men, but that which comes out of God’s own great heart. Give us light today. We are about to turn our faces toward a needy race, where thick darkness has covered the people. Grant unto us thine inspiration that as we look upon their faces and hear their voices we may see the beginnings of that image with which thou hast stamped mankind, and, as we prophesy, may there come a response from the hearts of those whom thou hast loved.

“We pray for this great eastern world, its teeming millions, its sorrowing multitudes, its needy populations. Hasten the time, O God, when they of China shall hear thy voice, and the ends of the earth shall be glad because the King has come.

“We pray for our native land. May she live for others rather than for herself. May she dwell in the light of Jehovah that she may send the word of peace to the ends of the earth. May her people so devote themselves to the interests of the

Kingdom that light and liberty and purity may find fit expression in the nations of earth.

“Thus, when the evening is come it shall still be light.”

—December 19, 1909.

“Lord, thou hast brought to our doorways another beautiful morning. It is thy gift, an earnest, never-failing love. We thank thee for this last proof of thy affection. It is a sign to us of all the mornings that have ever been, and of all the mornings that thou dost still hold unrevealed in thine own bosom. We are creatures of time and sense, of yesterdays and tomorrows. Thou dost always hold us between two eternities, experiences of thy love which we call the past, and the present which thou hast given us. And thou hast so ordained that day by day thou dost help us to weave our experiences into thine infinite promise, and thus build lives into thine image partaking of thy beatitude. We thank thee, O God, for these experiences. They are dear to us because they remind us of thee.

“We come for our own soul’s sake to the fountain of living water, that the soil of yesterday may be washed from these poor souls of ours, that the dross that has gathered upon us in the toil of life may be burned out by the light of thy countenance. Oh that a little gold might be left, refined and purified by the fire of God! There would be sincere rejoicing, and we think the angels themselves would be glad. Give us thy purpose, O God, large and beautiful like the sky, that we may live the God-life here; that the earth itself may feel the beatitude of the infinite in the place where we walk.

“We pray for the great work which thou givest us to do. It is precious to us most of all because it is thy gift. Keep us from calling it ‘mine.’ May it ever be ‘ours.’ To have partnership with God in the redemption of the world is the

chief glory of man. We bring the work to thee, our Father, and ask that thou wilt pour upon us thy Spirit, that this little task that thou has ordained for us may be wrought out in the might and strength of Jehovah. Thou hast given us millions for our inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for our possessions. This morning they go out to the rice fields and they toil along the river, up the mountain sides, away out on the plain, mountain girded. They are weary with labors, and their eyes are withholden from the beauty of God. Oh, that an inspiration might come to their hearts in the villages and plains, in the houses which they have not yet learned to call homes, that the face of God might come upon these toiling millions, and that the life of the infinite might be stamped there.

"To this end, O God, strengthen thou these poor hands that thou has given us. Prepare these shoulders for larger loads, and these hearts for more devoted service. For the sake of China, anoint us; for the sake of the race show us thy face and lend us the gift that brings light, that the ways of God may be interpreted to men. Amen."

—December 15, 1909.

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